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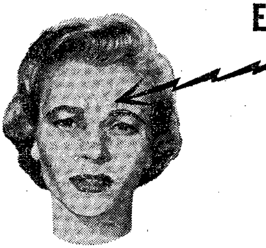

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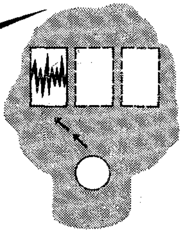

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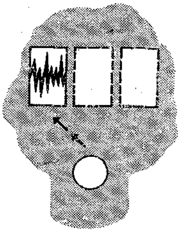

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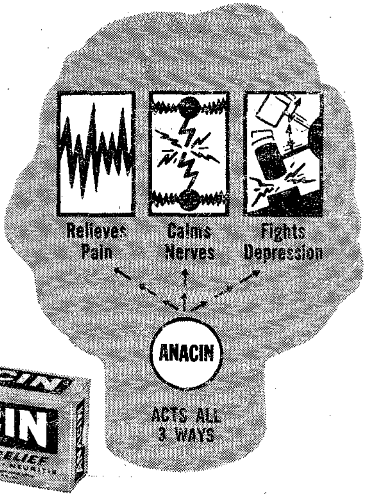
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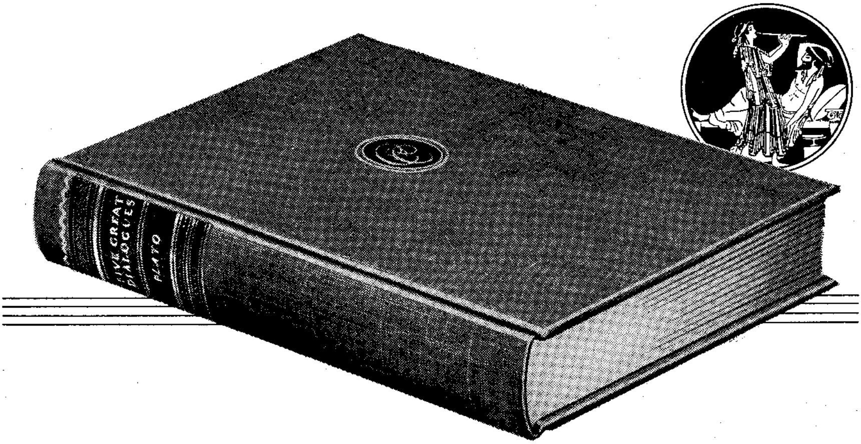

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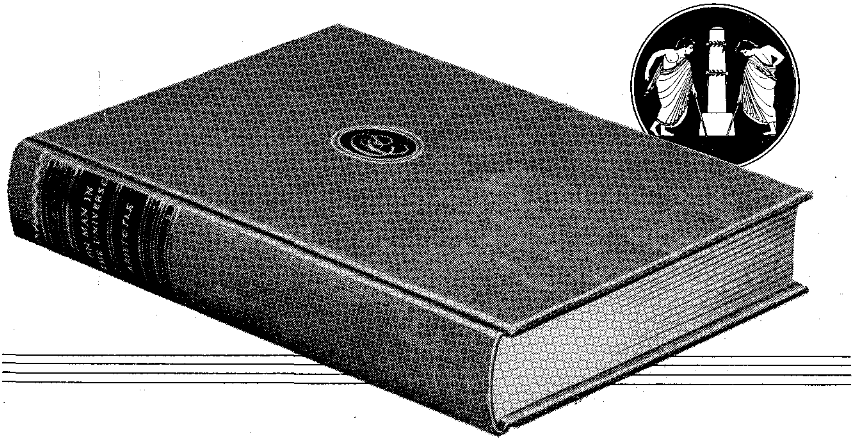

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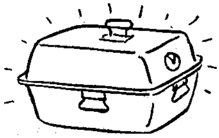

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Dear Reader:

Jaffe: bachelor girl makes good.

WHEN RONA JAFFE visited **CORONET** about a year ago, she suggested an article dealing with the fact that many New York working girls were paying their own way on dates. Nothing came of the article idea, but if "going Dutch" is still in vogue, Miss Jaffe can afford to travel in style. For since her visit here, the 26-year-old writer has earned the impressive sum of $150,000—the current estimated proceeds of her first book, "The Best of Everything," a best-selling novel about single girls in New York. This accomplishment led in turn to the provocative article on page 58—a perceptive account of the problems of bachelor girls as Miss Jaffe found them to be during the research and writing of her book. The author—a determined girl who weighs 110 lbs., is 5′3½″ tall and gazes steadily at the world with saucer-sized brown eyes—wrote her novel in just five months and five days at the rate of five typewritten pages a day. Movie producer Jerry Wald bought the book for $100,000 after reading the manuscript overnight. Paperback book rights brought in another $25,000. And the book itself—published by Simon & Schuster—is, at this writing, in its fifth printing, with 67½ cents on each of some 60,000 copies going to the author. Naturally, after all this, Miss Jaffe is walking in a dream. As a student at Radcliffe, where she graduated with a degree in English Literature in 1951, she had "hoped someday to write something." But she never even imagined her efforts would bring such overwhelming results. After Radcliffe, Miss Jaffe got a job as a file clerk with a New York publishing house ("because I couldn't type"). She moved up quickly to become an assistant editor. Then, after she had sold three short stories, this daughter of a New York elementary school principal quit her job and started her novel. Although she now receives a daily batch of marriage proposals through the mails, she intends to remain single "until I have more time to make a success of marriage." Meanwhile she is investing her money and is looking forward to more books, a play, and meeting interesting people. "But best of all," says ex-working-girl Jaffe, "is knowing I'll never have to work at a regular job again."

The Editors

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CORONET

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Cover . . . . Photograph by HY PESKIN

Just Imagine! MY STORY IN THIS MAGAZINE . . . . .

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NIGHT after night my husband came home from work all tired out. He was nervous, irritable — and barely touched supper. Most of the time he'd just sit around — then drop into bed, asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow. Often he didn't even kiss me goodnight . . . and yet I knew I had a man who really loved me.

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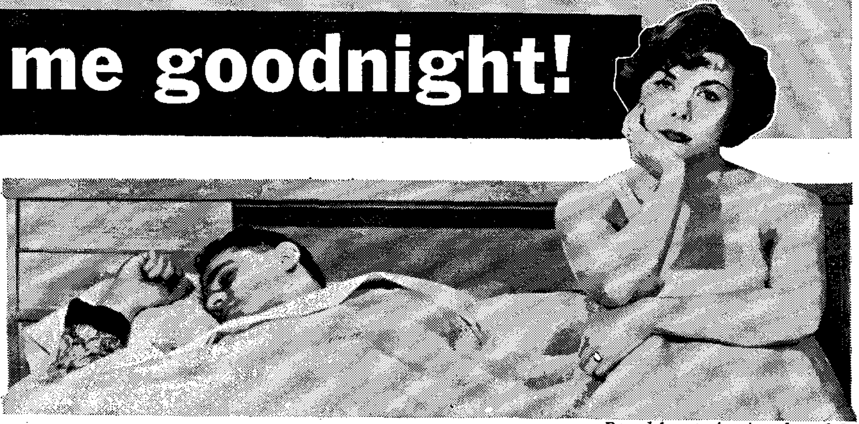
. . . Who'd have thought when I wrote to the folks at Vitasafe that they would actually print *my* letter in their ads! Yes, they told me that my story was so typical of the many letters they received, they wanted to publish it. My husband and I agreed — so here it is.

me goodnight!



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all about you

Bag-toting executives, stunted emotions, and "stretched" expectations

AS THE TWIG IS BENT

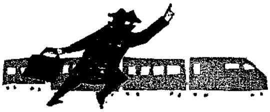
The phrase, "He hasn't grown up," could very well—according to Drs. Mary C. Jones and Paul H. Mussen of the University of California's Institute of Human Development—apply simultaneously to physical and emotional maturity. For these authorities found, in a study of 200 adults in their mid-30s, boys who matured late physically also had a lot of trouble "growing up" emotionally. Tested when they were in the fifth grade, the late maturers were found to have feelings of inadequacy and strong tendencies to defy or escape from their parents. The early maturers had more self-confidence. Testing the groups as adults, the researchers got the same answers. Those who had matured late still tended to be dependent, rebellious, touchy, and self-indulgent. Those who matured earlier proved to be more dominant, self-controlled and willing to carry social responsibility.

DIE LAUGHING?

Some laughter is no joke. Drs. Matthew W. Wood, Hendrik J. Svien and David Daly found in a Mayo Clinic study that prolonged laughter can be caused by epilepsy, brain tumors or multiple sclerosis. This involuntary laughter may persist for a few seconds or for many hours. The result can be complete emotional and physical exhaustion. Sometimes the victim dies. The doctors refer to a case of a 75-year-old man who started laughing uncontrollably at his mother's funeral. He died after three such fits—later proved to have been caused by a brain tumor. Accompanying symptoms of involuntary laughter can include weeping, whining and restlessness.

BAG OF TRICKS

The commuting junior executive who faithfully carries a brief case aboard the train every evening is going some place besides home, judging from a *Tide* magazine survey of 1,100 commuting advertising executives. Apparently, the survey found, bag-toters impress their bosses as being ambitious men who like their jobs so much they are willing to work on their own time. They therefore get ahead faster than those who leave the office lighthearted and light-handed. As one top executive put it, "When promotions come up, we're inclined more favorably toward the



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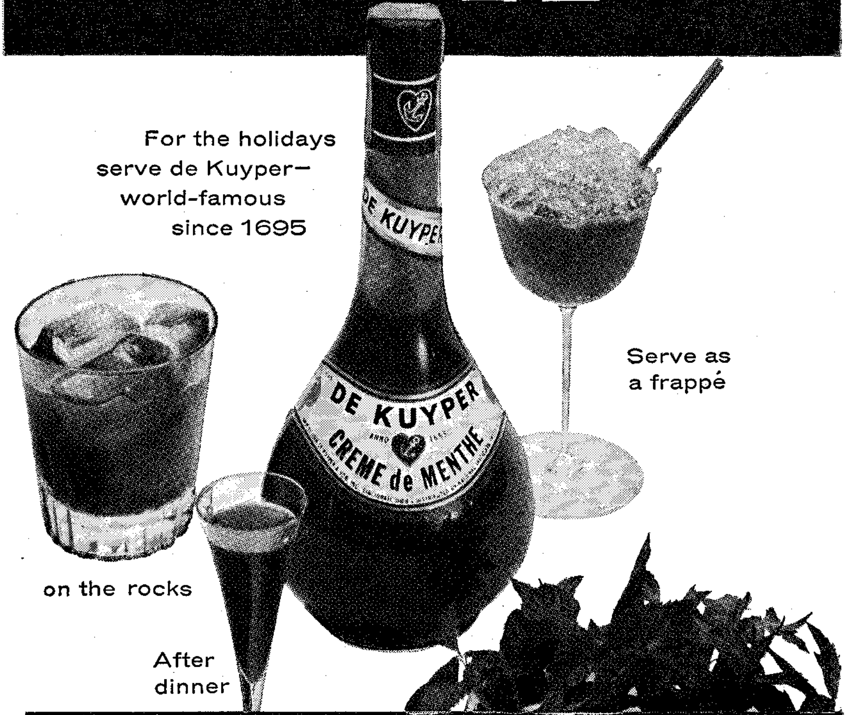
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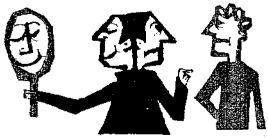
men who carry their brief cases home. Not so much because of the brief case, but because of what it represents." However, carrying the bag home does not necessarily mean honest toil by the midnight oil. Some 66 percent of the executives confessed that they often did not open the bag once they got it home. And only 18 percent admitted ever opening it on the train. As one worker of the bag trick described it, "carrying home a bag is all part of the executive act—part of the need to conform."

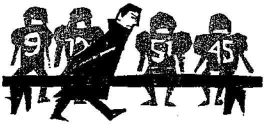
KNOW THYSELF

The old adage that you should know yourself before you try to judge others seems to have held true in an intriguing experiment carried out by Richard M. Brandt of the Institute for Child Study at the University of Maryland. He asked 139 sixth-grade and 11th-grade youngsters to predict how they and their classmates would do on a series of tests covering arithmetic, spelling, vocabulary, broad jump, grip strength and baseball throw. Those who were most accurate in predicting their own performances also were most accurate in predicting the group performance. As a whole the group overestimated themselves 52 percent more often than they underestimated themselves. Boys tended to have more exaggerated opinions of their abilities. However—though they weren't as good as they thought they were, the boys also came closer to a true evaluation of themselves than did the more modest young ladies.



GREAT EXPECTATIONS

The football coach who weeps bitter tears over his team's chances—then sets the alumni to cheering with a "surprise" victory—is really a master of human relations. For, says Dr. Rensis Likert, Director of the University of Michigan's Institute for Social Research, one of the most effective ways of handling people is to know how to manipulate *their* expectations to *your* advantage. If, for example, a child comes to expect praise for a mediocre effort—mediocrity is all you will get out of him. If he knows you will not praise him except for a better effort, his expectations of praise will be "stretched," and so will his efforts. Often, Dr. Likert reports, the way you build up a person's expectations is more important than the way you reward him. An employee, for example, may be pleased with a small raise if he has not been led to expect a larger one. Conversely, employees have been found to be dissatisfied with plush new offices—merely because they were not quite so luxurious as the management had pictured them.



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Inositol	20 Mg.
Rutin	10 Mg.
Paba	10 Mg.
Lemon Bioflavonoid Complex	10 Mg.
Cal. Panto.	5 Mg.
Biotin	5 Mcg.
Hesperidin	200 Mcg.
Linoleic Acid	5 Mg.
Intrinsic Factor Conc.	1/50 U.S.P. Unit

12 MINERALS	
Iron	30 Mg.
Iodine	0.1 Mg.
Calcium	75 Mg.
Phosphorus	58 Mg.
Magnesium	5 Mg.
Copper	1 Mg.
Potassium	1 Mg.
Manganese	1 Mg.
Zinc	0.5 Mg.
Molybdenum	0.1 Mg.
Cobalt	0.04 Mg.
Nickel	0.04 Mg.

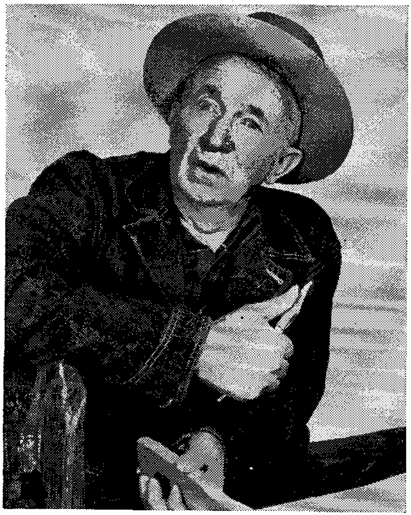
5 AMINO ACIDS	
dl-Methionine	20 Mg.
Glutamic Acid	20 Mg.
l-Lysine	10 Mg.
Nucleic Acid	10 Mg.
Betaine	5 Mg.

In A Natural Base Containing:

Brewer's Yeast	10 Mg.	Soy Bean Lecithin	10 Mg.
Liver Desiccated	10 Mg.	Rose Hips Extract	10 Mg.

One a day is an adequate dose.

Brennan rides a "sleeper"



Brennan whittles Grampa's whiskers twice weekly.

DESPITE THREE Academy Awards as "best supporting actor" in movies, Walter Brennan claims he lived in relative obscurity until his TV series, **The Real McCoys,** began two seasons ago. "Suddenly people are asking me for my autograph at 64," he says. "And I love it."

After more than 300 movies in which he played "kindly old men," Brennan, a real-life grandfather to 11 children, finds the job of portraying the genial—but grumpy—Grampa McCoy particularly satisfying. So is the business of keeping Grampa's whiskers in shape. "I only have to shave twice a week," says Brennan gleefully.

He's been impersonating old codgers ever since he was 32 years old, when his teeth were knocked out in an ultra-realistic fight scene. He says wryly that the secret of his success is "relaxation." In 1920, he learned it the hard way—tumbling off horses at $1 a topple.

His chief hobby (also a profitable business) is raising white-faced Hereford cattle on 12,000 acres near Joseph, Oregon. A son manages the ranch, but Brennan "oversees things" on weekends. During the week he and his wife Ruth, whom he married 39 years ago, live on a ten-acre San Fernando Valley farm.

A native of Swampscott, Mass., Brennan admits to "a New Englander's respect for thrift." "I worked for everything I ever got," he says. He snorts "hogwash" at $2,000,000 estimates of his wealth, adding, "When a man talks about his money, it's because he has nothing else to talk about."

In spite of his solvency, this salty blue-eyed six-footer of Irish descent carts his lunch—a sandwich, cookies and milk—to the set in a gray lunch pail. He stopped smoking eight years ago and attributes his current 200 pounds—up from 158—to this.

Last summer Brennan made a movie, **Rio Bravo,** with John Wayne, and received a Doctor of Fine Arts degree from Morris Harvey College in West Virginia: "At last," he chuckles, "I outrank my wife. She's only a Bachelor of Science."

Filming "McCoys" keeps Brennan hopping five days a week. He has no thought of retiring: "My wife thinks I'm more fun to live with when I'm working," he grins.

—MARK NICHOLS

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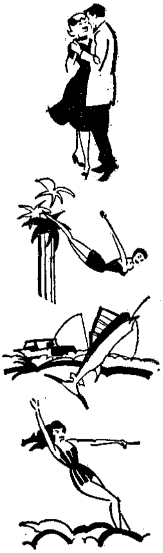
THAN A
FABULOUS
miami beach
VACATION



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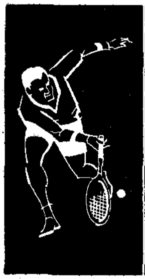
miami beach



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ENTERTAINMENT OF THE MONTH

MOVIES

THE MOVIE VERSION of Terence Rattigan's **Separate Tables** is a poignant drama of lonely people suspended in the limbo of their empty lives. Registered at the same English seaside hotel are: an icy, domineering mother (Gladys Cooper) who is slowly driving her dowdy daughter (Deborah Kerr) to hysterical "fits"; a bitter labor writer (Burt Lancaster) who is trying to drown his prison past in drink; his ex-wife (Rita Hayworth) who has found subsequent amorous conquests meaningless and returns in search of him; and a young couple (Audrey Dalton and Rod Taylor) seeking happiness in illicit romance. When another guest—a pretentious major (David Niven)—is arrested for molesting women in a cinema, these fugitives from reality are jolted back into life's main stream.

Niven, Deborah Kerr and Wendy Hiller (as the hotel manager) are excellent in demanding roles. Lancaster and Rita Hayworth, less effective, are overshadowed by the predominantly British cast.

Separate seats in limbo: Niven and Deborah Kerr.

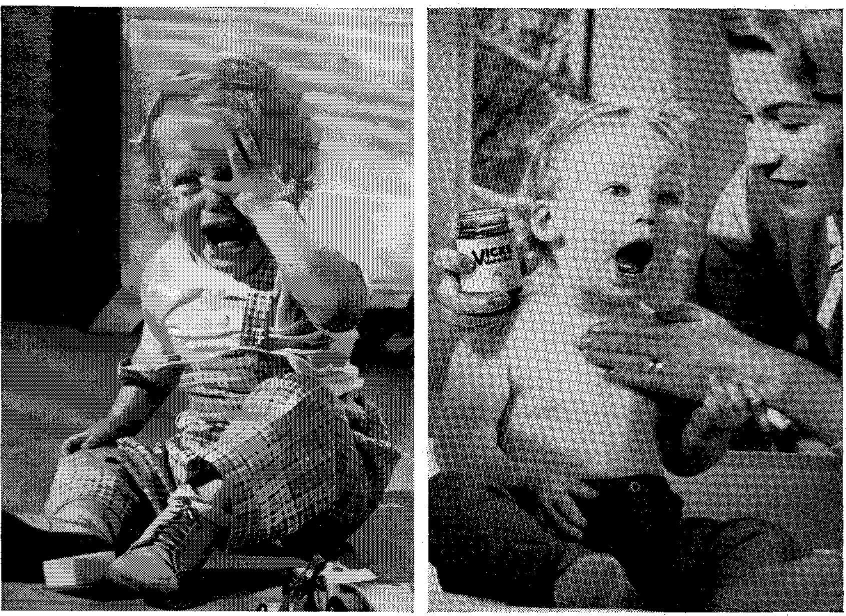
THEATER

Old World (Hayes) comforts the New (Stanley).

PLAYWRIGHT Eugene O'Neill planned an 11-play cycle taking an American family through 175 years. He only completed one. And this play, **A Touch of the Poet,** depicting the struggle of an Irish tavernkeeper and his family to assimilate into the New World, is Broadway's first hit of this season. The perceptive performances by Eric Portman, Helen Hayes, Kim Stanley, and Betty Field overcome the play's wordiness and point up its supercharged emotions.

Con Melody (Portman) is an egotistical drunken dreamer who dwells on past military glories and pretensions of nobility. He ignores the painful truths his resentful daughter flings at him: the Yankees scorn him as a shanty Irish immigrant, despite his fancy airs.

O'Neill reiterates his favorite themes—man cannot live without illusion, nor stand up to reality without a crutch even if it comes from a bottle—and again draws the razor-thin line between love and hate within a family.—M. N.



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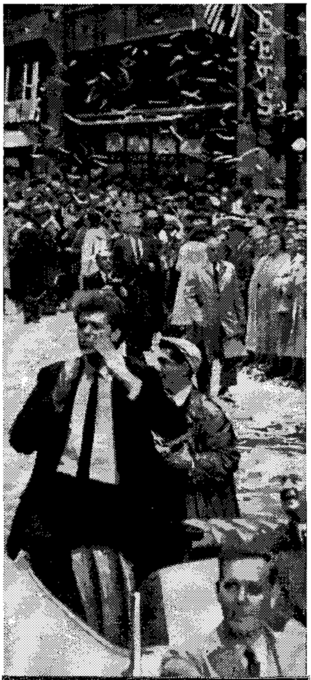
Fame and fuss

WHEN PIANIST Van Cliburn returned last year from Russia after winning the International Tchaikovsky Competition, New York received him with a wildly enthusiastic ticker-tape parade. At Lewisohn Stadium, an overflow crowd perched in trees and even climbed nearby tenement roofs to see him, and perhaps catch a few piano chords which a friendly wind might carry to them. Such enthusiasm "never happened before," the newspapers claimed.

But newspaper editors sometimes have short memories. Americans, in the past, have gone all out for other artists who have captured the country's imagination.


Cliburn: crowned with ticker tape

In 1850, when Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," came to America, she did not get much sleep on her first night in town. She was serenaded until dawn by 200 musicians and escorted everywhere by 20 companies of red-coated firemen. Seats for her debut in Boston were in such demand that they were auctioned off. The top bid was $625! Her six concerts (in a hall seating 11,000) were a complete sell-out. In Providence, Rhode Island, her appearance created such an uproar that schools were closed. Eight carriages were required to cart away the flowers her admirers sent her on one evening. Manufacturers put her name, picture or favorite song on perfume bottles, snuff boxes, silken bows and dog collars—and did a roaring business. Even race horses were named for the visiting songstress.

The fame of Jenny Lind had not died when another singer from her homeland, Christine Nilsson, dubbed "The Second Swedish Nightingale," made her appearance in New York in 1870. She was hailed with a spectacular torchlight parade along Third and Fourth Avenues. Police led the marchers, followed by foreign singing societies and gaily dressed national groups waving American and Scandinavian flags. Her concert programs were scented with a new perfume, called "Nilsson Bouquet," and reporters wrote reams about the clusters of diamonds she wore: "gifts of appreciation from local admirers."

In welcoming visiting artists to our country, we have on occasion aped the antics of their foreign admirers. The reception for Jacques Offenbach, the French composer, in 1875, was no doubt inspired by the farewell the Russians gave Franz Liszt in the '40s. When Liszt left Russia, wealthy nobles followed in a hired ship, serenading and toasting him as his vessel sailed into the Gulf of Finland.

When New Yorkers tried to welcome Offenbach the same way, the stunt backfired. As their richly decorated escort craft neared Sandy Hook lighthouse, its military band blaring, the celebrants discovered they were a day too early. They drank the champagne, anyway, and sailed back to New York—minus Offenbach, but in high spirits.

Offenbach did arrive the next day, and 50,000 New Yorkers gathered at Madison Square Garden. Welcome banners were flung from the façades of scores of buildings, and a band played all night long in front of the composer's hotel.

Even more melodious was the musical welcome for Anton Rubinstein, the Russian pianist. When he arrived, the entire New York Philharmonic Orchestra was in the streets to play a greeting.

The most violent demonstration of America's devotion to an artist, however, occurred in 1849 when William Charles Macready, an English actor, appeared in New York's Astor Place Opera House. It had been rumored in Britain that Macready had used unsavory intrigue against a prominent American actor, Edwin Forrest. Angry crowds tried to force their way into the theatre and halt Macready's debut. The police were unable to handle the mob and the militia was called out. When the battle, known as the Astor Place Riot, was over, 34 of the rioters were dead and 141 members of New York's Seventh Regiment were seriously wounded—a far more lethal welcome than the relatively tranquil tribute to Van Cliburn.

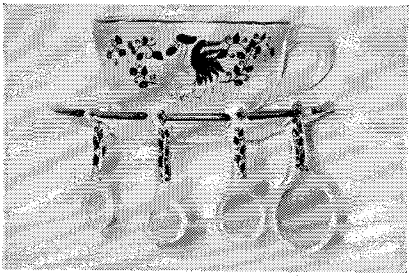
—FRED BERGER

CORONET'S CHOICE FROM RECENT RECORDINGS

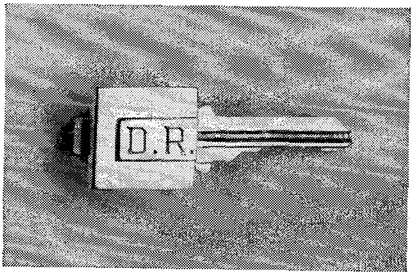
Berlioz, Harold in Italy: Primrose, Munch, Boston Symph.; RCA Victor LM-2228
Brahms, Piano Concerto No. 1: Fleischer, Cleveland Orch.; Epic LC 3484
Brahms, Sonatas No. 1, 3; Szigeti, Horszowski: Columbia ML 5266
Britten, Matinees Musicales, etc.: Irving, Philharmonia; Capitol G 7105
Dvořák, Symphony No. 5: Reiner, Chicago Symph.; RCA Victor LM-2214
English Lute Songs: Deller, Dupre; Vanguard BG 576
Handel, 4 Organ Concertos: Müller, Wenzinger; Decca ARC 3100
The Concert Masters of New York Play Kreisler: Decca DL 9986
Mussorgsky, Songs: Christoff; Angel 3575 D/L
The Virtuoso Oboe: Lardrot, Prohaska, Vienna State Opera Chamber Orch.; Vanguard VRS-1025
Offenbach, Gaité Parisienne: Fiedler, Boston Pops; RCA Camden CAL-438
The Art of Lily Pons; RCA Camden CBL 101
Prokofiev, Peter and the Wolf, etc.: Rossi, Vienna State; Vanguard VRS-1028
Prokofiev, Romeo and Juliet: Mitropoulos, N. Y. Philh.; Col. ML 5267
Puccini, Madama Butterfly: Leinsdorf, Rome Opera; RCA Victor LM-6135
Ravel, Bolero, La Valse, etc.: Bernstein, N. Y. Philh.; Columbia ML 5293
Schubert, Impromptus: Gieseking; Angel 35533/4
Shostakovich, Symphony No. 11: Stokowski, Houston Symphony; Capitol PBR 8448
Vivaldi, Five Violin Concerti: I Musici; Epic LC 3486

PRODUCTS ON PARADE

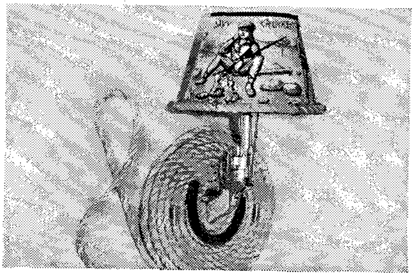
edited by Florence Semon



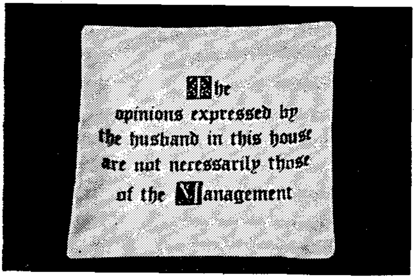
Half-a-cup planter gives full measure of charm to the kitchen. Slotted half-saucer serves as holder for 4 standard measuring spoons. Made of glazed ceramic with rooster design on cup. $1.25 pp. Imperial Sales Co., Dept. C, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



The key to his own car, home or office fashioned into a handsome tie clasp so that he'll always have a spare. 24 kt. gold-plated metal. $3.50 pp. Engraving 25¢ per letter. Enclose key with order. Keys Unlimited, Dept. CO, 550 5th Ave., New York 36, N. Y.



Six-shooter wall lamp is ideal for young buckaroo's room. Pistol with trigger light switch is mounted on coil of rope from which extends 8 ft. rope-covered cord. Shade also has rope trim. $8.95. $16.00 pr. pp. Barker Mfg. Co., Dept. CM, Battle Creek, Mich.



Humorous ashtray with an inscription guaranteed to raise a husband's eyebrows. Made of blown white glass with black lettering. 6″ x 6″, $2.00; 4″ x 7″, $1.50; 4″ x 4″, $1.00 pp. Coffee mug also available, $2.50 pp. Pinesbridge Studios, Dept. C, Ossining, N. Y.

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

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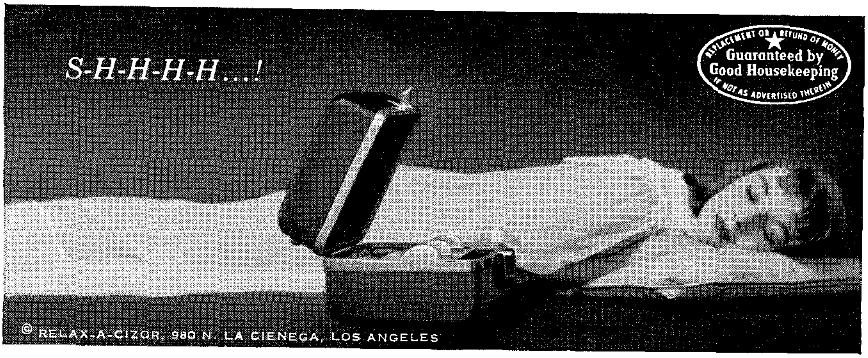
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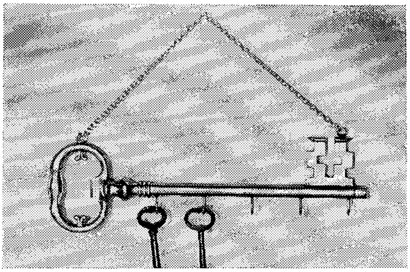
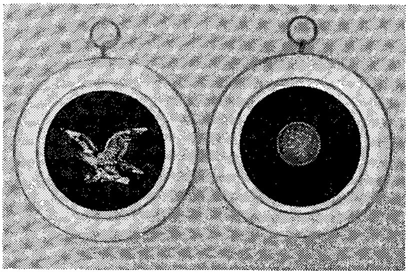
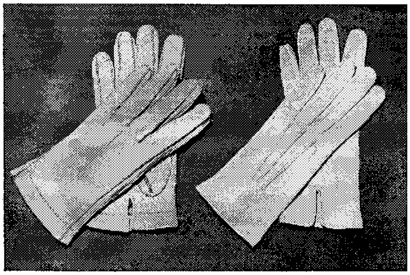


The keys to your personal kingdom will be kept in order on this decorative brass key rack. Imported from Italy, key is 8½″ long and has attached chain for convenient hanging, together with 5 hooks for keys. $2.95 pp. The Giftware Co., Dept. 15, P.O. Box 1628, New York 17, N. Y.

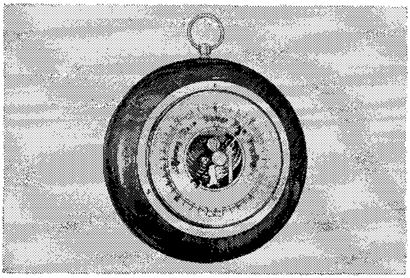


Decorative Americana medallions will brighten up a wall. American eagle and authentic old coin on black background are framed in non-tarnish brass. Each measures 4½″ in diameter. $4.95 pr. pp. Mill Villa Gift Shop, Dept. COR, Rockwells Mills Rd., Mt. Upton, N. Y.

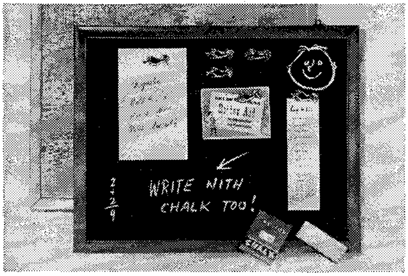


Leather "Stretchies" fit all hand-sizes from 6 to 8½. Wool-lined lambskin in beige, brown or tan. Dressy capeskin in beige, white, black or red. Both styles washable. $6.35 pr. pp. Pollyana Clothes, Dept. COR, 55 E. Randolph St., Chicago 1 Illinois.

Imported wall barometer will enable you to be your own weather forecaster. Has ivory enameled metal scale and polished wood frame; measures 5″ high. Easy to read 3⅓″ open face with a brass hand. $5.98 pp. Larch Co., Dept. 260-C, 118 E. 28th St., N.Y. 16, N.Y.



Magnetic bulletin blackboard has world map on other side. Comes with box of chalk, eraser and 6 gold-plated, magnetic hands for holding notes, memos, etc. Available in red, blue, ivory or yellow frame. $5.95 pp. Post-Way Products, CR, 1133 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.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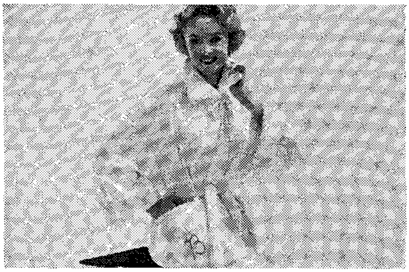

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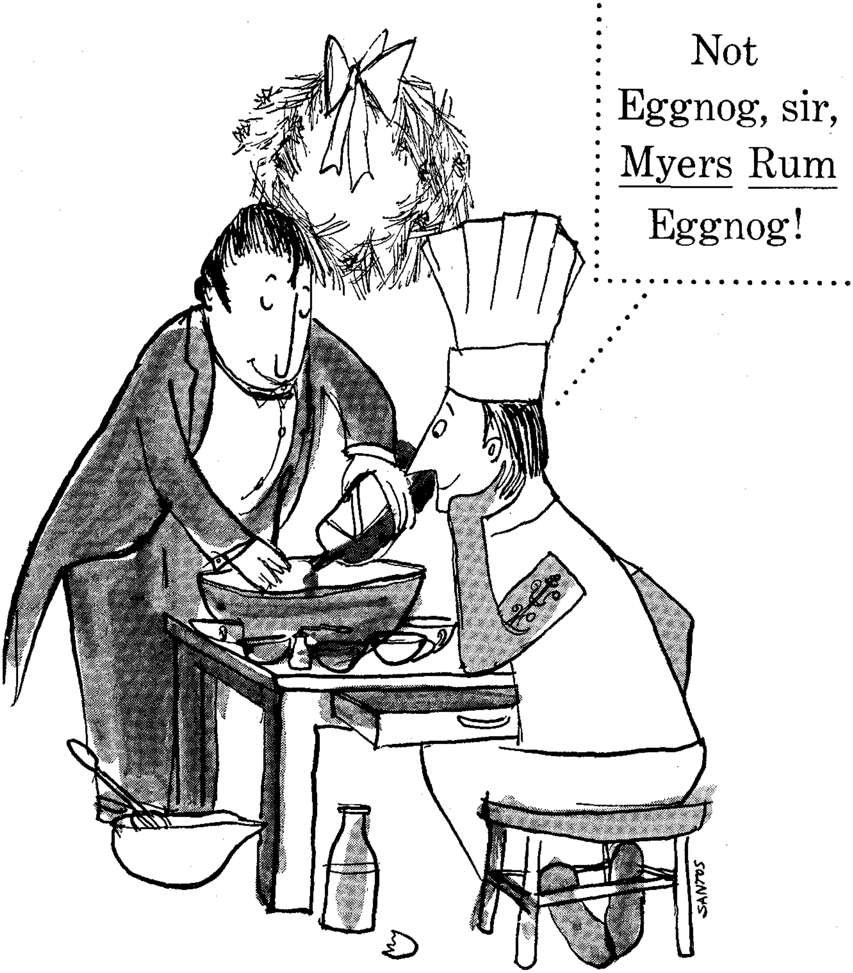
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CORONET
JANUARY 1959

The Day Santa Rode The Caboose

by MILLIE McWHIRTER

In the St. Nick of time, the train came puffing through the storm with its cargo of simple faith

EARLY ON THE MORNING of the day before Christmas, the terrible storm of '27 roared down across the Tennessee hills and howled around the timbers of our house.

We heard the sleet pounding on the roof as we lay there in bed, Mother and Polly and I, in our flannel nightgowns. The nightgowns were identical, except for the sizes, for Polly was seven, I was five, and Mother was a slim blonde widow of 29. Mother was a teacher, and we three were the family that lived in the teacherage across the field from the county school. But school was out now for the holidays, and our world was stilled, except for the occasional, reassuring whistle of a passing freight train a half mile away.

We waited for the heat from the stove to creep across the chilled linoleum floor. But the wind kept pushing the smoke back down the flue, so that it seeped from the iron belly of the stove and made a haze in the room. Through the haze, I could see the kitchen table, piled high with ham ready for baking, mincemeat, the mound of popcorn I'd strung the night before—and our small Christmas tree.

There was barely enough space in our one-room house for our meager furniture. So Mother had set the two-foot tree on the oilcloth-covered table, and decorated it with cranberries, ribbons, popcorn, and the one ornament we'd had as long as I could remember. It was an oblong star made of varicolored glass that caught the lights from the fire.

Now Mother got up, pulling her

robe around her. She shook the damper in the tin pipe, jabbed the stove's insides with the poker, and the room began to clear.

"Mother," I called, "what time are the folks coming?"

Uncle Marvin Love and his family, and Aunt Alma Tant and her family, were driving out the 30 miles from Jackson for Christmas eve dinner with us. Then they would take us back to Jackson for Christmas.

"Soon," said Mother. "Soon as they can."

"Then we'll go to Jackson and see Santa Claus?" I asked.

Without answering, Mother looked out across the white froth of fields. Polly was up now, stumbling over her nightgown, helping Mother set the table. "You won't see Saint Nick anywhere," she said, for in the third grade Polly had heard that there was really no Santa Claus.

"We will, too!" I insisted, running over to Mother, pulling at her skirt. "We will, won't we?"

In the distance, the train wailed, lonely and tired as it started up the grade. By breakfast time the sleet had been reinforced with a white curtain of snow, draping the hills from sight. With her hand, Mother rubbed the moisture from the window pane, so we could look out. "Now you children watch for Uncle's car."

Mother briskly put the ham into the dutch oven. She began making crust for the mincemeat, and got out raisins and orange peel to decorate the gingerbread men which were to be our gifts to our cousins. So while we stuck raisin eyes in the gingerbread, we tried to ignore the sleet and howling wind.

Toward noon, Mother looked out at the fierce snowstorm again, and sank down into the rocking chair. Taking a deep breath, she said, "Come sit here by me, girls." She didn't say "children" now, as she usually did, but "girls," as if suddenly we were older. "I'm sure now that the folks can't get through," she said. She reached out and took our hands, Polly's and mine, but I had a feeling that she spoke more to me. "And . . . and, unfortunately, neither can Santa Claus."

"But he's coming here to the other children," I said defiantly, for I'd heard them boast about what they were getting for Christmas.

Mother sighed. "Now, girls, you must try to understand. . . ."

Polly was warming herself before the stove. "I understand," she said, looking at me. "I *told* you!" she said. But her lips trembled, and she turned her face away. Mother reached out and drew Polly close. "You'll still get your Christmas presents. But it'll be later," she said. "Until then, we have plenty to eat and enough wood to outlast the storm. We won't be afraid."

My eyes burned, my heart shivered inside me. I let go of Mother's hand. *I* was afraid. I had nothing to believe in. All those fairy tales were untrue. There was no Santa Claus.

I lay across the bed, covering my head with a pillow. I must have dropped off to sleep, for when I awoke I heard Mother saying, "Sounds like the storm's letting up."

Sure enough, the sleet and the wind had slackened. Now through the stillness came the sound of the train whistle, a loud, long moaning down at the crossing.

I sat up. "Why is the train wailing, Mama?"

She answered absent-mindedly, "I guess it can't get up the grade. . . ." Suddenly, she rushed over to the window, looking out. "Why, that's it!" she cried. "That's the answer, Millie!" She turned to us. "We can get to the crossing. We'll take dinner to the trainmen!" Now she was like a little girl, her face flushed and bright. "Come on . . ." she said, bundling us into coats and leggings.

Mother packed a box of sliced ham, mincemeat tarts, raw cranberry relish. Polly was packing the gingerbread men, too, and so I draped the strings of popcorn over my arms. As we started out the door, Polly asked, "Can't we take the tree?"

Mother smiled. "We can try." Handing the box of food to me, she lifted the little tree in her arms.

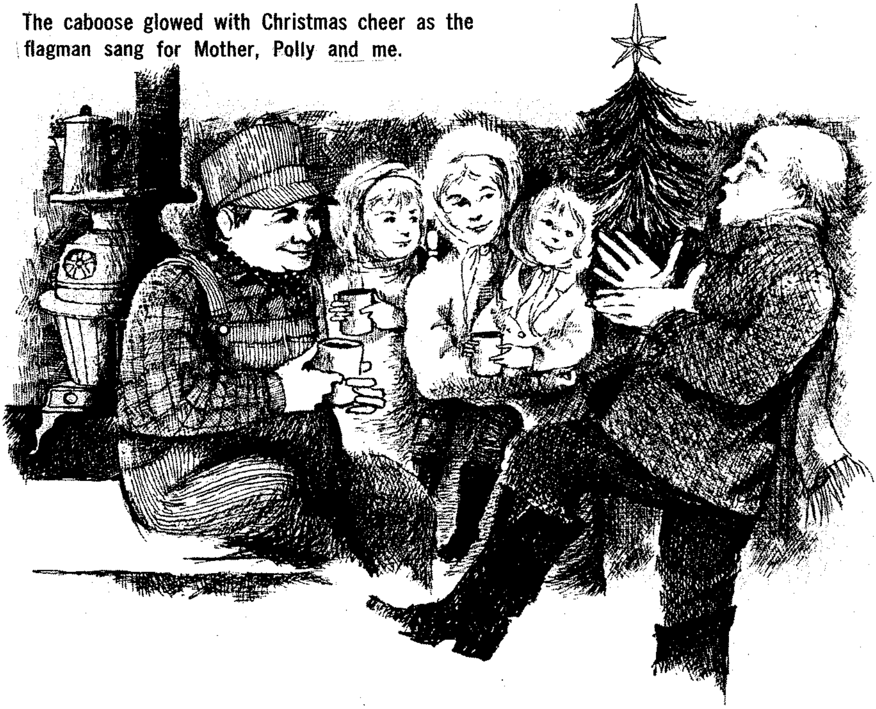
We must have made a strange sight trudging across the field. The snow was a thin crust under foot, and occasionally we sank nearly to our knees.

As we approached the crossing, a trainman, bundled against the cold, walked around from behind the caboose, swinging a lantern. Though it was still daylight, he lifted it high as if to see us better.

"Well, I declare, Ma'am," he muttered, "you lost?"

Mother smiled at him and shook her head. "May we come inside?"

The caboose glowed with Christmas cheer as the flagman sang for Mother, Polly and me.



He stepped back to lift us up the step into the caboose. He was hardly taller than Mother. His eyes were deeply wrinkled, his mouth was a thin line in his pointed chin, and he looked like something Polly might have made.

Inside the narrow caboose was a roll-topped desk, a straight chair, a bunk bed, and a red-bellied stove. Mother began taking out the food. "We brought your Christmas Eve dinner," she said.

The little man stared for a moment in disbelief. Then he grinned the full width of his chin. Slowly, he touched the top of my head and, as if satisfied that we were real, he said, "I'll get Mac."

While he was gone, Mother set our tree in the center of the desk, with the food around it. Polly lined her gingerbread men on the window sill. I strung the popcorn across the wide wall. When the men returned, the caboose had that wonderful, warm look of Christmas.

The engineer was as large as the flagman was small. His laugh was a loud, booming sound, as he patted Polly and me, and told Mother about their being unable to get up the grade.

We gathered around the desk and heaped our plates. The food tasted warm and sweet in my mouth. There was hot, black coffee on the stove; while we drank it, the flagman began to sing a ballad called *Casey Jones*.

Clapping and tapping his foot, he sang it through twice before Mother said, "It's nearly dusk," and, reluctantly we started to leave. Then the engineer took some boxes from the desk. He put one in Polly's arms, one in mine. "I was taking these to my kids," he said, "but I'm sure they'd want to share them."

The flagman, helping to gather up our things, lifted the tree, and stood looking at it. With one finger, he touched the beautiful glass star as it swayed on its branch, reflecting the glow from the stove.

Polly squeezed my hand and whispered close to my ear, "Let's!" I swallowed hard, nodded. Together we unhooked our star and put it in the man's hand.

"Well, I declare," he said. "I declare. . . ." He was still gazing at it, as we climbed down the steps of the caboose. Then, suddenly, we heard a train whistling from the hills.

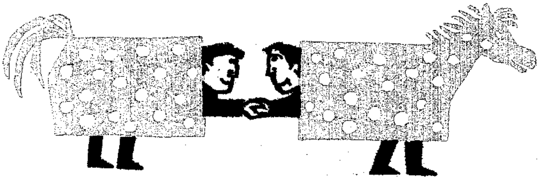
"There she comes," the engineer said. "There's the relief train!"

We looked up and saw its headlight, shining over the snowy hills. For a moment, it looked like the Christmas star, moving down to us.

The flagman started signaling with his lantern, and both men waved to us as we started home. Mother smiled down at us. "Looks like Santa came after all." I looked up at her. "That wasn't Saint Nick," I said, and my voice was grown-up now, like Polly's.

"Yes," she said. "I think it was. I think Saint Nick is really the saintliness in all people."

I was thinking too of the flagman who'd sung for us, the engineer who'd shared his gifts, of the food Mother had prepared, and of the beautiful glass star that had been Polly's and mine. In that moment I knew I believed in Saint Nick. And I've believed in him ever since. ♛



GRIN AND SHARE IT

THE YOUNG New Yorker out on his first trip to the West was especially impressed with the skillful way one cowboy rolled his cigarettes.

"Aw shucks," said the cowboy, "there's nothing to rolling them. It's adding the filter that gets me." —MARTY BROOKE

AT A CIVIC DINNER, a doctor was pestered by a woman who wanted free medical advice.

"Do you think I should send her a bill?" he asked a lawyer who sat next to him.

"Why not?" the lawyer replied. "You rendered professional services by giving her advice."

When the doctor went to his office the next day to bill the woman, he found this letter from the lawyer: "For legal services: $25."

—ARTHUR MC CLURE *(Quote)*

SOME TIME AGO a café owner, who suspected that his bartender was tapping the till, bored a hole through the back door and stood by to watch his employee operate. A customer came in, had a drink and paid for it with a 50-cent piece which the bartender flipped in the air and caught in his hand. "Tails," he said. "I get to keep it." Five more customers came in, and each time the bartender flipped their coins and said, "Tails, I get to keep it." Finally, on the sixth go-round, the bartender looked at the coin and said, "Heads! Oh, well, I'll keep it anyhow."

"You will not!" shouted the owner, storming into the front room. "I won that one fair and square!"

—OLLIE M. JAMES *(Cincinnati Enquirer)*

A BUSINESSMAN HAD convinced his wife that he was fully capable of looking after the house while she was away. His first letter seemed to indicate things were going smoothly, until she read this paragraph:

"I'm taking care of the house plants the way you told me to. I water them twice a week—on Tuesday and Wednesday."

—*Wall Street Journal*

CHICO MARX WROTE to the American Playing Card Company after a poker-losing streak: "Gentlemen, are you still manufacturing Aces and Kings?" —LEONARD LYONS

TWO WOMEN who were maneuvering their car into a tight parking space gave up after a valiant struggle. Poking her head out of the window, the exhausted driver said to her companion, "This is close enough. We can walk to the curb from here."

—*Wall Street Journal*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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I have never been happier, healthier and more pleased with life than I am today. It isn't that the future is brighter; or that I am making a road show out of living. It is just that simple everyday existence has a meaning all its own—in contrast to the emptiness of a few short years ago. To me it proves that even under the pressures and tensions of the 20th century, man can change (that *I* can change!); that to regain his perspective on life a man need only take an objective look at himself—and honestly seek a solution.

I know all this now. But it took an emotional upheaval to get me to look and seek.

Strangely, it all happened because of an island. I had fled there—a casualty of civilization, at war with myself and my world. On the island I hoped to find peace. On this real island in the warm waters of the Caribbean, I discovered my own permanent island of the spirit.

To me, life had always seemed exciting and purposeful. Then slowly, painfully had come the feeling that, as the years sped, the days dragged; that something vital had vanished from my life, and that despite its hurly-burly it was without significance.

I became short-tempered, quick to accuse, slow to forgive. I demanded perfection from everyone, and drove myself ceaselessly—to the verge of a breakdown.

I spent a week in the hospital, undergoing exhaustive tests. And I was apprehensive when my doctor came in with the results.

"Couldn't find a thing wrong with you," he announced cheerfully. I felt a little silly. No cancer. No tuberculosis. No heart disease. Not even an ulcer—the common occupational malady of my profession.

"Nothing wrong," continued the doctor, "except the pressures of civilization. I think I'll prescribe a desert island."

He meant it as a joke, of course. But it struck a responsive chord. Most men dream of escape to some faraway island. Few do it. Civilization pushes and demands; it also inhibits. But if civilization was truly at the root of my ills, then surely I should be civilized enough to do something about it.

So my mind turned to islands. Not a fantasy replete with dark-skinned beauties clad only in sarongs, but a quiet, little-known atoll off the beaten track, where I could unwind, get my mental feet on the ground and take a good look at myself and the world about me.

Such an island is not easy to find—especially when both time and money are limiting factors. For months I searched, through atlases, maps, guidebooks—tried every conceivable source—but to no avail. Finally one of my well-traveled friends brought me a book which made brief reference to an out-of-the-way isle that intrigued my interest. It was Grand Cayman island, one of the Cayman group, in the Caribbean.

I had a hunch this might be it. Rushing over to the Jamaica Tourist Board (the Caymans are dependencies of Jamaica), I asked for some information. All they could give me was a brief, three-year-old report from the island's Commissioner, two small "hotel" folders suspiciously devoid of pictures of the accommodations and the name of the only person they knew (a travel agent) who had recently visited the island. As I turned to leave, a woman clerk called after me, "You might write to the Commissioner—here, I'll give you his name." Then, as an afterthought, she added, "But I guess it won't do much good. This Commissioner *never* answers his mail!"

That did it. That and discovery that the island was only two hours by air from Miami. A few weeks later I took off, and as we circled for a landing my first impressions of my dream island were reassuring: the white line of water breaking over the coral reef, the open, palm-thatched airport "waiting room," the many bicycles and few vintage cars that bespoke a tempo long forgotten in my world.

My bronzed, smiling taxi driver eased me through customs, stowed me in her aging Dodge and bounced me over rutted coral roads to the pleasantly furnished hotel room that was to be my temporary home on this strange but already fascinating island.

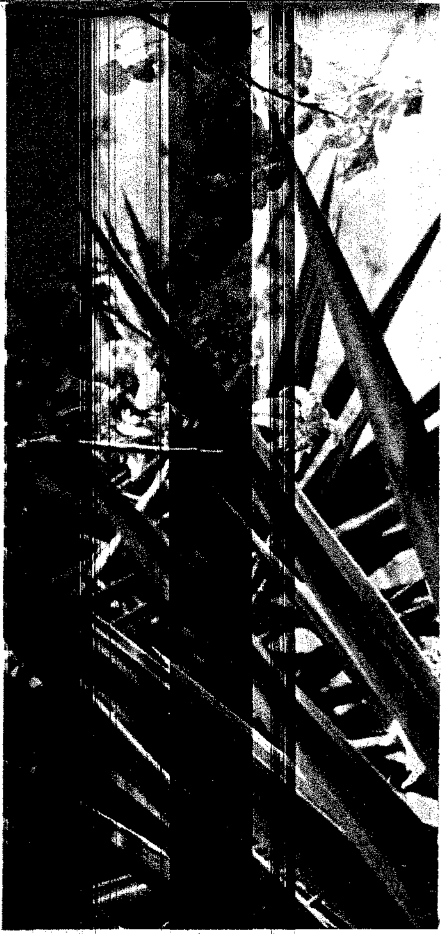
Almost before I had changed into shorts and T-shirt, I was aware of a quiet and calm that contrasted sharply with the world I had left but a few short hours ago. It was as if a giant spring was unwinding within me—relieving the pressure. No trains or planes to catch, no business appointments, no schedules. Just a vast expanse of sea, sky and coral.

I stepped out into the dying day and was confronted with a multicolored sunset—brilliant shades of orange and purple that moved and changed in magnificent layers until the coppery sun sank suddenly into the quiet sea and yellow stars sprang out to mark the moment of night.

During the first few days I was restless as I ate, fished and swam with strangers. The first question asked of me—as often as I asked it of them—was always the same, "Why are you here?" No one—including myself—seemed to know the *real* answer. Was it escape? From what? What did I have here that wasn't better at home? The blazing tropical sun, the shower that trickled tepid, brackish from a barrel on the roof?

Was it adventure, excitement, danger? There was none here. Was it pleasure or the chance to wrest wealth from the sea or land with the help of cheap, native labor? Nightlife was nonexistent. And natural resources were few.

"The landscape's rich colors, the pungent, humid air, moved me strangely."



These questions and many more kept gnawing at me without cease until one early bright morning, walking the dusty road to town, I found myself strangely moved by the rich colors of the landscape, by the pungent, humid air sweeping out of the heavy undergrowth, by the ring-tailed lizard which calmly eyed me—an interloper in his paradise—from a fence post. **Nearby, two small native children** were playing under a tree. Instead of shyly hiding or looking away, as I would expect of the children I had known, they looked me straight in the eye and wished me a cheery "Good morning." Then one of them plucked a ripe naseberry from a low-hanging branch and brought it to me.

Farther along the road I was suddenly aware I was
not alone. An aged, wrinkled man had fallen in step beside me.
In a voice that rose and fell like the distant waves,
he gave me his greeting. "Is it a good day?" he asked.
I remained silent as I stared again at the sea, the sky,
the children; listened to the gentle crunch of our feet on the coral
gravel of the road. And then from inside came the answer.
"Yes," I said to my companion—and friend. "It *is* a good day."
Back in my room, I looked out at the world through new eyes.
It *was* a good day—a very good day—and I was part of it.
There was peace and quiet; not only all about me, but within
myself. I had found the answer I was seeking.

Others, I know, have found it, too...along a storm-lashed shore, in a forest glade or on a snow-capped peak where Nature's might reminds man of his physical insignificance. I had found it, not entirely within the span of that day. I recognized soon that it came from the accretion of long, even days of stillness, along the ageless coral shores, where in hypnotic surges the water rolls in, then out—always to return; from watching the sun rise out of the sea and fall back into it—an overwhelming lesson of life's continuity. Being aware of the natural grandeur that continued so well without me made it easier for me to detach from myself. With new perspective I saw the futility of exaggerated self-importance;

"With the surf's soft swell, I learned life's most overwhelming lesson."

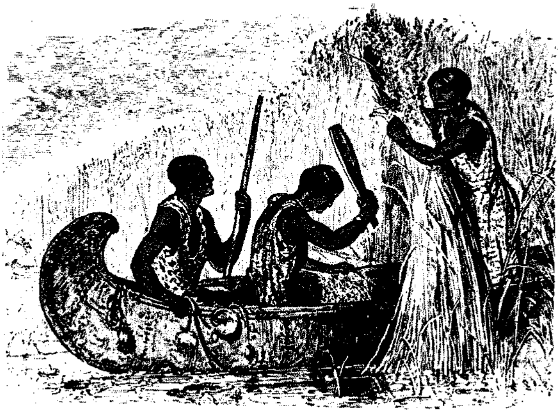
this real, natural world demanded nothing of me. As if in a slow-rising swell, it dawned on me that what I was to be must come from me; what I must obey was myself. And I was discovering that confidence in myself that would make it possible.

Time and place play little part in a man's search for his island. His moment of discovery can come at any time: during a brief interlude in a busy day, at a concert, in church, or even as he sits quietly in his own back yard.

Because the island is but a symbol. And it exists within ourselves. Every man can find it—and with it find peace—if he will but gaze honestly into his heart. For then he will truly know himself. ♛

WILD RICE the gourmet's grain

by *Ann Williams-Heller*



WILD RICE, until recently classed as an expensive gourmet food, today is heading for a new niche in the gastronomic scheme of things as a canned, table-ready "convenience food." Probably the reason is that this purplish grain's smoky, nutlike flavor intrigues most everyone who's tasted it.

As one of the oldest native American grains, wild rice has flourished despite an extraordinary number of contradictions.

First, it is not rice, but an annual watergrass, *Zizania aquatica*. Wild-growing in shallow lakes and marshes, it is a far distant relative of cultivated rice. Although white rice has become a staple food for over one-third of the world, wild rice has stubbornly resisted domestication. In the U.S. it is most abundant in Northern Minnesota and Wisconsin, a relatively small strip of lake land bound on the West by the Mississippi and on the East by the Lake Superior region. In Northeastern Asia, another variety of wild rice grows perennially; in Formosa, Japan and eastern parts of China, many people reportedly eat the green stalks rather than the tasty grain.

To the American Indian who discovered it, wild rice was magic. It became a vital part of his life and found a place in his prayers, battles, festivals and rituals. Soon the White Man also learned to love wild rice's unique flavor. The first European explorers enthusiastically traded their best wares for it. It was the English who dubbed it "wild rice." French *voyageurs* called it *fausse avoine* (false oat). Since then, it has won a variety of names: wild oats, water oats, and Indian rice. To the Japanese, it is fruit-of-the-water-reed. Oldest of all names is the Indian *manómin* meaning "the good berry." Along with its names, wild rice has gained an ever-increasing following more fanatic than avocado-eaters, more loyal than artichoke-strippers.

For each succeeding crop, wild rice relies solely on its "winter-stored" seeds—grains that have fallen into the water and hooked themselves in the mud. Climate, not calendar, decides its days. By mid-May or early June, single thin leaves shoot up from the muddy waterbeds to float in tender green ribbons over the water. July sees the sturdy plant-stems standing up to six feet high, blooming in multicolored flowers. By late August, stems mature and grow single heads, holding 15 to 150 grains each. Within about two weeks the heads ripen from top down, and harvesting begins.

Wild rice is harvested from canoes or narrow boats. A man and woman usually make up a "ricing" team. He stands at one end of the canoe, steering the craft through the dense stands with a long pole. The woman sits as low as possible at the opposite end, holding two thin cedar flails, each two feet long. One flail bends the ripe heads over the canoe, the other gently shakes the grains into the boat. Skillful though the "knockers" are, about four-fifths of the ripe grain falls into the water.

When filled, boats unload ashore, then return to the stands for more wild rice. Stands are repicked daily.

As it comes off the boats, wild rice is "green" and damp. Old-time processing—to dry the rice and remove the chaffy oatlike hull—was slow and tedious work. Women first "cured" the wild rice in sun and open air; then "parched" it over a slow wood fire. Men "threshed" the grain to loosen the hulls, by beating buckskin bags filled with rice, or by "dancing" it in new moccasins. Finally, women winnowed it outdoors in shallow birchbark trays.

Today, rotating metal drums have replaced the hand-stirred open kettles, and power hullers do the "dancing." Fanning mills and gravity separators process 400 pounds of wild rice an hour, the time it formerly took for five pounds.

Generally speaking, 75 to 125 pounds of green rice will be finally harvested from a stand of one acre, but shrinkage in processing reduces this yield to from 30 to 50 pounds. The wide range in yields is another of wild rice's baffling contradictions. In a four-year period, two fair crops and one near-failure crop will follow a bumper harvest. Only nature knows why. The 1956 near-bumper crop of 1,200,000 pounds—valued at $3,000,000 on the retail market—was followed in 1957 by a near-failure. Last year again yielded a bumper crop.

Wild rice is sold at morning auctions conducted by government agents. Buyers must bid for the day's total harvest, whatever the take turns out to be, on a cash-and-carry basis, often involving a $50,000 investment. In this big business, less than half of the 6,000-odd licensed wild rice harvesters are Indians.

One energetic Minnesotan, convenience-food producer Jeno F. Paulucci of Duluth (he packages the well-known "Chun King" line), has a plan for increasing production of wild rice that he hopes will drive down the price within the range of the average family budget.

Paulucci holds "general permits"

on 700,000 acres of Canadian wilderness in the Manitoba province already rich with wild rice stands. He will fly in over 100 Chippewa Indians, all experienced ricers, and fly out an estimated 1,000,000 pounds in 1959 to his Duluth plant for packaging or canning "precooked" rice (under the brand name "Nokomis"), ready to heat and eat.

Nutritionally, wild rice is closer to rye cereal than to white rice. It is rich in B-vitamins, such as thiamine, niacin and riboflavin. Laboratory tests show that 3½ oz. of cooked wild rice contain 184 calories while the same amount of white rice contains 113 calories.

Most Americans are apt to meet up with wild rice in or out of a well-stuffed holiday turkey or duck. Few dishes, however, do not benefit from the exotic lift of the delicately flavored grain. Here are two of the gourmet recipes that owe their inspiration to Indian tradition:

Braised Stuffed Wild Duck

Blend 1 (10 oz.) can wild rice with 3 tbsp. maple syrup, 3 tbsp. currants, 1 to 2 tbsp. Italian vermouth, 1 tbsp. finely minced scallions or green peppers, and 1 tsp. salt. Stuff mixture into 2 or 3 wild ducks; truss and sew if necessary. Rub birds with crushed clove of garlic and ¼ cup olive oil; brown thoroughly in preheated Dutch oven or heavy skillet for 15 minutes, turning frequently. Add ½ cup each vermouth and cranberry juice cocktail, and 1 bay leaf. Cover tightly, and simmer birds until tender, about 2½ to 3 hours. Shortly before serving, heat contents of 2 (10 oz.) cans wild rice, blend with ¼ cup minced fresh dill or parsley. Serve ducks on bed of wild rice.

Note: 3 rock cornish hens may be used instead of wild ducks; then cut cooking time to ¾ to 1 hour. Serves three.

Molded Wild Rice and Rock Lobster

In top of double boiler heat contents of 2 (10 oz.) cans wild rice, tossing lightly with fork to separate kernels. In separate saucepan, cook 1 lb. fresh or frozen cranberries and ½ lb. fresh sliced mushrooms in 1 cup Bordeaux red wine or soup stock and ½ cup maple syrup until berries begin to pop; blend into rice.

Cut 6 cooked rock lobster tails into bite-size pieces; blend ¼ cup olive oil and ½ tsp. crushed marjoram and pour over rock lobster pieces. Mix seafood into rice; reheat if necessary. Press mixture gently into oiled bowl or ring mold, turn onto preheated platter. Sprinkle with shaved maple sugar, if desired; garnish with water cress and radish roses.

Note: 2 lb. cooked shrimp, cut in halves, can be used instead of rock lobster tails. Serves six.

Think it Over

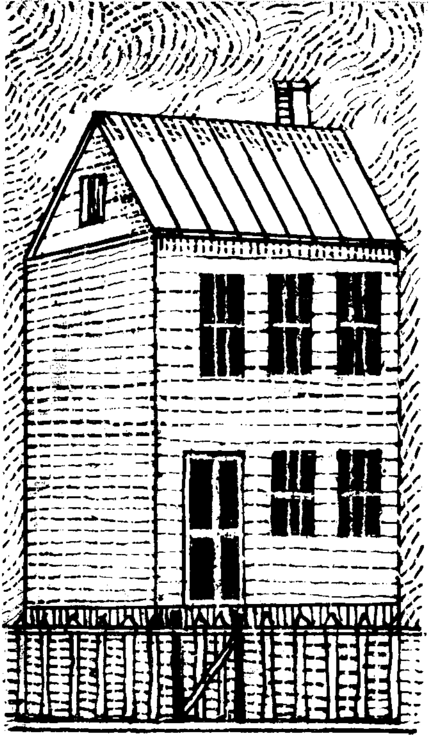
THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENTS of mankind have been accomplished by two types of men—those who were smart enough to know it could be done, and those too dumb to know it couldn't.

—*Oakland Tribune*

The Happiness Business

People used to speak of saving for a rainy day . . . and family security is still the best of all reasons for having a savings account. But more and more Americans are now saving for a *sunny* day . . . saving to buy the good things of life that every family wants. Helping people secure a greater measure of material happiness and the peace of mind that goes with it is the business of Insured Savings and Loan Associations. For the unique story of The Happiness Business turn the page . . .

(Advertisement)



The first Savings and Loan Association was founded at Frankford, Pennsylvania, now a suburb of Philadelphia, in 1831. It had 37 savings members. The first home on which it made a loan still stands.

The Happiness Business it grew by helping people

The rise of the Savings and Loan Associations, called in some places building and loans or cooperative banks or homestead associations, is one of the extraordinary economic developments of our time. Established to promote thrift and home ownership, their popular acceptance has made them a major factor in today's economy.

Since World War II, this growth has been phenomenal. In the last five years alone, savings in associations have more than doubled. The figure is now a whopping $44 billion.

In addition to providing an easy method for people to save, these associations have been the biggest factor in making it possible for 60% of American families to own their own homes.

This business, which has grown by helping people, has weathered 13 major depressions and 5 wars to become a powerful influence in the widespread

Savings which go into Insured Savings and Loan Associations are reservoirs of community strength. When disasters such as floods or hurricanes strike a community, locally owned and managed Insured Savings and Loan Associations can promptly provide funds for speedy rebuilding of the damaged areas.

ownership of wealth in the United States by its citizens.

Today there are 3900 Insured Savings and Loan Associations. They are backed by a strong reserve credit system, provided by 11 regional Federal Home Loan banks. Each person's savings in each of these associations are insured up to $10,000 by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation, a government agency.

The Happiness Business
FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN INSURANCE CORPORATION
SAFETY OF YOUR SAVINGS
INSURED
UP TO $10,000
THE FIRS
SAVINGS AND LOAN A

Where you save does make a difference

The emblem above identifies an FSLIC Insured Savings and Loan Association. Wherever you see this emblem, you can be sure that savings are protected by:

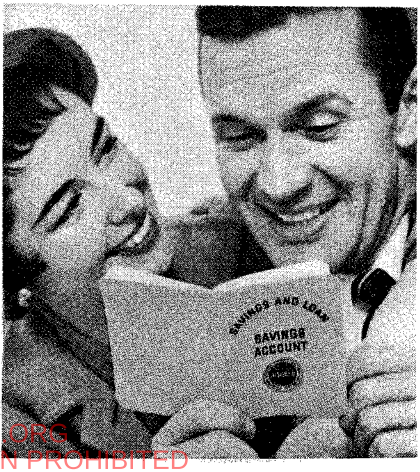
1. The security of carefully selected first mortgage loans on homes, U. S. Government bonds and other assets including cash.
2. Sound, progressive operating policies administered by experienced local management.
3. Continuous supervision and periodic examinations by governmental authorities.
4. Insurance of your savings account up to $10,000 by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation.

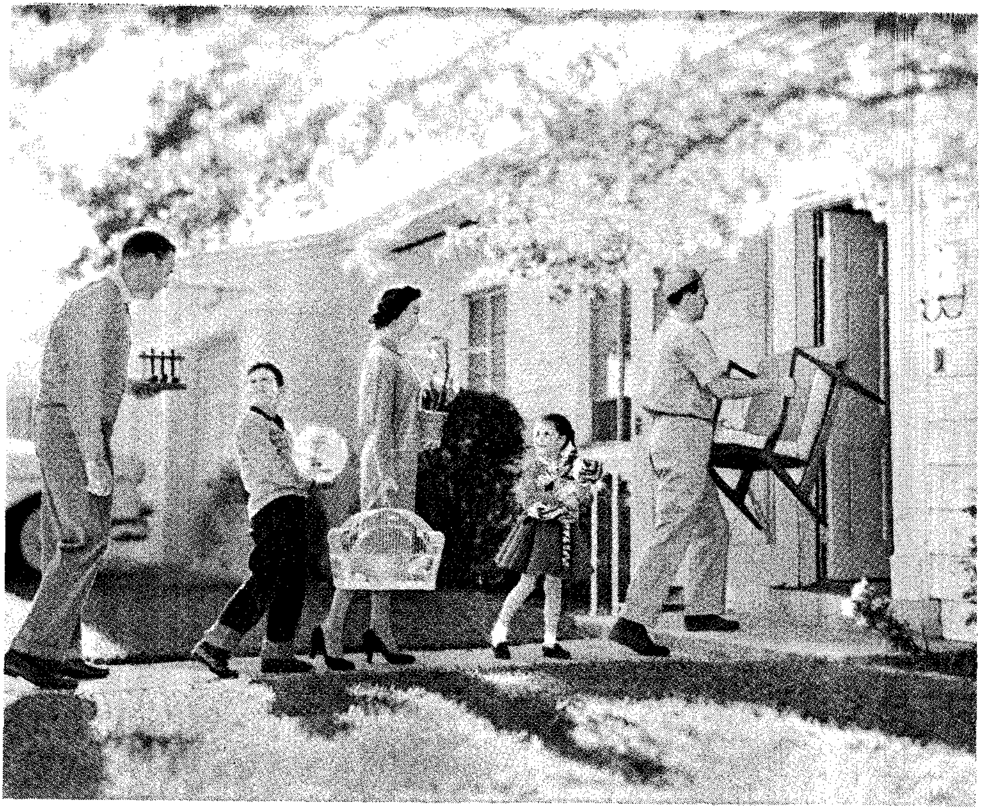
Safety—The Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation is a permanent agency of the government, established by Congress under the National Housing Act of 1934. Its purpose is to insure up to $10,000 the safety of savings placed in its member institutions. It is managed by a Board appointed by the President of the United States with the advice and consent of the Senate.

Investment-wise, Insured Savings and Loan Associations offer security seldom matched by alternate opportunities. For example, funds placed in associations are not subject to market fluctuations—you get back what you put in *plus* earnings.

Earnings—Savings invested in insured associations work hard and earn excellent returns for savers. Associations generally pay somewhat larger returns than other savings institutions.

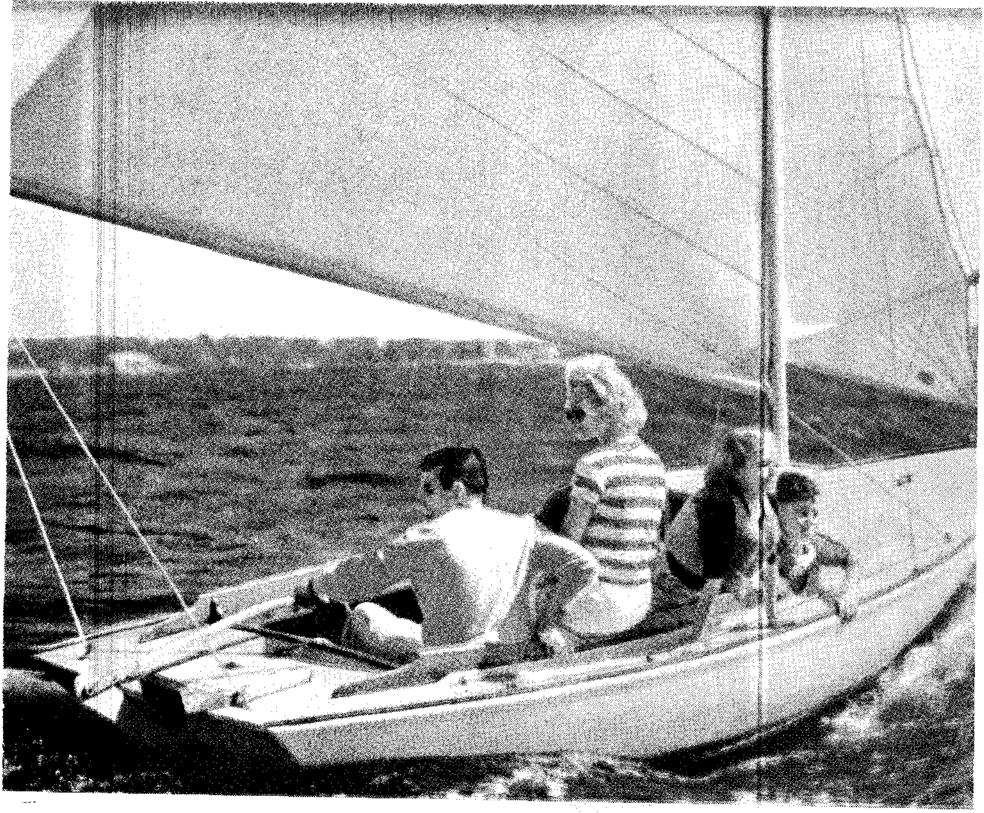
Convenience—Associations are conveniently located in both downtown and suburban areas. There are more than 3900 of them in the U. S. They are attractive, modern and friendly places of business. Most are open at special hours for the convenience of the public. Many accept savings by mail, provide parking facilities, drive-in windows and other services. They are easy to do business with. You can open a savings account for as little as one to five dollars or as much as you want.



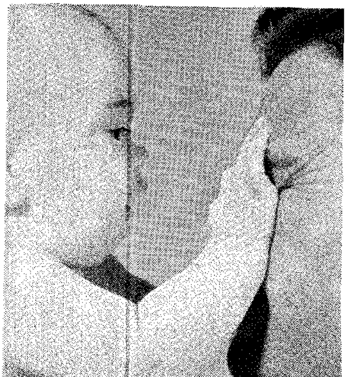


The
Happiness
Business

22 million Americans things of life the

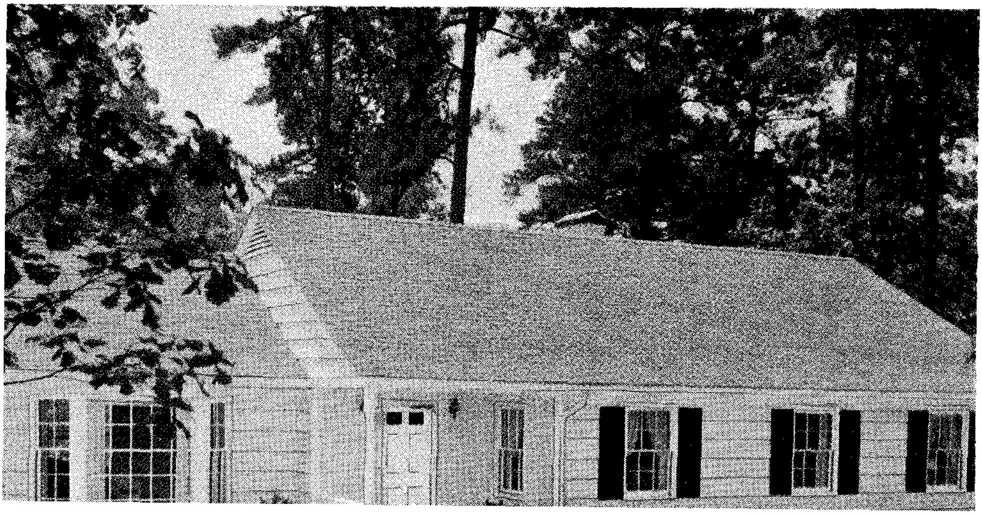


are saving for the good Insured Savings and Loan way



The Happiness Business

It has helped more people own homes than any other business on earth



ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One out of every three home loans made today is financed by an Insured Savings and Loan Association . . . far more than by any other type of financial institution. In 1958 alone, these associations made over a million home loans totaling more than $10 billion.

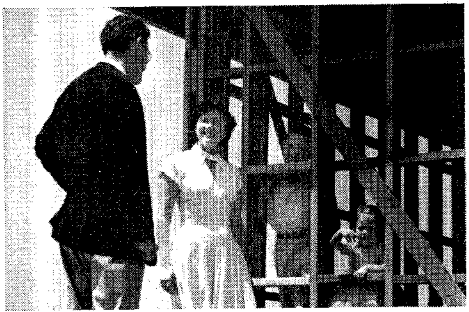
Because they make more home loans than anyone else, Insured Savings and Loan Associations know more about them. Their service to borrowers is friendly and expert, based on a sound and extensive knowledge of local real estate and the best way to finance home ownership.

These Associations originated the monthly payment plan of repaying home loans which has been adopted by government agencies such as HOLC, FHA and Veterans Administration. Today this system of paying off home loans like rent is used almost everywhere.

Home payment plans are tailored to meet the needs of individual budgets. Monthly payments generally include taxes and insurance. Thus the borrower can forecast his expenses, and plan accordingly.

The Happiness Business... and the community

Every day, Americans put an average of $51 million into Insured Savings and Loan Associations as savings and withdraw $36 million.

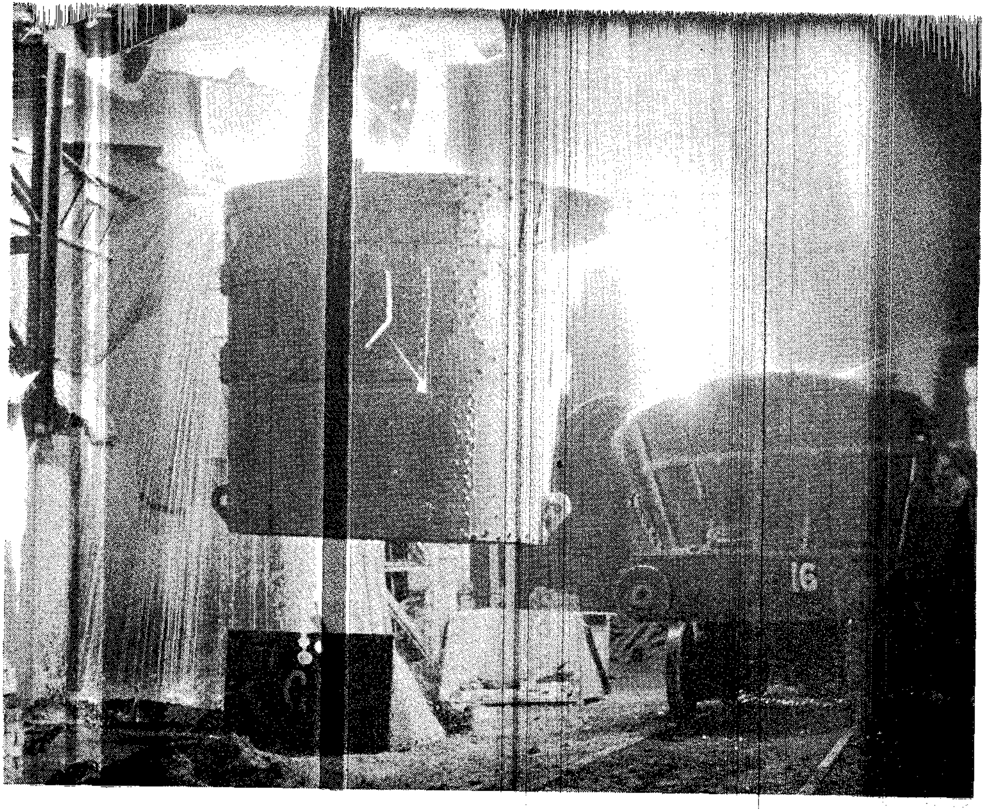


Over a million pairs of hands build today's new homes. Over $5 billion in payrolls goes to construction workers in one year, of which Insured Savings and Loan Associations provide one-third.

No institution in America plays a more vital part than the Insured Savings and Loan Association in the prosperity of the community and the nation. What happens to savings that people put in Associations is a dramatic story of money-on-the-move. This money, totaling more than $44 billion is part of the lifeblood of business. It finances one-third of all home construction, providing jobs for carpenters, bricklayers, electricians, plumbers, plasterers and all the other workers in the nation's biggest industry.

But that's only the beginning. The materials for the homes come from hundreds of other industries—$670 million in wiring annually, $70 million in paint, $156 million in cement, over 11 billion board-feet of lumber, plus steel, glass, plaster and all other materials it takes to build homes. These purchases keep hundreds of businesses humming and provide millions of people with income, some of which is returned to Insured Associations as savings.

Here is the cycle of money circulation on which prosperity depends. But it does not tell the



To build the homes financed by Savings and Loan Associations, the construction industry must buy hundreds of materials from suppliers all over the U. S. Eventually, the economic lifeblood generated by association savings finds its way into the arteries of all business.

whole story of The Happiness Business. People who move into new homes become customers for all the goods and services provided by the community.

In war and peace, Insured Savings and Loan Associations are among the larger holders of government bonds. The directors and officers are active in community planning and growth; in neighborhood improvement, zoning, providing parks, schools, and recreational facilities, in the economic health of the areas they serve.

Directly or indirectly, virtually everyone in the country derives some benefit from the dream of thrift and home ownership that started 127 years ago in Frankford, Pennsylvania, and has become a great force in our economy.

Is it any wonder we call it The Happiness Business?

A record of safety and service

THE HAPPINESS BUSINESS	1957	1956	1955
MONEY PLACED IN SAVINGS ACCOUNTS	$15,585,000,000	$14,345,000,000	$12,521,000,000
MONEY REPAID BY BORROWERS	$ 5,490,000,000	$ 5,462,000,000	$ 5,329,000,000
TOTAL	$21,075,000,000	$19,807,000,000	$17,850,000,000
MONEY WITHDRAWN BY SAVERS	$11,050,000,000	$ 9,636,000,000	$ 7,972,000,000

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by Mrs. Joel P. Keene
as told to Van Hetherly

Medical masqueraders: our best-paid criminals

Working alone, a courageous housewife traps a phony "nature doctor"—one of the many who make millions from human misery

IN A QUIVERING VOICE I told the Beaumont, Texas, naturopath why I was there: "My doctor says I'm dying of diabetes. I can't believe it. I think he's just after my money."

"Quite possible," he nodded reassuringly. "We'll soon find out."

The nature doctor, one of 400 then practicing in Texas, took the urine specimen I had brought, added a "chemical" and poured it from vial to vial. The specimen was full of sugar. I know because I had added it myself. He then got out a contraption—a metal ball dangling on a chain between two rods—and pressed it over my heart.

"I thought so," he said. "You don't have diabetes at all. Your heart is beating too fast and your blood pressure is too high. In short, you have a large heart lesion which will take considerable time and treatment to cure."

He added kidney and bladder trouble to my list of ailments and prescribed repeated enemas "to purge your body of impurities." I paid him $10 for the examination, $4 for pills and walked out, presumably rejoicing over my reprieve from death.

I rejoiced all right, but the naturopath would have been most disturbed had he known why. I was in perfect health and I knew it. The Texas Attorney General's Office and the State Board of Medical Examiners had seen to that before they assigned me to "Operation Quack Quack," the state-wide drive that was begun about 15 months ago to put naturopaths and their fellow quacks out of business.

Each year hundreds of thousands of Americans are victimized by these pseudo-scientific impostors who contend that nature is the only great healer. Their calling, they say, is to "assist nature."

Gould's Medical Dictionary calls a naturopath "one who professes to heal the sick exclusively by the use of natural remedies" such as air, light, water, vibration, heat, electricity, psychotherapy, dietetics, and massage, excluding the use of drugs, surgery, X ray, or radium. But the American Medical Association calls them definitely unqualified healers, either by training or attitude, and lumps them with assorted quacks who advertise their fantastic devices as cure-alls and who contend that manipulation of the spinal column is the only cure for leprosy, tonsillitis, appendicitis, cerebral palsy, polio or insomnia.

Correspondence schools run by medical frauds enroll anyone who has the necessary fee—high school diploma not required. And the "graduates" dream up such outrageous devices as steel helmets to prevent baldness, a magic spike to cure tuberculosis and a machine which can fertilize fields, fill teeth or regrow amputated fingers and toes—a three-in-one bargain.

Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield, vitally concerned with the activities of naturopaths—the best-paid criminals in America, he calls them—because of their extensive fraudulent use of the mails, says that in 1957 medical quackery hit an all-time high.

The estimated take by quacks through the mails alone was $50,000,000. Their income from sales of bogus health food is estimated at a staggering $100,000,000 dollars.

But the victims whose only loss is money are lucky. Summerfield's chief inspector, David H. Stephens, recently revealed a grimmer toll. Often, quacks can not be successfully prosecuted, he said, because their patients die before they can testify in court. There is no estimating how many hapless people are killed each year by unscrupulous practitioners who "treat" them for trumped-up illnesses while the real malady progresses unchecked. Early treatment, says the American Cancer Society, might have prevented 75,000 cancer deaths last year. Quacks unquestionably are responsible for a large percentage of these fatalities.

One tragic example was a middle-aged Tennessee housewife who was troubled with stomach pains.

"Your body is chemically out of balance," a nature doctor told her. "You need minerals and vitamins."

For a year he sold her his own special preparation of herb juice, and when she finally went to a bona fide physician, the stomach cancer she'd had all along was too far advanced to treat.

Often the charlatans use a reverse pitch, diagnosing anything from head colds to hangnails as cancer and reaping a pay-off of blood money and mental anguish. Last November, in Lemoore, California, Mrs. Stanley McKee, 34-year-old mother of five, was outraged by the number of her friends patronizing a cancer quack named Perle Savely. Mrs. McKee got permission of the State Medical Board to expose him.

With state agents posing as relatives, the housewife visited Savely, showed him a mole on her shoulder and asked, "Is this cancer?"

"It's cancer all right," he pronounced after a cursory look, "and the roots are maybe three and a half inches deep." Savely prescribed a "killing ointment" and a "drawing ointment" to be applied daily. The salves, Savely's own formula of inactive herbs and strong caustic chemicals packed in a shoe-polish tin, inflicted a deep burn on Mrs. McKee's shoulder and brought Savely to grips with the law. Some of his patients got cash restitution and the quack himself was convicted and put on two years' probation.

TEXAS has been a particularly popular habitat of naturopaths ever since 1949, when a new law allowed virtually anyone with $25 for a license to practice the "healing arts." Although the law was later declared unconstitutional, the quacks stayed.

In his drive against these fakers, Attorney General Will Wilson needed formal complaints. Without complaints he could not obtain search warrants. Without search warrants he was asking for trouble if he staged a raid and found no obvious violations. As a result of previous welfare work I had done, I was picked to gather evidence and file complaints. I felt if I could awaken just one deceived family to the danger of patronizing these vicious medical hoaxers, my work would be worthwhile.

Looking back, I know it was worthwhile, for a year ago last December the state, acting through its Attorney General, obtained court injunctions against 58 naturopaths, and in February the State Supreme Court, in a test case, nipped the quacks' appeal by ruling that they could practice naturopathy only if they first qualified for the practice of medicine.

In the process of my investigation, I found the activities of these 20th-century medicine men even more flagrant than I had imagined. One of them, operating in Texas, told me that loss of weight had caused the fatty cushion around my heart to melt away, leaving my heart "suspended on its cord." This, he explained, accounted for my shortness of breath.

The treatment administered by another medical masquerader, instead of "curing" my faked ills, sent me to a real doctor with a deep burn on my neck. "I have shooting pains in my throat," I told Arvid Lovgren, a Beaumont naturopath. Lovgren quickly applied a vibrator to my throat for "chiropractic adjustment." Next, he fitted an "electrical heat-ray machine" around my neck and left me to roast. When I complained that it was burning, he said, "Fine! That's where the infection is centralized." But Lovgren was a bit shaken when he saw the resultant burn. He smeared a commercial salve on it and charged me only $4.

With the help of my husband (a former law officer) and state agents, I studied each quack carefully. Never was I suspected. Not even in a town in Texas, where one naturopath—the biggest operator of all—had built a flourishing dynasty of deception.

When I was ushered into the

quack's office, with a state agent posing as my husband and my red hair dyed black, we quickly got down to my ills—this time stomach pains and headaches.

The naturopath opened a roll-top desk to reveal a machine resembling a short-wave radio. He inserted a metal plate in my collar and began twisting knobs and watching dials. I sat transfixed while the thing lit up like a pinball machine. After a time, he reeled off his diagnosis: I still had diphtheria toxins in my throat from a childhood attack; I was anemic and my pulse was too slow; my spleen, liver and pancreas were out of whack and I had colitis.

I registered the appropriate astonishment and, satisfied, he proceeded. Once again he inserted the metal bar and fired up his machine. He rubbed his fingers with common salt, placed one hand on the bar and with the other picked up cans of his health foods. The oscillating dials then purportedly told him which of the foods I needed. He sold me $9 worth of the stuff, charged $40 for his examination and sent me away with the warning that nothing could cure me except his treatment.

In Dallas, another woman state agent went to a naturopath and complained of stomach cramps. He peered into her eyes with a magnifying glass and announced that "eye muscles too far apart" caused the pains. For $5 he produced a red-and-black-striped stick and told her to stare at it cross-eyed for 15 minutes a day.

Still another agent with hypothetical food poisoning went to a naturopath in another town in Texas. The "doctor" decided the agent had a kidney stone and set out to treat it by massaging the agent's hand. That, he explained, "is where the nerve to the kidney is located."

These fantastic shams are typical wherever quacks are allowed to operate. In Bakersfield, California, a pseudo-physician named Franklin D. Lee operated until last year, when he was exposed by Mrs. Clair Schaefer, American Cancer Society official. Lee had an "Ozone Machine" which he claimed would cure anything without surgery. He ran a human assembly line, handling up to 75 patients a day. Mrs. Schaefer and a friend with a wire recorder hidden under her skirt visited the quack three times. The third time he administered his ballyhooed treatment. The patient's bare feet were placed against a system of seven flashing colored tubes and "curative color units" then "flowed into her body."

Afterward, Mrs. Schaefer resisted his sales pitch designed to put a machine in her home for $300 plus $9 tax. But she did buy a $2 bottle of "Rocky Mountain Minerals" (common salt), a $5 bottle of "Potency Pills" (55 cents worth of vitamins), a can of Watkins Sage ("to open your liver, flush your kidneys and make your hair grow") and some "cancer pills" for $1 a dozen. Analysis showed the pills to be injurious to internal organs, and Lee got a year in jail for violating medical practices and pure drug acts.

Almost anyone can fall prey to these medical tricksters. Potential victims, says Dr. Beatrix Cobb, research psychologist who is now Director of the Vocational Rehabilitation Counselor Training Program at the Texas Technological College, fall into four categories:

1—The miracle-seekers, such as the Texas woman with breast cancer who covered herself with a "prayer cloth" daily for six months before seeking medical care. By then it was too late.

2—The uninformed, such as one businessman who didn't know the difference between an M.D. and other self-styled "doctors."

3—The graspers-at-straws, who seek any "cure" even though real physicians have done all they can.

4—The restless, such as one man of 53 who became impatient during a two-week stint of laboratory analyses and went to a quack who "treated" him in an hour. "When you got cancer," he confessed later, "every minute counts."

The American Cancer Society adds a single, broader motivation: fear—a fear which supports thousands of frauds, many with annual incomes topping $1,000,000. Often the pay-off for the patient is death.

Few of the naturopaths' deluded patients can be convinced that their suave "doctor" is a phony, that the impressive diplomas on his walls are fakes, that he was "educated" by a five-lesson mail-order course or "graduated" from a fly-by-night college of naturopathy after hearing a single lecture. Many diploma mills still dot the country. A report by P. W. Sapp, Florida narcotics inspector, lists 36 of them in 15 widely scattered states. There are only five states which license naturopaths—Arizona, Connecticut, Oregon, Utah and Virginia.

Happily, however, more and more states are cracking down on bogus doctors. Among "miracle health machines" confiscated last year by authorities in California were a converted juke box, a steel ball (with "life-giving magnetic force"), an overhauled five-tube radio and a "curative ray machine" which was nothing more than a flood lamp with a red lens.

Among the "cancer cures" still advertised are a diet of pure grape juice, accumulation of "orgones" while sitting in a zinc-lined box and absorption of radiation by wallowing in dirt purported to contain uranium ore.

The only way to stamp out medical quackery, says the American Cancer Society, is to educate the public to the danger of patronizing phony doctors. I hope this article will help to do just that.

Heard any good stories lately?

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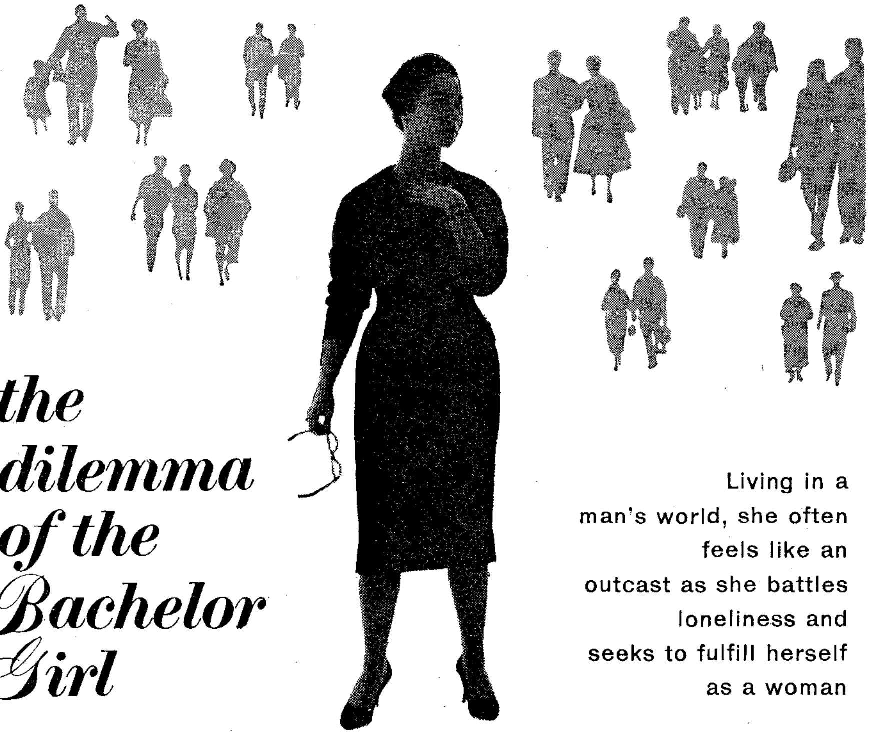


the dilemma of the Bachelor Girl

Living in a man's world, she often feels like an outcast as she battles loneliness and seeks to fulfill herself as a woman

by RONA JAFFE

THE UNMARRIED GIRL living alone in a large city has five problems: Men, Monotony, Money, Morals, and Marriage.

She has had some of these problems since the beginning of time, but today she has them in a unique and different way, typical of the day in which we are living. The bachelor girl is constantly in conflict with a society which forces her to work like a man, think like a man, compete like a man, live like a man—and pay for her indiscretions as only a woman can.

Rona Jaffe, herself a bachelor girl, wrote "The Best of Everything," a best-selling novel about the tribulations of New York's single women.

Fifty years ago when a respectable girl found herself in her mid- or late twenties she had only two alternatives. She could resign herself to being an "old maid" and spend the rest of her life taking care of her nieces and nephews, an austere figure wistfully hovering around the periphery of someone else's warm and happy life.

Or she could make a marriage of convenience with some acceptable man whom her family brought around for the purpose of matrimony. She didn't necessarily love this man, and she quite likely even found his honeymoon caresses repellent; but after all, nice girls weren't supposed to like sex anyway, and her parents weren't going to be alive forever to give her a home and food and clothes.

This looks like a pretty grim tintype to the romantic girls of today, and maybe it was just as grim to grandma. But in those days nice girls didn't get divorced so nobody really kept an accurate count of how many of those arranged marriages actually worked out.

Today more and more unattached girls are coming to the big cities, particularly New York, looking for new experiences, for the "glamor jobs" in publishing, TV, the theatre, advertising agencies and large corporations. They are intelligent, educated girls, with college degrees or secretarial courses behind them. If they weren't born pretty they soon learn how to make themselves look sleek and fashionable and attractive.

These are the girls who didn't happen to get married at 20 or 21 and who have no intention of sitting around in their home towns waiting for some man to discover them. In a small town, when you get to be 25 and single you may be fifty times more interesting than you were at 18, but your chances of getting married are about fifty times less than they were then.

Today if a girl doesn't acquire a husband along with her diploma, she goes to work, whether or not she needs the money. Even though she hopes her job is not to be permanent, she certainly doesn't want it to be dull. So she goes to a big city, like New York, and finds some kind of position as a minor flunkey. She finds it all very exciting at first just to be on the edge of what she thinks is the enormous, throbbing essence of life.

She meets men. There are the attractive, charming, neurotic, knowing bachelors. They have good jobs, good looks, good conversation, good bachelor apartments; in short, everything but good intentions.

The girl soon finds that if she wants to get serious with this man she will have to join a harem. Why should he settle down? He's having too good a time. It's pretty dull stuff for this 35-year-old permanent-teenager to have to settle for the admiration and favors of one girl when he is currently enjoying the admiration and favors of a dozen. They are all busy auditioning for wifehood by performing the wifely duties for him, without benefit of clergy. They even clean his apartment. So why does he need a wife?

Then there are the gauche, eager bachelors, who are so anxious to get married. Often they are dependable, sincere, stuffy and oblivious. A young man like this often has many of the characteristics of a girl who is overeager to marry. He's wife-hunting. He looks at the statistics of the girl he is dating, but never any deeper, never at *her*. He approaches courtship with a list in his hand, just as if he were going to the grocery store.

A sensitive girl can sense this attitude very quickly. "I'm just a girl in a black dress, who says the right things and has the right background and measurements and went to the right schools," she thinks sadly, as she smiles at him over the dinner table in the nice restaurant where he has taken her. "Why doesn't he say something, anything, to show that he's here with *me,* not just with a list of statistics?"

Then there are the married men. The young ones, her age, are no problem, nor are they much help. They are the husbands of her friends, the girls who got married at 18 and 20. They tell her how wonderful married life really is, and why doesn't she try it?

Then there are the older married men, the restless ones; the one who misses the 6:05 commuter train because he's invited a bachelor girl to have a cocktail with him. A man like this can give a girl everything but the one thing she really wants: him. So he tries to make up for it by being kind, understanding, generous, sympathetic and loving. He's very good at getting along with women, and why not—he's been *living* with one for fifteen years! The trouble is, the nicer he is to the girl he's chasing, the less of a favor he's doing her, because it only makes her want him all the more—and he will always be unattainable.

Why should a seemingly intelligent girl permit herself to become emotionally involved with a wolf or a cad? 1) She may be very naïve, especially if she comes from a small town or a protected home. 2) She may be lonely. 3) She may be broke, and ashamed to write to her parents for more money. It seems harmless enough to let this attractive man take her to dinner, even though she's heard he's left a trail of broken hearts behind him. Every girl thinks that *this time* it's going to be different. 4) Or, very significantly, she may be a victim of monotony.

Monotony is a fact of life everywhere, and it comes and goes for no reason that anyone has ever been able to pin down. All of a sudden there isn't an eligible man around —that nice, dull young lawyer finally became engaged to someone else; the man she met at the New Year's Eve party suddenly stopped calling; the bachelor friend of her married friends tried to chase her around the couch and when she ran faster than he did he never asked her out again. She doesn't make enough money to go anywhere. She's been to the museum. It's hard to read *another* book when you're lonely and depressed. She's listened to all her records a hundred times this month.

Every morning she gets up at 7:30 and goes to the office. She has lunch with the girls and leaves for home at five o'clock. Often she dreads her day at the office because her job is tedious and routine. But she can't quit and look for a better job because she hasn't saved up enough money yet.

Next week, next month, things may be very different. If she could only have a romance. . . . She goes out on blind dates faithfully, but each one only confirms her belief that a blind date means two people sentenced to an indefinite period of mutual torture by some well-meaning third party. Maybe one girl out of a thousand actually meets her future husband on a blind date.

Fifty years ago a girl was "good" or "bad" but today she finds it's often "square" to be good

So the bachelor girl comes home from the office at night and cleans her tiny apartment and writes a letter to her friends back home, trying to make it sound as if she's having an exciting time. If she has her own apartment she is tired of looking at the four walls, and if she shares it with several roommates she becomes tired of looking at them. At times like this the idea of a husband and a home seems even more wonderful—and even farther away—than ever.

Three or four months of this kind of monotony has somewhat the same effect as a period in solitary confinement. The girl begins to find that daydreams and reality are interchangeable, and whatever good sense and firm resolve she may have had become very shaky. Then along comes an exciting new man. He seems to like her very much. She likes him more than very much. It's hard to analyze his faults when his virtues—the ones he parades for her—are so dazzling and new. And then, almost naturally, without any real warning, she has to face the fourth great problem in her bachelor girl life: the problem of morals.

It is a known fact that in 1958 unmarried girls have love affairs with men. Yet there are still people who are appalled to hear about it. These people like to think such goings-on do not exist. They do, but it is not always the fault of the girls themselves.

Recently I met a well-known psychoanalyst who had happened to read my novel, *The Best of Everything*. He said to me: "I have many patients like the girls in your book, with the same problems of loneliness, insecurity, and a desire for fulfillment through love. The more I see these girls the more I feel that they are *not* neurotic, but are simply reacting to a sick environment."

I asked another psychoanalyst about this. He agreed, and added: "The analyst cannot change the neurotic people with whom such a patient comes into contact, but he can help the patient to find the inner strength to cope with them herself."

Neither of these rather startling statements would ever have been made fifty years ago. In those days a girl was "good" or "bad." Her church, her parents, and her conscience were supposed to help her withstand the stresses of her environment.

Today, in the midst of the rootless, unmarried group that gravitates to a large city, a girl finds that it's often "square" to be good. Besides, she herself isn't quite sure any more what *is* good or bad, and neither is anyone else. Movie stars who are idolized by millions jump in and out of bed on the front pages of the daily newspapers. Celebrities and socialites return from trips to the Caribbean with "travelling companions." A celebrated romance finally culminates in a wedding, and five months later a "premature" 11-pound baby is born.

Even if these are the pleasures

and pursuits of the busy rich, the same kind of behavior goes on among the anonymous. The bachelor girl can try to resist loneliness, monotony, insecurity, and a desire for emotional and physical fulfillment, but the one thing she finds it hardest to resist is time. She wakes up one morning and remembers it's her birthday, or New Year's Eve, or Valentine's Day, and she remembers all the other birthdays and New Year's Eves. "I'm 25-years old," she thinks, "and where am I going?"

Every person's life is divided into stages: infancy, childhood, youth, adulthood. There is a time to live at home with one's parents and brothers and sisters, and a time to go out into the world. There is a time to settle down into one's own home and face the problems and responsibilities of being an adult with a mate to love and babies to bring up. When a young woman is physically, emotionally, and chronologically ready to live the life of a married woman, but circumstances force her to live the artificial life of a perennial schoolgirl, she is in trouble.

She is tired of dating incompatible men and pretending to have a good time. She is sick of cadging dinners from escorts. She is weary of chasing ineligibles and of adjusting to the lonely consolation of "I just wasn't his type." She is tired of living on the surface of a relationship and of resisting passion.

She realizes with a shock that her best friend, who married at 19, has two children in nursery school. She is in the wrong stage of her life, and there are only three things she can do about it: keep waiting, accept a "convenient" marriage, or compromise.

She wonders: "If I can't have marriage right now, can't I at least have love? Isn't a part-time relationship at least more rewarding than none at all? And perhaps he will discover that he *needs* me." So finally, despite her fears, she enters an affair.

At first everything is fine. She has a man to love, to be with nearly all the time, and she is happy; but not as happy as she thought she'd be. For the longer she is involved in this love affair the more she wants to get married. No matter how often she had promised herself that she would *not* become overemotional, she cannot help wanting to be married to this man. He is quite possibly poor husband material; selfish, unstable, unwilling to take on the responsibilities of a mature permanent relationship. Otherwise he would have married her instead of insisting on this sub rosa romance.

But at this point she doesn't care how immature her lover is. She is used to him. She has never been closer to anyone. She has no security. She never knows when or if he is going to leave her. And when eventually they do break up, which they almost always do, she is exactly like a deserted wife—but without the consolation of the world's pity.

She does have the pity of her other bachelor girl friends. They know what she is going through because they are going through it themselves. They comfort her, and when she has gotten over the shock and sorrow of her ex-romance she is ready to meet new men. This time she thinks she's smart enough to know the pitfalls of emotionality. But no matter how smart she may be, she will always be a woman—and she will always want to marry her lover, whether he's lover number two, or three or ten.

Ask any girl if she would relish the prospect of being divorced three times and she will certainly exclaim, "No!" Yet breaking off three separate long-term love affairs is just as tragic, even though people don't pay much attention to it when it's happening to someone else.

I am not talking about promiscuous girls—the female version of the immature professional bachelors—who run in terror the moment their current lover "gets too serious." They are the ones whom the professional bachelor always cites as a defense. "Why, I've slept with girls who don't *want* to be more than casual," he will cry self-righteously. "They only want excitement and adventure. You're being unfair to men when you say that girls always want marriage."

My answer to this is that girls of this type represent a very small minority. They are the exception that prove the rule.

If there was to be a happy ending for every nice girl who seriously desired a husband and a home, then there would be no need to write this article. A 23-year-old secretary I know summed up the problem in a way which I think every girl will recognize and agree with, "If I were absolutely certain that I would be happily married next year," she said, "then I could really enjoy this year, problems and all. But I worry that I'm going to go on like this interminably, and that gets me down. After all, this isn't the kind of life that any girl would want to have forever."

A teen-age marriage is not the answer, however. New York is full of the unhappy losers of such marriages, the divorcees in their early 20s who are right back in the rat-race, with the added disadvantage of looking like fair prey for the wolves.

The ideal situation, for many girls, would be to work for a year or two after graduation from secretarial school or college, and during that time to meet the man they later marry. Thus they would have the benefits of working experience, the confidence and the maturity it brings, plus a happy ending before their maturity turns into cynicism.

Every young woman I have talked to who worked for a short time before marriage was grateful for her job experience and felt it helped her to become a more understanding wife. Knowing she had a skill she could turn to if she ever had to help out gave her confidence. Knowing she had had a look at "the world" before she settled down made her more satisfied with her life as a homemaker. None of them sat at home grumbling about their dull lives, imagining their husbands having a wonderful time with three-hour lunches and four martinis—because they themselves remembered the pressures and crises of a working day. And most of all, they remembered that they had been given the choice.

As one Long Island housewife cheerfully put it: "I escaped just in time."

By "out-peopling" people, apes reveal many vital facts about man

What the chimps teach us

by PETER FARB

A FEW YEARS AGO, a pediatrician left his Jacksonville, Florida, office and hurried out to Orange Park. There, just off the highway, were a group of large white buildings surrounded by a high steel fence topped by an electrical wire.

The doctor was promptly rushed through the gates and admitted to one of the buildings where a newborn infant turned fitfully in its crib. Its mother had just died of childbed fever.

The pediatrician carefully examined the orphan and then prescribed a formula.

The infant was a female chimpanzee. She had been born at one of the world's most unique scientific-research stations, the Yerkes Laboratories of Primate Biology.

For nearly 30 years, Yerkes has been breeding chimpanzees and studying their minds, bodies and behavior to gain vital information about human biology. "It is definitely not to improve the chimpanzee that we study it so persistently," the Laboratories' founder, the late Dr. Robert M. Yerkes of Yale, once observed, "but to learn more about mankind."

At the Laboratories, some chimps have their own apartments consisting of an indoor bedroom and an outdoor living room. Now under constant observation are 61 chimpanzees, most of them born on the premises. They make up the most intelligent group of non-humans on our planet.

In the early 1900s, Dr. Yerkes, a young graduate student, foresaw that new advances in medical and psychological research would require more study of the apes, and that it would be necessary to build up a colony in which the apes' entire medical history was known from the moment of birth. (At that time, apes were rarely used as laboratory animals and very little was known about them.)

It was not until 1930 that Yerkes got his station in Florida. By then he had decided to concentrate on the alert and cooperative chimpanzee rather than the gloomy gorilla or the slow-witted orangutan.

Chimpanzees in behavior and emotion are the nearest thing to a human being that the living world can offer. Their brain is remarkably like ours, although smaller; their teeth are the same in number and arrangement.

Height, weight, gestation period, life span—all roughly parallel ours. Their muscles are comparable, only much better developed. A test made some years ago showed that a 165-pound chimp had 4.4 times the strength of a well-developed human. Recent research indicates that the pulling strength of a man and a chimpanzee is approximately equal. (One of the few differences is that chimps don't shed tears, since they have poorly developed lachrymal glands.)

What can we learn from the chimps?

For studies on the workings of man's brain, human subjects are of questionable value: our prejudices and ignorance often get in the way of accurate results. But chimps, which do not have manners and social codes, are totally uninhibited.

Too, they appear to be susceptible to nearly all human diseases. (One ill that chimps seem nearly free of is cancer, which makes the animal valuable for investigations on a possible secret of self-protection.) So similar are the bodies of chimps to ours that doctors as well as veterinarians are called in at Yerkes.

A brain operation to relieve mental anxiety in humans, the prefrontal lobotomy, was discovered in a Yerkes experiment.

About 20 years ago, Dr. Carlyle Jacobsen began experiments with a mentally disturbed chimp named Becky. She suffered from extreme excitability and went into violent temper tantrums with little cause.

After much experimentation, Jacobsen cut out the entire prefrontal area (that part of the gray matter just above the eyebrows)—and gone were the tantrums. Becky now became indifferent to failure or disillusionment.

Jacobsen reported his success to an international medical meeting. Dr. Egas Moniz of Portugal heard about it, tried it out with human patients (by severing the nerve connections leading from the frontal lobes of the brain) and so refined the technique that the operation took less than an hour to perform.

Largely through the research carried on at Yerkes, more is now known about the chimpanzee than possibly any other creature on earth besides man. The intelligence of these apes never ceases to astound the scientists.

When one of the chimps, Moos, appeared ill and had difficulty eating, a staff member inspected Moos' teeth and found nothing; during the examination, Moos allowed him to poke around in his mouth with instruments.

As he started to leave the cage, Moos grabbed him by the coat and pulled him back. He raised his upper lip and pointed to a slight swelling on the jaw which had been overlooked. A new examination disclosed that the tooth was about to erupt.

The chimp had actually aided the scientist in making a diagnosis.

THE CONTINUOUS association of the chimps with the scientists at Yerkes is giving them a kind of culture. For example, when the cages were constructed years ago, an automatic water fountain was installed in each one. Dr. Yerkes feared that the scientists would painstakingly have to teach each new chimp how to operate it.

Instead, after the first few chimps were instructed, no others have needed education in its use. For four generations of chimps now, infants have learned proper use of the water fountain after once seeing the other chimps push the button.

One of the problems of human psychology is whether our character traits are inherited, or develop as we go through life. Some progress has been made on this problem at Yerkes.

A ten-year study was made of a pair of twins born at Orange Park, Tom and Helene. From early infancy, Tom was aggressive and bold, Helene timid. These traits became more pronounced as the chimps matured. The experiment indicates the possibility that timidity may be inherited just as you inherit red hair, for example.

The Yerkes Laboratories was the scene of one of the most unusual experiments in science—raising a chimpanzee from birth as a member of a human family. Dr. Keith Hayes, a researcher at Orange Park, and his wife Cathy took a newborn chimp, Viki, into their home and gave her a civilized upbringing with toys, guidance and human affection.

By the time Viki was a year-and-a-half old, her everyday activities were about the same as a human child that age. She was able to build towers of blocks seven high, draw straight lines in imitation, feed herself with a spoon, turn the pages of her picture books. She was even showing progress in dressing herself.

At age three, she became a household helper: she could carry out garbage, dust her room and help with the washing. When Viki was pitted against human children on half a dozen intricate problems, she generally showed quicker response and intelligence.

For many years biologists had maintained that man's superiority over the apes was due to his elongated, rotatable thumb. Viki disproved that old belief: while one learned professor was expounding this theory in the Hayes' automobile, Viki was amusing herself by turning on the windshield wipers, emptying the ash trays and rolling down the windows. (Given time, she might have dismantled the motor.)

The Hayeses' intimate study of Viki revealed that she was superior to human children, with but one important exception—her lack of speech. At age four, Viki had learned to speak only four words—"mama," "papa," "cup," and "up"—and further attempts to teach her speech were abandoned.

Speech enables the child to develop rapidly through information and inspiration from adults; without it, Viki's development came to a standstill by age five. By the time Viki was seven, when she died of encephalitis, she lagged far behind children her own age.

Chimps have a great ability to acquire sign meanings and values. Dr. John Wolfe of the Yerkes Laboratories actually taught them the value of money and how to buy things with it, just like kids learn that plunking down a nickel brings a pack of chewing gum.

Dr. Wolfe developed a chimpomat, much resembling a slot machine, that delivered a tasty grape when a poker chip was inserted. The chimps caught on quickly, and soon learned the difference between a white chip, which paid off, and a slug.

Gradually, new coins were added—a blue chip produced *two* grapes, a yellow one a drink of water. (Unless they were thirsty, the chimps used the blue chips, with their greater purchasing power, first.) A fourth chip, light blue, allowed the chimp to return to its cage when it wished to leave the chimpomat.

Then, Dr. Wolfe experimented to see if the chimps would learn to work for a living. No longer were they grub-staked to their chips. A machine was added with levers that the chimps had to work to make chips come out.

It was found that the more "money" the chimps accumulated, the lazier they became; finally, when they'd made their pile, they stopped working completely. And they were constantly itching to spend what they had already earned on the chimpomat.

The success of this experiment reveals an advance of perhaps millions of years from savagery to civilization. For it means that the apes were able to understand symbols: a poker chip was no longer just a colorful piece of plastic; it now had abstract value.

Scientists used to believe that the spirit of cooperation was widespread throughout the animal kingdom. Not so, according to work done with chimpanzees.

A heavy box, baited with bananas, was placed outside the chimps' cage. Two ropes were attached to the box, which was too heavy to be budged by one chimp alone, and the other ends were put inside the cage. The apes took turns pulling; it never occurred to them to team up and pull together.

But once Dr. Meredith Crawford taught them how to cooperate in moving the box, they progressed rapidly and soon learned how to press the neighboring chimp into service.

By studying the shortcomings of these lower animals at the Yerkes Laboratories, scientists are gauging the true glory of mankind.

how the H-blast will serve mankind

by Leonard A. Paris

Gushers of vital oil, water for arid land, new harbors, medical isotopes—all these and more will be possible when our cheap, "clean" underground explosions are perfected

LIVERMORE, CALIFORNIA, is a pleasant, quiet town surrounded by a ring of mountains, some 40 miles from San Francisco. Its chief product is wine. But far more heady stuff is being turned out by a group of scientists at a sprawling laboratory just outside of town.

Here, in what was once ranch and farm country, the University of California operates a radiation laboratory for the Atomic Energy Commission. Armed guards are posted at the gates, for the work going on here is top secret. But now some of it can be told.

There's joy in the telling, too, for the men at Livermore are currently engaged in projects which will benefit this country economically, politically and strategically. And many of these benefits will be extended to the world at large.

The California scientists are studying underground hydrogen explosions, not for their destructive power, but for the great peaceful potentials such blasts offer. In the years ahead they can see underground reservoirs of water for rain-thirsty areas, man-made harbors and channels where none existed before, and enormous oil reserves hitherto locked in shale and tars.

The H-blast can make these things—and many others—possible, the scientists believe. They call their program Project Plowshare, a reference to the Bible quotation: "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

What these men hope for is a literal translation of these words: to make the H-blast serve us instead of destroy us. Their faith is bolstered by the fact that underground hydrogen explosions are relatively cheap and can be made almost "clean"—comparatively free of radioactivity. Yet they produce enough heat and power to run machinery, cause oil to flow, bring about desired chemical reactions inside the earth, and manufacture enormous quantities of radioactive isotopes—the life-saving "tracers" now used by physicians for diagnostic purposes. Such isotopes are also a boon to plant growth studies and the analysis of complicated industrial processes.

But before these great benefits can become realities, there are many problems to be solved, according to Dr. Edward Teller, the distinguished nuclear physicist who is director of the laboratory at Livermore. Hungarian-born Dr. Teller points out that Project Plowshare's first responsibility is to discover how much is only theory, and how much will work out in actual practice.

His ideas are enthusiastically seconded by Dr. Gerald Johnson, an associate director, who says we must continue Plowshare if we are to accomplish these wonders for a world at peace. "We have to minimize the possibilities of radio-active contamination. That's why the work we're doing here has to go on," Dr. Johnson explains.

The work he's talking about is the continuing effort to develop explosives with a lower fission yield per unit of energy. Fission is the villain as far as radioactivity is concerned. When a nucleus of U235 is bombarded with neutrons, it breaks apart violently, releasing enormous energy, but also producing radioactivity.

This is fission, the reaction which takes place in an atom bomb.

Hydrogen explosions are not fission but *fusion* reactions. In other words, two nuclei "fuse" momentarily, then break apart violently to release energy. Fusion reactions are "clean" in themselves, but have to be set off by a built-in fission bomb. According to Dr. Johnson, work is continually being done to reduce the fission-to-fusion yield, hopefully to much lower than five percent. Progress in this direction will bring the plans of Project Plowshare much closer to reality.

Some of these plans are already known to be practical. As a demonstration and experiment, a team of AEC experts is already studying the possibility of using an H-blast to carve out a man-made harbor and channel in northern Alaska. By means of a series of carefully placed explosions, the entire channel could be dug in a single operation, while an explosion of at least a megaton (1,000,000 tons of TNT) would hollow out a harbor 300 feet deep at the end.

The excavation costs for the entire job, Dr. Johnson estimates, might be about one-tenth the cost using conventional methods!

In any surface removal job such as building a harbor, the earth which is removed must go somewhere. Since it goes into the air and is carried by the wind, people in areas on the leeward side may view the proposal of hydrogen blasts with alarm. But contamination of the soil and sea water can be controlled, experts believe, by wrapping the explosive device in a "blanket" of boric acid—since boron actually soaks up the neutrons and prevents them from producing radioactivity—and by firing under such meteorological conditions that the fallout moves in safe directions.

The economics of such projects are particularly appealing. The heavy hydrogen fuel which could be used in such explosions—principally deuterium from sea water—is inexhaustible in supply and thus comparatively cheap.

Another project which looks eminently feasible is the breaking up of low-grade ore deposits to permit "leaching," a process somewhat like what happens when your coffee percolates. In that case, hot water filters through coffee grounds to extract the essence of the coffee. In leaching, a fluid filters through a porous mass of ore and carries off the mineral deposits. At present it is not practical to render ore porous inside the earth. Instead the ore is mined, brought to the surface, and there broken up to permit leaching.

But an underground hydrogen blast could crack an otherwise impenetrable deposit of copper ore, for instance, while it is still in the earth. The leaching fluid, probably water, could then be introduced at the top of the crushed region and drained off at the bottom. The run-off would contain valuable mineral deposits. The whole operation would be vastly less complicated—and probably less costly—than present methods.

ONE OF THE MOST exciting prospects offered by Project Plowshare is that of increasing our supplies of oil. If hydrogen explosions can do this—and the men at Livermore believe they can—the fact will have not only economic consequences, but political ones as well, by decreasing the free world's dependency on oil from the tense Middle East, for example.

A hydrogen explosion under an area known to contain tar sands would generate such terrific heat that the oil trapped there, normally too viscous to be worked, would flow freely. This has enormous potential. In one known area, the Athabasca Lake district of northern Canada, there are oil tars worth something like $100,000,000 per square mile per hundred foot thickness. All that is needed is an economical method of extracting the oil. The H-blast may be it.

Another vast source of oil is in shale formations. Shale is a finely stratified rock formed by the solidification of clay, mud or silt, and often contains valuable oil deposits. There are an estimated 700 billion barrels of shale oil in this country alone. Up to now it has not been profitable to go after this oil because of the expense of mining the shale, heating it to extract the oil, and then disposing of the vast quantity of leftover rock. But a hydrogen explosion under oil-bearing shales would heat the formation in place, free the oil for pumping and eliminate the enormous waste disposal problem. For oil shales it appears more profitable to use the explosion to break up massive tonnages of shale, then to heat in place by burning some of the shale. One megaton would break up about 50,000,000 tons from which 25,000,000 barrels of oil might be extracted.

Another way of getting the shale oil is to use the H-blast for surface removal. The shales could then be worked in a form of strip mining—mining from the earth's surface.

The ability of underground hydrogen explosions to crush great masses of rock is the key to many of Project Plowshare's most interesting applications. In September of 1957, the AEC staged its first underground atomic explosion, code-named Rainier, under a rock mesa in southwestern Nevada. Rainier proved that a great volume of rock could be crushed by such an explosion, and that resulting radioactivity could be contained within the rock. And this was a fission reaction—not a hydrogen explosion.

If the small percentage of radioactivity from an H-blast can be controlled, this application holds great promise for some of the world's arid regions, such as desert areas of lower California and Arizona, now dependent on artificial irrigation.

In such areas, what little rain does fall runs off without ever nourishing the soil, because the ground does not soak up water. A hydrogen explosion, by crushing the rock, would allow water to filter through the ground and be stored in huge underground reservoirs. According to Dr. Harold Brown, another associate director at Livermore, an explosion of one megaton would break up enough volume to allow for storage of as much as 10 billion cubic feet of water—or 70 billion gallons—enough to satisfy the entire city of New York for two months!

Dr. Brown, casual in sports shirt and slacks, is deceptively nonchalant about the work he and his colleagues are doing. But he emphasizes again that in all Plowshare projects, it is vital that the explosions be virtually free of fission products. They must also be big—measurable in megatons—and deep. The bigger the explosion, the less it costs per kiloton.

Underground heat reservoirs offer another stirring challenge. An H-blast underground generates a terrific amount of heat. If this heat can be stored in large underground cavities, it will provide an important source of power. Water could be introduced and drawn off as steam. Or perhaps carbon dioxide or nitrogen could be used. All that is needed is some liquid or gas to transfer the heat stored beneath the ground to energy for turbines and generators.

Possibly no underground cavity is needed. Maybe it is enough just to shatter and heat the rock. Then, by bubbling a gas through the area and recapturing it, the heat could be drained off as energy.

At any rate, it seems fairly certain that even a one-megaton explosion would confine appreciable amounts of heat within a fairly small area for months or even years, providing a source of power that would be highly efficient and which would require very little capital outlay. "*If* it works," cautions Dr. Brown.

Another source of power is the great number of radioactive isotopes which could be produced by underground hydrogen explosions if suitable "blanket" materials were used. At present such isotopes are manufactured by letting neutrons inside a reactor bombard a non-radioactive element. These are enough to meet the present needs of medicine, agriculture and industry. But underground H-blasts could produce isotopes in such huge quantities that their energy could be utilized to run machines. They would have the added advantage of being extremely light and requiring much less protective shielding than the isotopes produced by nuclear fission.

The tremendous heat generated by the underground H-blast offers other interesting possibilities. By the simple process of heating certain materials above their decomposition point, it may be possible to extract separately useful products. For instance, an H-shot in limestone would result in the production of calcium oxide and carbon dioxide, both valuable in themselves.

There is also the intriguing possibility of distilling fresh water in quantities from sea water by utilizing the hydrogen explosion's enormous heat-generating potentialities.

Finally, there is the great contribution to scientific knowledge—particularly geological knowledge—through the seismic effects of an underground hydrogen explosion. Information about the earth's structure can be precisely read from the seismic waves created by such a blast—and this reward alone is enough for many scientists.

The men at Livermore view their Project Plowshare with great hope and optimism, but with typical scientific caution. The important thing to them is that we continue to learn all we can about peacetime applications of hydrogen power.

Dr. Teller underlines the point with a lift of his heavy brows: "It is not unusual that any new source of energy should be first used for destructive purposes. That has been true all through history. It is only later—much, much later—that peaceful uses are thought of."

He pauses and toys for a moment with the long wooden baton with which he points to the many charts and diagrams lining his office. "When the hydrogen explosion was first considered, it looked as though it could not be used for any purpose save destruction. Now we see that it can serve peaceful purposes as well, for two reasons. One, it offers the possibility of cleaner explosions. Two, its energy source is dirt cheap."

Although only a fraction of the Radiation Laboratory's total effort now goes into Project Plowshare, the men at Livermore are convinced that its promise is the greatest one of all: a world in which there is constructive work to do, with plowshares beaten from swords.

IN FEBRUARY CORONET

YOU vs. YOUR DOCTOR

Do you feel your doctor overcharged, gave needless treatments? Read how you can get satisfaction from a confidential, impartial "medical jury" in your county.

THE LINCOLN YOU DON'T KNOW

15 pages of paintings in vivid color, created for Coronet by a noted artist, recalling little-known moments of humor and pathos that shed new light on the legend of Abe Lincoln.

It's time for a medical checkup, and Guest Quizmaster Jan Murray (host-emcee of "Treasure Hunt," NBC-TV, Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 a.m., NYT) poses these puzzlers for patient people. Study all clues and symptoms, then fill in your prescriptions accordingly. Diagnoses verified on page 146.

1. Two of these great writers were also medical doctors. Which one was NOT?
   a. Rabelais; b. John Keats; c. Lord Byron.
2. In England a surgeon is usually called by the title:
   a. Doctor; b. Mister; c. Sir.
3. Which of these foods contains the most calories per ounce?
   a. ice cream; b. butter; c. ham.
4. The body converts this food into ready energy most quickly:
   a. meat; b. leafy vegetables; c. sugar.
5. Sunburn is caused by the sun's:
   a. infra-red rays; b. ultra-violet rays; c. visible rays.
6. Atomic radiation is most harmful to:
   a. the blood-building apparatus; b. the heart; c. the brain.
7. Those muscles which can work the longest without tiring are the muscles used in:
   a. walking; b. swimming; c. chewing.
8. The Salk vaccine, used to prevent polio, contains:
   a. living but weakened viruses; b. killed viruses; c. new drug which attacks polio viruses.
9. With each beat the heart pumps out approximately:
   a. two teaspoonfuls of blood; b. half cup of blood; c. a pint of blood.
10. In electrocution, the victim dies of:
    a. brain shock; b. heart injury; c. burning.
11. The human body is composed of approximately:
    a. 3% water; b. 30% water; c. 70% water.
12. In proportion to size, the possessor of the largest brain is:
    a. a woman; b. a man; c. a newborn child.
13. A person can least tolerate deprivation of:
    a. solid food; b. water; c. vitamins.
14. Vaccination for smallpox was introduced by:
    a. Edward Jenner; b. Louis Pasteur; c. Joseph Lister.
15. Bronchial asthma is:
    a. hereditary disease; b. a contagious disease; c. an allergic disease.
16. A person normally breathes:
    a. 16 times per minute; b. 32 times per minute; c. 48 times per minute.
17. The first successful brain operations were performed:
    a. 10,000 years ago; b. 300 years ago; c. 50 years ago.

ECHOES

ECHOES

ECHOES

Tin Pan Alley's "secret sound"

by Bernard Asbell

IN A NEW BUILDING near downtown Chicago, a door seals off one of the strangest rooms in the world. Almost nobody enters it, ever. Its floor is tilted. The ceiling slopes lopsidedly. The walls are out of plumb. In fact, there is not one right angle corner. The room is finished in dead white, glossed with hard varnish. Its only furnishings are two small loudspeaker cabinets and a microphone.

Actually, this room is a marvel of scientific engineering. It is an echo chamber—perhaps the most efficient one in the world—and a necessity in making today's phonograph records.

Echo chambers help turn sound into sight. They make our ears "see" by building imaginary places, small, large and larger. A great deal of echo, with footsteps or the sprinkling of rain, and you visualize a long, narrow street with tall, lonely buildings. A little less echo, and a singer is standing alone in a great chapel. Still less, and the crooner is trapped in a clothes-filled closet. His voice is hot, breathy and thin. The engineers call it a "dry" sound.

Echo also produces the illusion of time—either forward or backward. Two decades ago, no child failed to thrust his imagination forward when the announcer boomed, "Buck Rogers in the twenty-fifth cen-n-tury-y-y-!"

Echo paints color into sound, too. Each chamber, owing to its size, shape and rate of sound absorption, paints with a different brush. For that matter, each time you step from one room to another in your house, your voice changes, because each room echoes differently.

A man named Bill Putnam designed the bizarre Chicago echo chamber. Until recently, Putnam ran Universal Recording Studios, where he engineered a substantial number of all the hit records America buys. He is a pioneer in beautifying the romantic ballad with echo, and he is convinced that this tipsy Chicago room is the ultimate in the science.

But other successful studios make do with less elaborate arrangements. A Minneapolis studio, Swedien's, remodeled a concrete room once used for collecting ashes and gets fine reverberations from it. In Chicago's Wrigley Building, Columbia Records employs an otherwise useless cubicle in the spire, 27 floors above the recording studio. Capitol Records in Hollywood gets by with concrete-lined, trapezoidal rooms in the ground beneath its parking lot.

A singer never goes into the echo chamber; only his voice enters. That is, a microphone transmits his voice to a mixing console. Simultaneously, his live voice is reproduced through a loud speaker in the echo chamber. There it bounces crazily off the hard, slanted walls. After it has been shaken up like a Daiquiri, it is sponged by the microphone and fed to the mixing console which mixes the echoed voice with the naked one—just a dash of echo to freshen up the sound. This combination is then transmitted to a tape recorder.

In television studios, echo chambers are rarely used. Frequently, when a performer "sings" his big hit record, he's not singing at all. What *is* playing is the hit record itself. The singer merely synchronizes the movement of his lips with the words on the record. (This practice even has a nick-name, "lip-synch".)

The music-lover's taste for a dash of echo begins at home, in the bathtub. Our voices bound off the hard walls and return to our ears from a million directions. Amid the rich, reflected tones, the nasty little imperfections, the wheezes, the unsteadiness, are lost. We sound powerful, even artistic.

What an echo chamber does is precisely what a bathroom does, only better.

The public taste for echo was first commercialized by the English. As early as 1931, London's famous Ambrose orchestra hired an enormous, empty ballroom. Its rolling reverberations, when recorded, caused a sensation. Musicians called it a "roomy sound."

Americans began to like the "roomy sound," too. Columbia Records discovered the aural liveliness of Liederkranz Hall, an L-shaped *bierstube* in Manhattan's East 58th Street. Benny Goodman loved the illusion of live performance he got there, while Andre Kostelanetz found that his fiddle section grew lusher, almost unearthly.

Around 1937, Horace Heidt recorded a tune called "Little Sir Echo." In it a singer had to call, "Little Sir Echo, how do you do, hello. . . ." Whereupon an echoed voice was to repeat "hello. . . ." It could only be done, judged engineer Vin Liebler, by employing two singers of similar voice, and two microphones. He escorted the extra singer out of the studio and into the men's room. There he set up an extra mike and clapped a set of earphones on the singer's head. "When you hear 'hello,'" Liebler instructed, "repeat 'hello.'"

Back in the control room, as soon as Liebler heard the first "hello" from the singer in the "dead" studio, he switched open the mike in the men's room for the echoed "hello" and funnelled the sounds of both mikes into the record.

This experiment led the engineers to realize that the studio did not have to be its own echo chamber. Bill Putnam, for example, figured that if you could record an extra singer in the men's room, you could also pipe in selected sounds from selected mikes and record the reverberations in a controlled mixture. This meant you could break an orchestra into sections and record some parts with echo, others "dry."

Now, almost every section of the orchestra gets a slightly different dosage of echo. When one orchestral sound reverberates a particle of a second longer than another, it helps our ears separate one section from the other. These minuscule differences help make hi-fi records hi-fi.

Today, all recording studios are built "dead"; that is, with soft, absorbent walls that don't reverberate the sound, but sponge it up. Then the sounds are brought back to life in hard-walled men's rooms, staircases, abandoned wells and scientific echo chambers. A good, hard-walled echo chamber can sustain a tone for as long as six seconds.

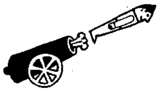
While echo chambers permit infinitely more control over the recorded product, some musicians are never satisfied. One of these is guitarist Les Paul, who is almost as fascinated by electronics as by the music.

"When I think up an arrangement," says Les, "I want to imagine not only what I can play, but what the engineers can do." So, after the recording industry stopped recording sounds directly on master records and substituted the greater flexibility of tape recorders, Les wired up a simple but unique tape machine. The recording head registered the microphone sounds on the tape in the conventional way. But meanwhile, two inches farther along the moving tape, a playback head picked up the sounds he had just recorded and fed them back to the recording head to record all over again.

Thus the tape played each sound twice, separated only by a seventh of a second. They were so close, the ear could hardly tell them apart. But each sound bounced back with an extra little slap. It made the music shimmer, as though it were seen through water.

Thus, getting today's musical message across has become a problem for science as well as for art, the creative task of the engineer as well as the musician. A new kind of virtuoso is emerging. "Today's engineer," says Les Paul, "has to play the knobs on the control panel like keys on an organ."

From this new marriage of musician and technician—for better or for worse—the sounds of new popular music are born, to enhance romance, to kindle dreams, to conjure up new artistic illusions in this technical age. ♛



Our Times

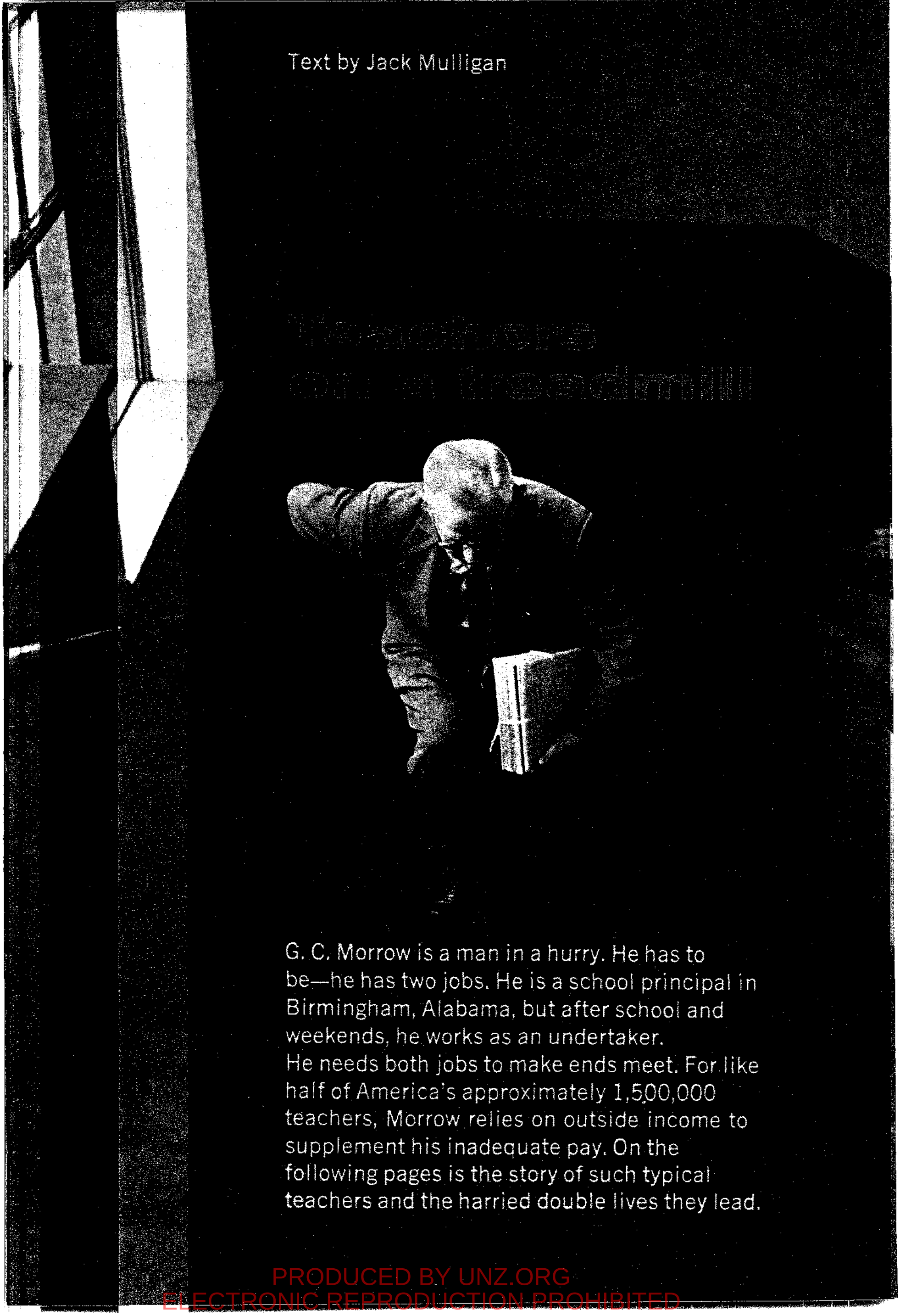
ZACCHINI, the circus "Human Cannonball," is now calling himself "The Human Satellite."

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO could not book organ-grinder Guiseppe Renaldo for its Festival of Arts until it had contacted his agent.

A CLEVELAND MAN set aside $20,000 of his estate to have his wife and himself reburied on the moon, when transportation there becomes available. —HAROLD HELFLER

Text by Jack Mulligan

Teachers on a treadmill



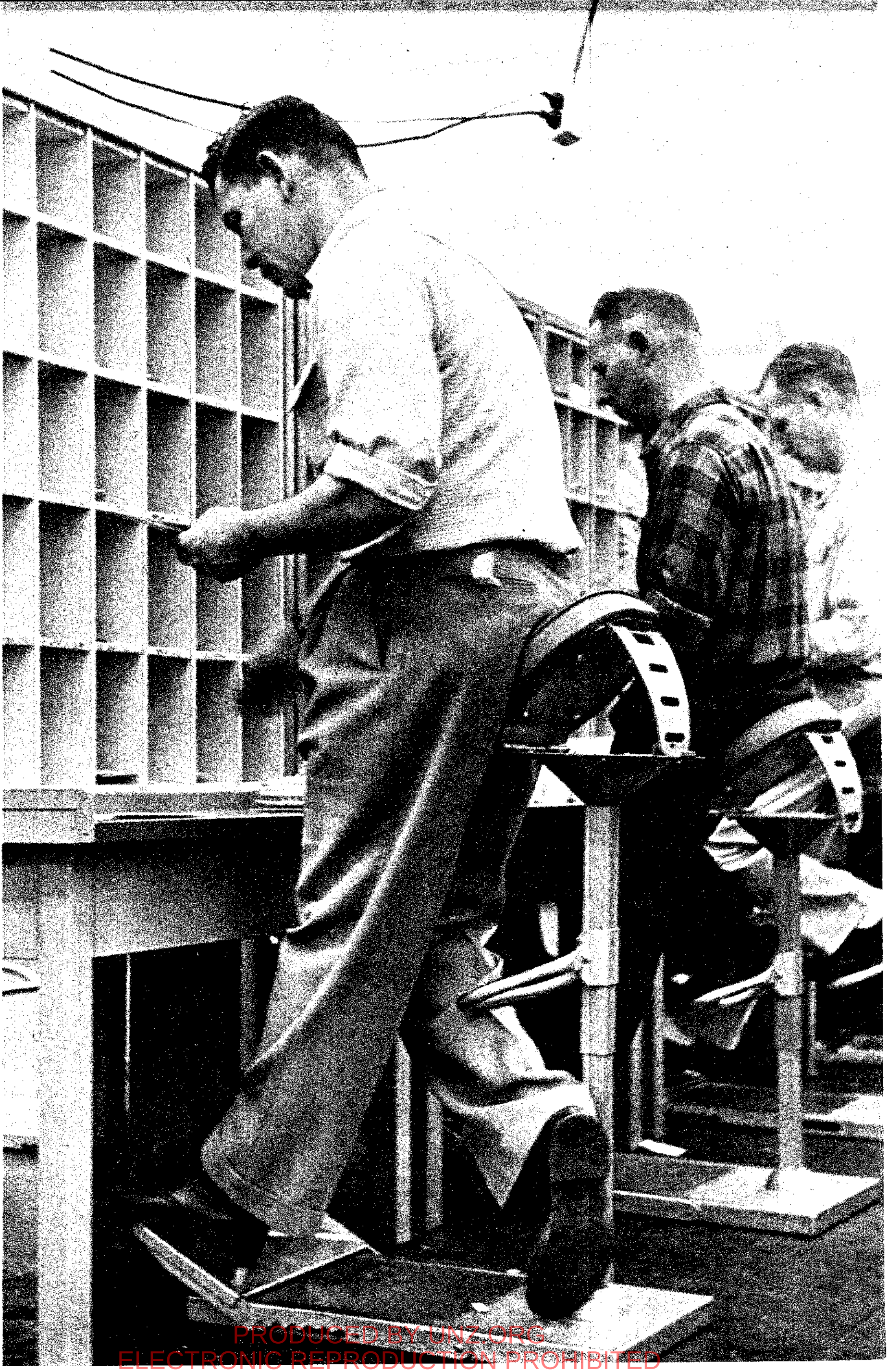
G. C. Morrow is a man in a hurry. He has to be—he has two jobs. He is a school principal in Birmingham, Alabama, but after school and weekends, he works as an undertaker.
He needs both jobs to make ends meet. For like half of America's approximately 1,500,000 teachers, Morrow relies on outside income to supplement his inadequate pay. On the following pages is the story of such typical teachers and the harried double lives they lead.

His day starts at 6:15 A.M.—goes on to midnight

Fifteen years ago, Frank Berry, then 20, received the Bronze Star Medal for bravery and the Purple Heart with gold cluster for wounds suffered fighting the Japs in the Pacific. Today he is fighting a different battle — against poverty and insecurity. Berry teaches science in the junior high school at Parkland, Washington. His $400 a month pay isn't enough to support his wife, Frances (a former nurse), and their five children. Yet he wouldn't dream of giving up teaching. He loves it, feels it has kept some order and meaning in his life. So to keep from going hopelessly into debt, he also works nights and all day Saturdays in the Tacoma Postal Terminal. "Sunday is my only day with my children," he says. "This bothers me, because daily contact with children has shown me how vital a father's companionship is to a child's development."

"I am proud to teach," Berry says. "If I couldn't teach, I would feel empty."

(Right) During the evening, he toils at his monotonous post office chore.



Exuding smiles and jollity he doesn't feel, Burg hammers out a hot chorus.

He must keep struggling to drum up a better life

Edward Burg seems ecstatic as he sings and plays the drums at a dance. But it's only a merry mask that hides his exhaustion. In less than six hours (with less than four hours sleep), he will be teaching his fifth grade class at the Burt School in Detroit, Michigan. The 29-year-old Burg enjoys music, but not when he is forced to let it intrude on both his career and life with his wife and two-year-old daughter. "Some of my bookings are on weeknights," he says. "Then it's tough. I'm wrecked by lack of sleep. And occasionally I don't have enough time to map out lessons for my pupils. But I manage to make it up to the kids. As for quitting, I couldn't dream of being anything but a teacher."

(Right) In class, the exhausted teacher braces himself on edge of a desk.

THE
SPELLER

At first Anderson was shy about this job. "But no longer."

Life's trapeze: table-hopping to teaching gym

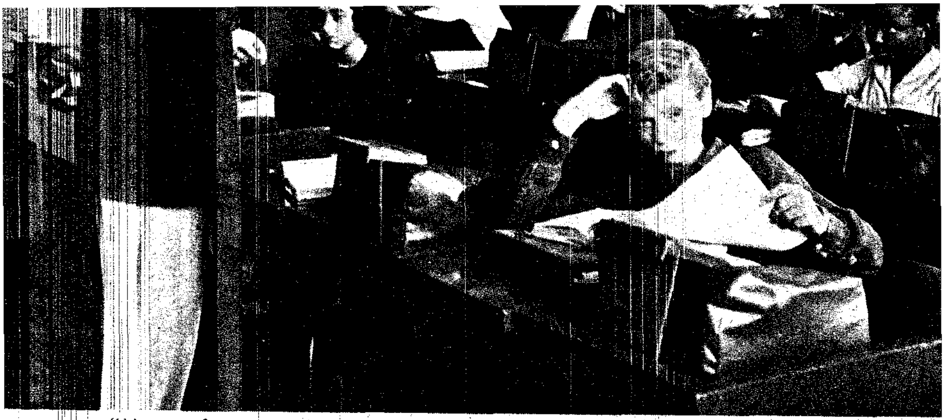
Each Saturday night, Harold "Andy" Anderson snaps on his black bow tie, kisses his wife and four children goodnight, and leaves his home in Westport, Connecticut, to go to work as a waiter in the Exurban Room of the Westnor Diner. He comes home about 3 A.M. and catches what sleep he can before reporting at 9:30 A.M. to the Christ and Holy Trinity Church, where he teaches Sunday School. On Monday morning, his regular job begins as teacher of physical education in Bedford Junior High — a job he could never quit, believing as he does in the importance of physical health to mental health. Anderson's salary of $6,750 a year is more than $2,500 above the national average for teachers. But he must also hold down a full-time summer job. "Living in Westport is very expensive," he says. "I can't do without my outside income."

(Right) To admiring pupils, the coach is the image of what a boy wants to be.

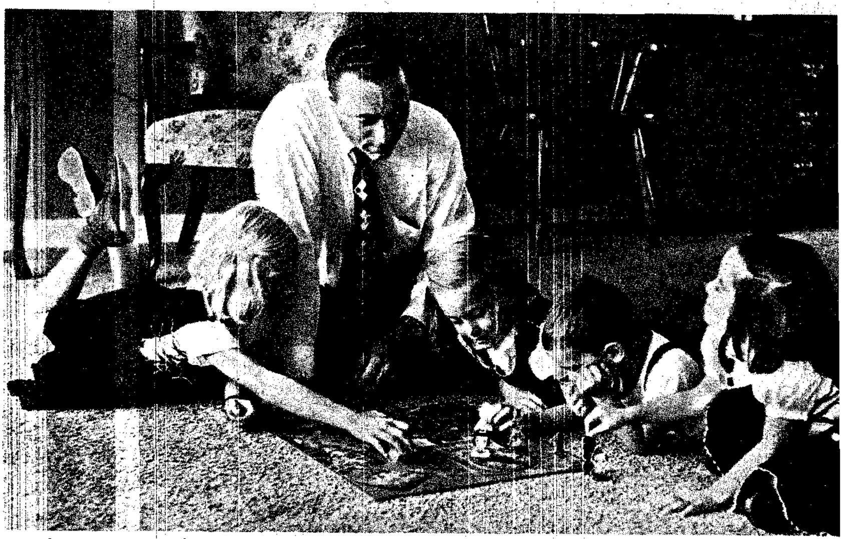
"My own children got so they hardly knew me."

Robert J. Friedel teaches mathematics and typing in one of the five junior high schools in Trenton, New Jersey. He also clerks in a drugstore. Formerly Friedel worked there five nights a week plus every third weekend. However, he recently switched to two nights a week plus every weekend because, "I was becoming a stranger to my children. They used to follow the fathers of other children around." Friedel would like to quit his drugstore job and devote all his time to teaching. "I love it—it's a daily adventure," he says. But like 56 percent of teachers polled by the National Educational Association, he's in debt. His biggest burden is meeting payments on the home he has bought in an outlying housing project. The project has no market, so he needs a car. But his jalopy is waiting to be repaired by students in a manual training class.

Between customers, Friedel grabs a sandwich and lines up next day's lesson.



"Many of my pupils are unaware that I'm a split working personality"



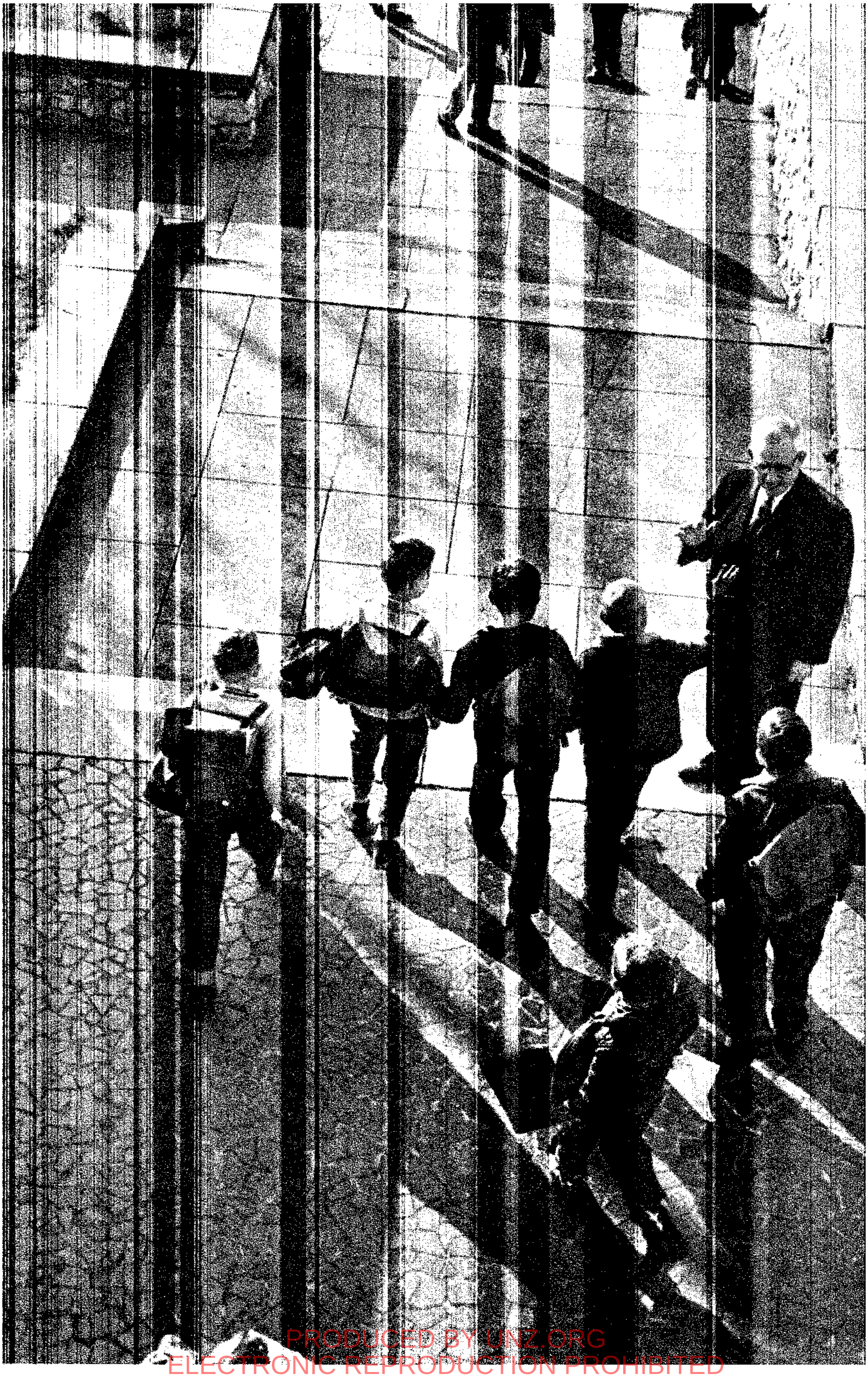
On his nights off, he finds relaxation in playing with his children.

In the funeral home, Morrow counsels a worried couple.

He lives and toils amid the lights and shadows

For G. C. Morrow, teaching is not a way to make a living — it is a way of life. For 29 years he has been a familiar figure in the schools of Birmingham, Alabama. Presently, he is head of the Glen Iris Elementary School. But on Saturdays and Sundays, he also works as an undertaker. Morrow's double life began in 1942, when he took a job as an ambulance driver to help put his two daughters through school; his school salary was too skimpy. His daughters are now married but Morrow has kept his undertaker's job out of long habit. "I do everything except the actual embalming," he says. He has refused, however, to go into undertaking on full-time basis, even though it would mean shorter hours and more money. Like approximately one-half of American teachers who can't live on their school pay, he would be a teacher if he had it to do over again, "because contact with young minds is priceless."

As school day ends, the principal is on hand to joke with his young charges.



No one—from obscure citizen to senator—
is safe from the army of professional sleuths who invade
privacy to dig up "incriminating" data

Washington's "electronic eavesdroppers"

by Al Toffler

JUST AFTER ELEVEN on a hot night last summer, a squat, rumpled man unobtrusively entered Room 806 of Washington's Sheraton-Carlton Hotel. Inside, he set up a tape recorder, stretched a wire across the carpeted floor, and laid a slim microphone at the base of a door leading to the adjoining suite. A silent vigil began.

The squat, rumpled man was Baron Ignatius Shacklette, for 19 of his 49 years a skilled but virtually unknown Government investigator. A few brief hours later, Shacklette had made the front page of almost every newspaper when he was trapped as he tried to "bug" the room next door—occupied by aides of Bernard Goldfine, the gift-giving Boston textile tycoon then being investigated by Congress.

The press reported the incident in sensational detail, and indignant editorials denounced "electronic eavesdropping." Largely ignored, however, were the shocking facts leading up to Shacklette's presence in that room. These facts highlight an important, though little understood reality. This nation, engaged in a desperate conflict with Communist police state tyranny, is itself crawling with private and public gumshoes—many of them playing with political dynamite.

Not only does the United States maintain the biggest undercover police network this side of the Iron Curtain, but private parties, in trouble with Uncle Sam, are in their turn employing plainclothes snoops to help them fight back.

In the Federal Government, from 50 to 100 different agencies and subdivisions maintain independent investigative arms, apart from the more than 6,200 special agents of the FBI. Uncle Sam employs some 25,000 full-time professional investigators, not including espionage and counter-intelligence agents.

Outside of government, there is a huge private police machine composed of about 5,000 private detective agencies employing 150,000 Americans and doing an annual business of approximately $250,000,000. In Washington there are 1,000 such agencies, many of them unlisted, unlicensed and unregulated. Their files bulge with whispered allegations, closeted skeletons and forgotten indiscretions—the kind of stuff that can wreck careers, poison marriages and break up homes.

As in the Shacklette episode, these files often become political weapons.

When Baron Shacklette entered Room 806 at the Sheraton-Carlton, he was chief investigator for the House Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, which had been exposing corruption in Federal agencies. It was Shacklette who had done the detective work that led Federal Communications Commissioner Richard Mack to resign after he had been accused of accepting money from applicants before the FCC. The sleuth had already made plans to transfer to another Congressional committee when, last June, Congressman Oren Harris, chairman of the Oversight group, asked him to stay.

Harris had learned that a well-financed, private "counter-investigation" was getting under way. Its apparent purpose: to blackmail Subcommittee members into easing up on their probe! Shacklette himself had been tailed while on Subcommittee business in Miami; while unidentified snoopers were prowling Arkansas, home state of Harris, questioning his friends and enemies.

"Also," says Shacklette, "I learned positively that taps had been placed on the home phones of Harris, Congressman Morgan Moulder, a member of the Subcommittee, and Robert Lishman, its chief counsel."

Other strange things were happening. A young member of the Subcommittee staff, a man with a clean record, was picked up by Washington police in Lafayette Square, opposite the White House. The charge: alleged lewd solicitation. It was an embarrassing incident, even though the case was later dropped. And Congressman Moulder received a telephone call from an unidentified woman who made embarrassing advances and tried to entice him into saying something that could be used against him.

When Harris learned that his home phone had been tapped, he asked Shacklette to find out who was behind it. "I told Harris," Shacklette says, "that you never know where those things lead, and that it could get awfully rough. Some of the things I might have to do would be risky. He told me—and I quote—'Fight fire with fire!' "

This was what Shacklette was doing when he set up his tape recorder in Room 806. He was exposed when someone in the Goldfine suite next door spotted the hidden microphone, slipped a coathanger under the door and snared the mike. In a moment, Goldfine's aides and a mass of reporters were banging at Shacklette's door. The following morning he resigned.

The question of who was investigating the members of the Subcommittee has never been solved. But it is interesting to examine the background of the people who were in the Goldfine suite during that dramatic episode.

One was Goldfine's press agent, Jack Lotto. A former New York newspaperman, Lotto was once part of a group that used a hearing aid to "bug" a hotel room in which Richard Nixon, then a Senator, was meeting in private with Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss.

The man who shoved the coathanger under the door was Lloyd Furr, a husky ex-cop on the Washington police force who is now a successful private detective in the capital. While working for radio commentator Fulton Lewis, Jr., Furr once wired a Washington hotel room for sound and got damaging evidence against a pair of Maryland gamblers.

"Anything derogatory against any prominent person," Furr told CORONET, "is placed in my files. I keep the hot ones in my safe. For example, I've got a remark by a former secretary that her congressman boss tried to make out with her. I have an allegation that a certain senator is a homosexual. You never know when these files may come in handy."

Furr gets much of his information from bellhops, room clerks, hotel detectives and switchboard operators. He pays from $20 to $100, depending on the value of the tip. "As soon as anyone prominent or controversial comes to town, I get a telephone call," he says. "That's the way it is in this town. Everybody's investigating everybody else."

Whether or not Furr or Lotto were probing members of the Subcommittee, as Shacklette believed, the fact remains that other individuals in trouble with the Government frequently do hire private eyes, either to defend themselves or to strike back at their opponents.

Jimmy Hoffa, boss of the racket-riddled teamsters union, hired Tom LaVenia, a former Secret Service man now running his own Washington agency, to run a check on members of the jury panel during one of Hoffa's trials. LaVenia, a gilt-edged, high-priced pro who has charged as much as $11,000 for one case, also investigated John Cye Cheasty, Hoffa's chief accuser at the time.

NOT LONG AGO, the Freeport Sulphur Company paid a reported $1,000 to J. S. Egan, a private investigator, for a "rundown" on Ira D. Beynon, an employee of the General Services Administration. Beynon had refused to approve a long-term contract with Freeport which he felt would have cost Uncle Sam too much money. Egan made a ten-day investigative foray into Beynon's home state of Nebraska. Ironically, Egan's eight-page, single-spaced report must have been disappointing. The worst blemish that Egan could find on Beynon's record was a minor traffic violation.

When the incident came to light, Congressman Jack Brooks attacked the sulphur company's tactics. "It is shocking," he said, "that Mr. Beynon's insistence on a fair deal for the government could prompt a private firm to put detectives on his trail in an apparent effort to dig up some negotiable dirt on him. . . ."

This isn't the only surprising use to which private investigators are being put, however.

Private detective John W. Leon, with offices on Washington's swank Connecticut Avenue, speaks candidly about his political operations. "I've investigated Democratic candidates for the Republicans—and for their primary opponents. Just routine checks that most often do not bring up anything damaging.

"Not long ago, for example, I checked into the background of Richard Searles, who was running in the Democratic gubernatorial primary in Arizona. He used to be an Under Secretary of Interior here in Washington. When he left he went to work for a private firm. My client was interested in what contracts that company had, and whether or not Searles used his government contacts to get them improperly."

Leon came up with a clean bill on Searles.

Who was Leon's client? "A lawyer," he answers evasively. "Most people hire us through their lawyers so the fees won't show up on their own books."

However, Leon says, he has also done "jobs" for the Republican National Committee directly.

Sometimes, Washington private eyes work for foreign embassies. Chauncey ("Jimmie") James, who runs National Detective Agencies, Inc., says he is under a $20,000-a-year retainer from the government of Haiti, which is interested in finding out who bankrolled last July's abortive revolution.

Private detectives are constantly on the lookout for bits of information that can be used to discredit potential opponents on behalf of potential clients. One investigator admits: "My competitors wouldn't like it, but I even keep files on them. You never know."

In this semi-undercover world, there are a wide variety of services for sale. Leon, for example, provided a plainclothesman to escort Vice President Nixon's daughters to school during the heated 1952 campaign. He has also given a lie detector test to a candidate who wanted to prove that his campaign promises were "true"!

But other, less innocuous services are available, too. One well-known investigator states flatly that there is a small ring of expert wire-tappers in Washington who work for private clients and, on occasion, for Congressional committees and Government agencies—although the legality of wire-tapping is uncertain.

Wire-tapping—secretly cutting in on a victim's phone connection—is a delicate, expensive craft. Since some courts have held wire-tapping illegal, the "tapper" must be paid not only for his technical skill, but for his willingness to run a risk. "Bugging"—hiding a listening device in a room—is cheaper and more common.

Every investigator beginning a "rundown" on somebody starts by checking certain obvious sources of information. These include the reference library of the local newspaper. (A tip to a friendly reporter is usually enough to gain access to the files.) Next come credit ratings and related files made available by a cooperative retail credit bureau. Then come police records. (In Washington these are not supposed to be released to the public, but private operators claim they are readily obtained through friends on the force.) Moreover, some private detectives also state that contacts in Federal agencies furnished them secret government dossiers (often such claims are made for self-advertising purposes and may have no foundation.) In return, they pass information along to the Federal agencies, of which there are so many that nobody has a complete list. But a few of the leading ones, in addition to the FBI, are:

The Treasury Department, which employs 4,000 sleuths to chase tax delinquents, check on bootleggers, guard the President, keep tabs on dope pushers, inspect imported merchandise, etc.

The General Accounting Office, a little-known organization which has nearly 1,800 investigators, accountants and auditors in offices all over the world. The GAO watchdogs the expenditure of Federal funds—from the activities of government mapmakers to prices charged by defense contractors.

The Postal Inspection Service, whose 950 agents trace poison-pen letter writers and peddlers of fraudulent mail-order cures, and also check Postal employees for any possible dishonesty or inefficiency.

The Civil Service Commission Investigations Division, which through its 730 agents screens nearly every applicant for a Federal job—from atomic scientists to plant-potters in Washington's botanic garden. According to Kimbell Johnson, who heads the division, the Commission conducts about 280,000 investigations a year at a cost of $10,000,000, and maintains 6,500,000 dossiers—one for nearly every person who has applied for a Federal job since 1939.

Of these, an estimated 225,000 or more contain "adverse information," ranging from factual evidence of wrongdoing to petty backbiting. When investigation brings forth no derogatory information, the complete case file is kept only six months, then scrapped after the results are transferred to an index card.

NOT TO BE overlooked in any roll-call of investigating agencies is Congress itself. It has several major probes going almost all the time. In the last two years, the labor-management investigating committee alone has spent over $1,000,000 and employed about 30 full-time investigators, plus another 40 to 60 investigators and auditors borrowed from the GAO.

Sometimes the abundance of investigators results in near-comedy. Congressman Joseph O'Hara and five of his colleagues were shocked not long ago to learn that Civil Service Commission sleuths were busy checking their backgrounds. It turned out that O'Hara and the others were going to attend a meeting of the World Health Organization in Minneapolis. Under a law that O'Hara probably helped to pass, all Americans delegated to work with international organizations must undergo a security check. So the staid Minnesota Republican had to swallow his natural indignation.

Government agents are themselves subject to investigation. "We keep a close check on our men," the head of one Government investigations unit told CORONET. "They're completely screened before we hire them, and every once in a while we check each of them against the police files to see if they've gotten into trouble since we hired them."

It is no secret in Washington that investigators for one governmental agency occasionally wind up spying on another. When an Air Force policy document disappeared a few years ago, it later developed that an undercover friend of the Army had gotten it, leaked it to a friendly Congressman, and won a round for the Army in the inter-service war that simmers constantly in the Pentagon.

Much of the spectacular expansion of the public and private investigating industry can be attributed to the Cold War emphasis on internal security. After World War II, various loyalty programs led to the creation by the Civil Service investigating unit of the Commission's Security Research File—a compilation of millions of individual dossiers on U.S. citizens. And since the war, an increasing number of trained investigators have left the military services, the FBI, the CIA and other Government staffs to open offices of their own.

Simultaneously, businessmen have learned the value of detailed personal information. As one investigator points out, "If a big corporation wants to do business with another, it's smart for them to find out as much as they can about the man they have to deal with. The more they know, the better. So they hire an investigator to find out."

The rise of installment buying has also sparked the parallel growth of retail credit-information bureaus, which provide an important backlog of information for investigative agencies. In addition, there has been a tremendous growth in the size and complexity of government agencies. They need auditors, accountants—and investigators—to keep their operations under constant control.

At the same time there has been a sensational advance in electronic science, which now provides all kinds of new specialized investigative equipment at bargain basement prices: "bugging" and "tapping" equipment, "sterilizers" for detecting "bugs" and "taps," and a wide range of lie detection devices.

For good or evil, all this undercover investigation represents growth on the body of democracy. Most Government officials feel that the growth is inevitable and necessary, granted the kind of tense world we live in. But many others insist it is a malignant tumor.

Either way, one fact stands out. In America today, investigating has become big business—bigger than most of us realize. And Washington is its Wall Street. ♛

ON A SIGN-PAINTER'S shop in Glens Falls, New York: I MADE SIGNS BEFORE I COULD TALK.

—MRS. ELEANOR NEWMAN

HUMAN COMEDY

THE BOSS HAD just finished dinner at the home of one of his employees, whose wife was soon to become a mother. He sat back in his chair contentedly, lit a cigar and asked casually, "You don't mind my smoking, do you?"

The expectant mother gulped audibly, then replied: "Not if you don't mind my getting sick."

—A. E. DOWNEY

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD Milwaukee youngster walked into his home one day carrying a worm.

"What," demanded his horrified mother, "are you doing with that worm?"

"We were playing outside," the boy said, "and I thought I'd show him my room."

—DOYLE K. GETTER *(Milwaukee Journal)*

I HOPE SINCERELY that things are going well for a young lady I encountered some months ago in a small college town, at the end of the first semester.

I was standing near the hotel desk when this co-ed approached and addressed the room clerk:

"I'd like to make a reservation for the June Commencement weekend —one room for my parents and one for my fiancé." Then, in a somewhat lower, confidential tone, she continued: "I haven't a fiancé yet, but I expect to have one by then."

—Atlantic Log

AT A PARTY, Editor H. L. Mencken was introduced to a talkative guest. The two retired to a corner for a chat and remained there until the party was over.

The next morning, the host phoned Mencken.

"What did you say to that fellow?" he asked. "He told me you're the most brilliant talker he ever met."

"To my best recollection," replied Mencken, "all I said the entire evening was 'yes, but—.'"

—E. E. EDGAR

WHILE TRYING TO SOLVE a plumbing problem at his home, a physician was interrupted by a phone call. Could the doctor come right over to see the man's sick wife?

The physician explained that the caller had caught him with his pipes down.

"Well, I'm a plumber," the other fellow said. "You come and fix my wife and I'll go to your house and fix the plumbing."

The deal was closed. It worked fine until the end of the month. The doctor's bill was $5; the plumber's, $10.

—ERNEST BLEVINS *(Quote)*

A MOVIE STAR'S CHILD was being interviewed for a kiddie magazine. "No," said the moppet, "I have no brothers or sisters. But I have three fathers by my mother and four mothers by my father."

—WILLIAM CORNISH

LETTER TO THE EDITOR: "Last year you printed something that interested me very much, but I have forgotten what it was. Lost my notes on the subject and cannot find the magazine. Will you please send me another copy of same?" —*The Furrow*

AN ELEVATOR MAN in a downtown office building grew weary of repeated requests for the correct time. So he put up a shelf in the corner of his elevator and placed a small clock on it. Now people ask, "Is your clock right?" —MARSHA LEBIT

DURING A VISIT to military installations in Pakistan, an American general was escorted by an interpreter-guide who was remarkably suave, adept and had a good command of the English language. At one point, the general related a lengthy anecdote—which was translated by the interpreter—and his audience promptly broke into hearty laughter.

Since the interpreter had spoken only a few words to the group, the general remarked, "You certainly told my story quickly and effectively. I noticed the people all laughed."

"Oh, no," smiled the guide. "Story too long to explain. So I said: 'The American general has just told a joke. Everyone please laugh.' "

—T. & J. GOOTEE (*Quote*)

WHILE STANDING at the bar of a Texas hotel, an Easterner was forced to listen to one rancher brag about the many acres of land he owned.

After the boastful Texan left, the Easterner remarked to the bartender, "He sure isn't modest about all the ground he owns, is he?" The bartender drawled, "Oh, he does a lot of talking, but his story is no brag. I know, because I'm his neighbor on four sides." —JACK HERBERT

SEVERAL YEARS BACK, when he was in financial trouble, Orson Welles received a telegram from one of his creditors requesting payment of an overdue bill. Welles put him off with the assurance that payment would soon be made. Months passed and no check was forthcoming. Finally, the creditor sent Welles a wire into which a note of desperation had crept.

"How shall I get along while I am waiting for the money?" it read.

By return wire came Welles' reply.

"Live simply." —E. E. EDGAR

A SOUTHERNER RECEIVED a postcard from a South Carolina company announcing that it had just completed a beautiful, hand-colored version of his family coat of arms. Proudly, the firm reported that the crest came complete with shield, helmet, bibliography for tracing family lines—and the man's name inscribed in Old English script. All this, the potential customer was assured, was based on careful research and could be purchased for a mere $10.

There was just one fly in the ointment. The man's name was spelled wrong. —*The Leich Line*

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

By using music as a key, therapist Marian Chace helps mental patients unlock their imprisoned minds

a dance of release

by Edith M. Stern

With a portable victrola and a touch of the hand, a dancer named Marian Chace has started thousands of mental patients on the road to recovery. Going along with her day after day recently as she did her healing work at St. Elizabeths Hospital in Washington, D.C., I saw seeming miracles occur.

Women, rigid and remote in catatonic stupor, began to move again and even faintly to smile. Angry maniacs, shouting imprecations and obscenities at their "voices," their attendants and their fellow patients when we came in, quieted down within a very few minutes and joined in group relaxing exercises.

Zombielike men, who for years had failed to respond to all other forms of treatment and were sunk deep in silence and apathy, one by one rose from the benches on which they were listlessly sitting or lying and came alive, tossing a ball to music, talking to each other and rhythmically swinging their arms and legs.

To break through the invisible walls with which all psychotics surround themselves to keep people away, Miss Chace uses primitive means of communication that go deeper than words—rhythm, movement and touch. Old and fundamental as humanity itself, simple and universal as mothers crooning and rocking their babies in their arms, these catch patients off guard, painlessly crumble their defenses, make them more receptive to other approaches.

Over and over again she demonstrates that there is more strength in the mentally ill than most of us realize, and that they can use it if we do not frighten them.

On one occasion, I went with Marian Chace to a locked ward of disturbed women, most of them just admitted. Nothing could have been less like the usual dancing class. There was no attempt to teach steps

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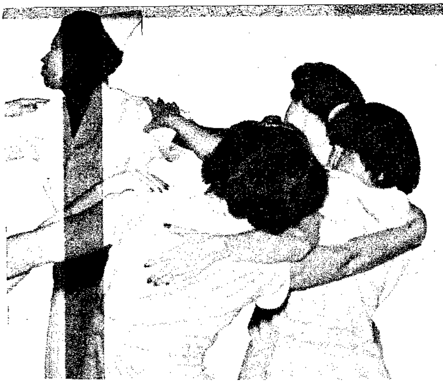


or skills, only suggestions to make simple movements possible for anyone—shaking wrists, or swinging legs, or rolling hips.

No formation lasted more than a few minutes, for these excitable patients have no longer concentration span than a three-year-old. Sometimes a dozen women, sometimes only three or four, moved rhythmically together in a circle. Some twirled and whirled all by themselves, or with imaginary partners, outside the circles. At times there were dancing pairs.

A pale thin girl with agonized eyes turned a chair towards the wall and sat in it with her back to the moving figures during most of the session; then suddenly she jumped up and, bending and leaping to calypso music, joined the others.

On the surface, the session seemed like merely free-for-all activity, apparently aimless recreation. But important things were happening to troubled minds. Through moving to music—"And that's all dancing is," says Marian Chace—the patients were healthfully releasing sick anger and hatreds.

One heavy-set middle-aged woman, for instance, who did nothing but pace during the beginning of the session started vigorous bending movements in time to a lusty tune.

"Scrub, scrub, scrub," she chanted.

Marian Chace made similar movements alongside her, and chimed in with "Scrub, scrub, scrub."

Continuing her rhythmic bending from the waist, the woman held out her arms and simultaneously took big forward strides. Again Miss Chace, beside her, adapted her pantomime. "Scrub, scrub, scrub, and pushing a baby carriage," the woman remarked. "You can do it at the same time."

Next she moved her arms round and round. "Sometimes you stir the food," she said. Suddenly she urged, "Put your head on my shoulder."

Marian Chace did so. The patient put her head on Miss Chace's shoulder and, grasping her around the waist, held her close. Responsively Miss Chace put her arm around the patient's waist and the two of them moved up and down together, up and down, each time going lower with each downward dip until they were nearly lying on the floor.

I was terrified; I thought that the large, irresponsible former housewife was going to choke the dance therapist. But the minute the music stopped she broke her hold, stood up straight and, grinning broadly, exclaimed, "Golly, isn't that a relief!"

Later, Miss Chace interpreted for

me what had happened. "She was acting out her hatred of domestic drudgery. When she said, 'Isn't that a relief!' she meant that she had been close to someone who understands her problems and feels as she does. A few times more of releasing through body-action the feelings she's still too sick to put into words, of wordless assurance that she has a congenial friend, and she'll be accessible to verbal psychotherapy with her doctor."

The first few patients in a group are the hardest to get started, Miss Chace has found. As the sessions go on, a kind of contagion develops, and more and more join in unasked. She bides her time with those who remain aloof through two, three or more sessions; she never urges, is never importunate, never puts anyone in the position of seeming to turn her down. In this permissive atmosphere, a softening-up occurs even in those most fearful, most locked-in, most suspicious.

On another occasion, I attended a dance session for women with whom Miss Chace had worked more frequently. There I had the sense of a group which had really jelled. Most of the women danced as if they felt common aims and interests and companionship.

Many of this "Dance Group," as by their own wish they are known, are young schizophrenics who realize that they are maladjusted, consciously want help, but can't take straight, superimposed advice. They tend to talk in a roundabout way rather than directly, in poetic symbols rather than in facts.

For instance, to convey that she is troubled, a girl may say, "I'm in a boat, rocking in rough water," or that she is disastrously inhibited—"You can learn a lot from babies—they're all exposed; they don't hold anything within themselves."

With indirection similar to theirs, Miss Chace uses words as a supplement to body action. When she wanted the group to realize that they had mastery over their bodies, would feel more self-confident if they acted more self-confident, she played a tango record and told how Argentinian girls are taught to stand straight and proud. "Now let's be like Argentinians," she suggested.

Hunched shoulders straightened, dejected heads went high, as the women ad-libbed to the music. "Humph," one of them remarked, "we're from a depressed and suicidal ward, but we certainly don't look it now, do we?"

To a stimulating tune Miss Chace said, "Make your hands into fists and then let go!" Most in the circle hit out energetically at an invisible antagonist, but to one, moving her arms inwards, she commented smilingly, "Why beat yourself?"

She subtly gave insight into other unuttered feelings through a neck-bending exercise. "Way back," she urged. "Oh, way back! Fine! Some people are afraid to put their necks back—they feel vulnerable."

She continually encourages the group to make its own interpretations of bodily motions with such questions as "What does this remind you of?" or, "What shall we do now?"

"Walk right through a large room, to people you like and who like you," a slender blonde woman proposed.

"All right, go towards those friendly people," Miss Chace took her up. "Walk not thinking of yourself but of them. That's it! Good! Funny how differently you move when you really want to get somewhere, isn't it?"

Out of the Dance Group has developed group dramatics. In the spring of 1954, Miss Chace was somewhat startled to be greeted with a new kind of request.

"We want to do a show about a group of women living together and the funny and painful things that happen to them," the girl acting as spokesman for the group announced. "Since we're all living together in a mental hospital, we want to do it about that. We can dream, too, and we do—and since our dreams include men, of course, may we invite them to join us?"

The outcome was a patient-written, patient-produced and patient-acted satire with music and dancing, "Hotel St. Elizabeths." It had five pairs of scenes, the first showing the realities of hospital life, like the lack of privacy in a dormitory; the second wishful thinking—a luxurious boudoir, complete with lady's maid and lover. Popular songs were parodied, as: "We are poor little girls with our minds awry."

So successful and therapeutic was the project that the hospital administration requested the Dance Group to create a pageant on the life of Dorothea Lynde Dix, St. Elizabeths founder, for the centennial celebration in May 1955.

For months beforehand, the St. Elizabeths Players—as the Dance Group now chose to call itself—worked, together with many other patients from various wards, on this part-play, part-pageant, part-ballet. Running three hours, it held successive audiences of invited distinguished guests, patients, patients' relatives, the Mental Hospital Institute and the general public spellbound.

A SUCCESSFUL concert dancer and choreographer, Marian Chace never expected to be a full-fledged staff member of a mental hospital's psychotherapy branch.

She was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1896, attended Brown University, then moved with her family to Washington. There she met and fell in love with a handsome young dancer named Lester Shafer, who urged her to study where he did, at the Denishawn School in New York.

Marian loved to dance and, together with Shafer to create dance forms. Even after the couple married and had opened a Denishawn branch in Washington, she remained a performer, a creator of dance arrangements, rather than a teacher.

In 1938, after Shafer and she had been separated, she was engaged to give weekly dancing lessons to children in a Maryland boarding school. Most of the youngsters were from broken homes; they were upset, maladjusted, obstreperous. Miss Chace noted that hair-pullings, crying and rudeness stopped almost miraculously during group dancing; that often the most rebellious child, feeling he had a part to play, had leadership qualities used before only for mischief-making.

Gradually, her school began to be known as a place where you could dance away difficulties. Pediatricians and orthopedists whose own little girls had been in her beginners' classes sent small patients to become better adjusted emotionally, to improve in co-ordination. Jittery government workers attended evening classes to relax and gain self-confidence. A lawyer danced himself out of stuttering.

Her move to St. Elizabeths in 1942 was almost a happy accident. "I think you'd be wonderful with mental patients," said the mother of one of her child-pupils. "Have you ever worked with them?"

Marian Chace said no, but she'd love to try.

She began as a part-time volunteer with the Red Cross. Very quickly she had such astounding results with patients that she was spotted as providing not merely recreation but a true though unorthodox form of psychotherapy, and in 1944 she was asked to come full-time on the Red Cross payroll.

In 1947, Red Cross funds were cut off. But Dr. Winfred Overholser, St. Elizabeths progressive superintendent, wasn't going to let Miss Chace go. He transferred her to the regular staff payroll.

Neither Dr. Overholser nor anyone else can estimate how many of the hundreds of men and women who leave St. Elizabeths each year owe their discharge directly to Miss Chace. St. Elizabeths affords many other treatments besides dance therapy—among them drugs, verbal group psychotherapy, occupational and recreational therapy, hydrotherapy—and it's impossible to evaluate the contribution of each.

"But I can say this," Dr. Overholser declares. "Marian Chace has made the initial dent in many, some of them resistive to all other forms of treatment."

Today at St. Elizabeths, dance therapy is one of the first activities offered to new patients and, with the psychiatrists, Marian Chace participates in staff conferences. Since she has been at St. Elizabeths she has studied at the Washington School of Psychiatry. She teaches nurses, psychologists, student nurses and student chaplains as part of the hospital's training program.

Others, says Miss Chace, can learn to do dance therapy; women who have trained with her have already launched it in state hospitals in Iowa and Colorado, at the VA Hospital in Battle Creek, Michigan.

Even without the services of a real dance therapist, Marian Chace feels, tens of thousands of patients now deteriorating in wretched idleness in mental hospitals all over the United States would benefit by regular dance periods arranged by nurses and attendants. All they need to do is to play dance music, indicate their own readiness to dance, and let the patients engage in free movement, for a little while to feel joy and peace.

"After all," says this radiant and relaxed woman, eyes twinkling, "our most easily available, least expensive, freest means of healthful self-expression and emotional release are our own bodies." ♛

by Harald Jaediker Taub

Denmark's modern Moses

Masterminding one of the most amazing rescues of World War II, this Christian Bible teacher saved thousands of Jews from Nazi persecution

IN DENMARK TODAY LIVES A man who has never held a gun in his hand, yet he is one of his nation's greatest heroes of World War II. And although he is a devout Lutheran, he will also never be forgotten in the history of the Jews. For he might well be called a modern Moses.

He is Aage Bertelsen, a Bible teacher, who led the most successful attempt to foil the Nazi campaign to exterminate the Jews. Without harming a single German, Bertelsen was directly responsible for the rescue of some 1,500 of their intended victims, and indirectly for thousands more. In the most astounding delivery from persecution since the Exodus from Egypt, Bertelsen led the Jews of Denmark to safety, across the perilous waters of the German-patrolled Kattegat channel to Sweden.

For three years the occupying Germans had acceded to the insistence of Danish King Christian X that the Jews in Denmark must not be molested. But in early September, 1943, Aage Bertelsen, visiting with friends at the home of his school's principal, Mr. Frans Boegh, heard with horror a rumor that was spreading rapidly throughout Copenhagen. The Nazis, it was reported, had been ordered by Hitler to seize all the Jews and send them to be slaughtered in concentration camps.

Bertelsen instantly vowed to hide as many Jews as possible in his own home. His companions tried to talk him out of it. It was a noble idea, they said, but you will pay with your life.

"We call ourselves Christians," retorted the Bible teacher. "The word is a mockery if we let innocent people be murdered because we fear to defend them."

His fire and sincerity moved them all. The seven men in the room formed themselves into a group and elected Bertelsen as their leader. They were ordinary citizens who had no connection with the underground resistance. They had no experience opposing the invaders.

None of them knew any Jews personally; and with movement about the city restricted, they could not even approach a synagogue in Copenhagen. Instead they walked the streets of their own suburb, Lyngby, stopping people to ask if they were Jewish. If the answer was yes, the stranger was invited to move into one of the group's Christian homes.

It was a naïve and ridiculously dangerous scheme. But it fired the imagination. And all over the city others began doing the same. Miraculously, the Germans did not learn what was happening.

On schedule, every Jewish home was raided by the Gestapo the night of October 1, 1943. For this was the holiday of Rosh Hashonah, the Jewish New Year, when the Germans expected to find all the Jews at home for traditional family reunions. Four large transport ships lay ready in the harbor to carry thousands of prospective Jewish prisoners to the slaughterhouses in Germany.

Of the nearly 7,000 Jews in the city, the Nazis seized about 250. All the others had been successfully hidden in the homes of total strangers. And not a clue to their whereabouts filtered out to the Nazis.

The vast Gestapo raids on empty homes infuriated the Germans. Chief Inspector Renner of the Gestapo was goaded into declaring: "Every Jew will be in our hands within a week. So will those who are hiding them." Fearing further loss of face, he refused offers of aid from the Wehrmacht and the S.S. Thus his vanity outwitted him because the Gestapo alone had too few agents to conduct a house-to-house search of a city of over 1,000,000 people.

Bertelsen leads refugees in hymn outside Malmo, Sweden, after their safe arrival in Oct., 1943.

Ironically, not even Bertelsen and his compatriots knew where most of the Jews were hidden. But to transport them to permanent safety, these Jews had to be found.

The Lyngby group, now grown to 60, had determined to smuggle every Jew out of Denmark to neutral Sweden, which had opened its arms officially to the refugees. Negotiations were under way to hire fishing boats to cross the stormy Kattegat through the German naval blockade.

To add to the problem, Bertelsen and his pretty young wife, Gerda, realized it was impossible to seek out the escapees cautiously without missing many. The only solution was to set up a headquarters that would become so well known that the Jews, or their Christian hosts, would come there instead of having to be sought out. Certain that the headquarters would be discovered by the Germans, sooner or later, Aage and Gerda Bertelsen decided it must be their own home. They would not let any of their friends run such a risk.

They sent their two children to live with Gerda's mother, and then spread the word that anyone who wanted to flee to Sweden could arrange it at the house with blue curtains on Buddinge Lane.

Two sympathetic Danish policemen patrolled the Lane to guard against surprise attack by the Nazis. Three times a day, pupils of a nearby school of domestic science brought meals in for about two dozen people, their contribution to the cause. And the Bertelsens were constantly on the telephone, making appointments with boat captains to smuggle out the refugees.

"Meet me at the Palladium and we'll see a film," Bertelsen would telephone his wife. "Bring two kroner for three tickets." She would know this meant that a car was to pick up three refugees in front of the theatre, and the driver had to be given 2,000 kroner to pay for their passage. It was a transparent code. The wonder is that the Gestapo listeners at the telephone exchange didn't see through it.

But they didn't. It was brought out after the liberation that the Gestapo chiefs were so positive they were facing mastermind conspirators that at first they ignored the obvious clues that would have led them to Bertelsen and the Lyngby group. They believed the Bible teacher was trying to divert their attention from the real plotters.

In desperation, the Nazis assigned Paul Hennig, a Danish traitor, to ferret out the "mastermind" organization. For a week he snooped through the alleys and dark corners of Copenhagen, while Bertelsen negotiated with boat captains, guided refugee parties along the back-road routes to their embarkation points, and collected the vast sums of money needed.

The Jews did not dare go to banks to draw their own funds. The millions of kroner that the transports cost had to be raised by contributions. Schools took up collections among their pupils. Many times Bertelsen was approached by total strangers, on the street, in tram cars and on the subway, and was handed sizable contributions.

After a few days, Bertelsen realized individual donations would not solve the financial problem in time. Whereupon he decided to go directly to a certain bank—as suggested by a mysterious sympathizer—and ask to borrow a quarter of a million kroner.

"Why do you want the money?" demanded the bank official.

"I can't tell you," said Bertelsen.

"Do you have any security?"

"None."

"I thought not," said the official with a knowing smile. "I think we can arrange the loan." He knew it would never be repaid.

In all, several million kroner were raised from banks in this way. And every member of the Lyngby group contributed his entire fortune, whether large or small.

Financial sacrifices, however, important as they were, meant little as compared to the life-and-death risks Bertelsen and his group took daily. Every night, groups of refugees were transported to embarkation points on the lonely coast far north of Copenhagen, at Humlebaek or Smidstrup. The Gestapo patrolled the roads in armed force, with flying squads ready to rush to the scene of any rumored activity. They never did arrive in time to halt an embarkation, but they shot and captured a number of Danes who escorted the refugees.

Bertelsen, himself, barely escaped from a wharf when a Gestapo car pulled up just as a boatload of refugees pulled away. With five Germans shooting at him, he huddled against the wall of a small ceramics factory. Fortunately, the Germans were relying on their bloodhounds to find him. But he had taken the clever precaution of sprinkling the dock with pig's blood mixed with novocaine. (A Copenhagen dentist had invented the technique and supplied the drug.) With their sense of scent dulled by the anaesthetic, the dogs were thwarted, and Bertelsen had time to crawl into the factory through an open window.

He knew, however, he could not remain undiscovered past dawn. Stumbling on a telephone, he called the Danish police at nearby Elsinore. "Somebody just broke into a factory," he reported, giving them his own location. The police came at once, and arrested him. As soon as he told them who he was, they escorted him safely back home.

October 11th was a special day. The Gestapo had discovered Bertelsen's true role. The house with the blue curtains was raided that day, but the Bertelsens had already fled to a vicarage outside Copenhagen. Refugee headquarters was switched to the home of a woman physician, Dr. Strandbygaard.

And that very same day, a man representing himself as an experienced saboteur approached Bjarne Sigtryggsson of the group, and offered his services. He was the disguised Danish traitor, Paul Hennig, whom the Nazis had originally assigned to the case.

Hennig, it was established years later at his War Crimes trial, had been ordered to carry out several tasks, once he was on the trail of the Lyngby group: to discover Bertelsen's whereabouts, uncover the plans of the group and, most important of all, provoke them to use violence. The Gestapo wanted desperately to get one or two of its own members killed. Then they would have the excuse to ask for assistance from the S.S. and the Wehrmacht—and thus halt the phenomenal escape.

To accomplish his purpose, Hennig offered to supply the group with revolvers and grenades from a secret arsenal. He argued that by going unprotected, they were exposing to needless risk the very people they were trying to help.

As soon as Bertelsen heard of the offer, he issued orders forbidding the carrying of even a knife by any group member. He did not suspect Hennig. He merely refused to be swayed from his Christian principles. "Our mission is to save Jews, not to kill Germans," he said. "As soon as we start killing, we will become unworthy of Divine protection."

But Hennig did not give up. A week later he persuaded Bertelsen's closest friend, B. O. Weeke, that it was safe for the Bertelsens to return home. Weeke relayed the false information. It was decided that Gerda, who was anxious about her two children, would go first, to be followed several days later by her husband. Shortly after she was home, the Gestapo seized her.

When Bertelsen heard of the arrest, he had to be restrained by force to keep him from surrendering himself in exchange for his wife's release. Weeke and another friend tied the schoolteacher up and loaded him on that day's refugee transport ship. When Bertelsen was finally untied, he found he was on his way to Sweden.

GERDA was still a prisoner. But the people of Copenhagen did not forget her. Heedless of personal danger, they converged on the Gestapo personally and by telephone, demanding her release. So great was the clamor that her captors did not dare harm her. In their efforts to make her reveal her husband's whereabouts, they resorted only to mental torture. They told her they had imprisoned her 11-year-old daughter, Inger; and that the child was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, which she would surely suffer if her mother didn't reveal all.

Weeke, who had assumed leadership of the Lyngby group, was tormented by the part he had unwittingly played in Gerda's capture. But he was also faced with the responsibility of protecting the group against her revealing vital information. He attacked both problems with daring and imagination.

He presented himself to Inspector Renner of the Gestapo as a "loyal" Dane who wanted to help find "troublemaker" Bertelsen. His credentials were persuasive—money—which he spent freely. He entertained Renner lavishly and plied the Gestapo man with expensive wines. By the end of their binge, they were comrades, and Weeke had permission to assist Renner at his next cross-examination of Gerda Bertelsen.

She had the presence of mind not to show that she recognized Weeke when she was led into the interrogation room. Weeke appealed to her patriotism, called her unwomanly, shouted that she might as well admit her husband had fled to Sweden because the Germans knew it anyway. Gerda breathed a sigh of relief at this subtle disclosure of her husband's escape. Weeke changed his tactics and softly appealed to her to reciprocate the "decent" treatment she was receiving. Renner, he told her, was a man with "a heart of gold" who would never harm a young girl like her daughter. The half-drunken Gestapo man, completely taken in by the spate of words, smiled and nodded agreement.

Weeke left, secure in the knowledge that Gerda would never crack under questioning, now that she knew her family was safe. Nine days later she was released, after signing a statement she would not take part in any more anti-German activities.

There was no need for more. Practically all the Jews were out of Denmark. About 475 of them had ultimately been caught by the Nazis, but 6,500—92 percent—had been rescued and were safe in Sweden.

However, the people of Denmark did not consider the job done until they had brought every Jew home again at the expense of the Danish government. This was accomplished immediately after the German surrender. The returned refugees found their houses and apartments exactly as they had left them, spotlessly cleaned by neighbors, and, in many cases, with vases of flowers and hot dinners waiting for them.

Neither Bertelsen nor any of the other rescuers would accept repayment of any money they had spent. No records had been kept, so they insisted there was no way of knowing who owed how much.

When Bertelsen was later appointed principal of the Cathedral School, a high school for gifted children in Aarhus, he and his family moved from Copenhagen with a sigh of relief. They hoped to return to quiet obscurity. But they found fame not easy to escape. They were showered with presents, not only from the people they had rescued, but from their families all over the world. Every year, hundreds of visitors to Denmark travel the 150 miles from Copenhagen to Aarhus to shake Bertelsen's hand.

Although he is deeply stirred by this sincere sentiment, Bertelsen feels that neither he nor the other members of his group are deserving of special thanks for what they did. "As Christians, we could not have done otherwise," he says.

OPTIMIST: a woman who mistakes a bulge for a curve
—RING LARDNER

by George Weinstein

No play—they pay

Foul can be fair in the sports industry.
For promoters are insured against most everything—
from crippling storms to sprained toes

An all-day rain had left the trotting track at Hamburg, New York, in no condition for the auto races scheduled for that evening. But promoter Ed Otto's disappointment was tempered somewhat by the rain insurance policy in his pocket. More than enough had already fallen for him to collect on it.

Outside the entrance, meanwhile, several hundred fans sat in their cars waiting for the rain to stop. By the time it did, hundreds more had arrived and the roads were clogging up. Finally, at the request of the police, Otto opened the gates to get the cars off the highway; and in a short while a clamor rose for the races to begin.

The track was still a mass of mud, but Otto had an idea. Would some of the spectators be willing to drive their cars back and forth over it to help pack it down? They sure would. By starting time they had done a job worthy of a fleet of steam rollers.

The meet went off as scheduled and Otto not only collected on his rain insurance but satisfied his customers as well.

Insuring sports has become so commonplace that you can now get a policy against practically anything—from losing your aqualung while skin diving to having a wrestler tumble into your lap at ringside.

Just about the time an international ski-jumping meet was to start at Lake Placid a few years ago, for example, the thermometer went up and the snow disappeared. But the sports committee had taken out a "No-Snow" policy; and the insurance company, equal to the occasion, came up with a snow-making machine that turned out a ton a minute. The meet was delayed somewhat, but it was held—saving the committee much money and embarrassment.

Rodeo and Ice Capades performers have more than their share of accidents but, like nearly all sports professionals, have insurance of some kind. For boxers and wrestlers in New York and several other states, the promoter must by law provide it. Thus, when boxer George Flores died after a bout in Madison Square Garden a few years ago, such insurance helped tide his wife and baby over some rough spots.

Professional baseball, football, hockey, basketball and other team players are usually protected by group accident policies which take care of anything from a sprained toe to death or dismemberment. And baseball teams often insure such individual box-office attractions as Stan Musial for $200,000 or more to guard against a possible decline in attendance resulting from loss of the star player.

High school and college teams are also beginning to carry insurance—not only for players but for cheerleaders, twirlers, bandsmen, coaches, trainers, mascots and officials. Not long ago, in a high school baseball game in New York, a runner stealing home crashed into the catcher and took the umpire out of the play, too. The runner was safe, but an insurance company was out the umpire's medical expenses.

An estimated $3,000,000 rides on every plane trip of the ex-Brooklyn Dodgers, one of the first baseball teams to fly. With the Dodgers and the Giants now on the West Coast, and major league teams expected to fly regularly, a new "common catastrophe" insurance plan provides protection against the loss of a complete team.

Available, too, is a policy for non-appearance, when a team fails to arrive for a scheduled game.

If a vendor pours hot coffee down your back at a roller derby, or a ball bounces off your scalp at a baseball game, as 126 did in two years at the Milwaukee Braves' park, chances are the promoter is insured.

At Yankee Stadium, the New York Football Giants had trouble whenever a ball was kicked into the stands—which happened after virtually every touchdown. The fans sometimes slugged each other scrimmaging for the pigskin. A wire screen now makes the Giants' insurance company feel better, although some fans grumble that it was erected to cut down on the loss of $22 footballs.

A year ago last spring, the sports world was startled by the announcement of a $100,000 prize to the first contestant making a perfect score of 300 in the East-West Bowling Championships held on TV. It was believed to be the highest individual prize ever offered in a sports event. Several entrants had made perfect scores before, and any of them could conceivably win the $100,000.

But that didn't worry the sponsor too much. He had a policy with Lloyd's of London guaranteeing payment of the prize money. A premium of $5,000 covered the winner. But none of the bowlers made it.

Lloyd's, which has insured the famous Tam o'Shanter Golf Tournament against a hole-in-one, sometimes underwrites a top-ranking race horse for as much as a million dollars. A few years ago, it had the unique experience of paying off a $250,000 death policy on a horse which is still alive today. It was on the great thoroughbred, Your Host, who fractured a leg in seven places during the running of the Santa Anita Handicap.

Veterinarians recommended that the horse be destroyed, but Lloyd's doctors examined him, suggested that the policy be paid, and the underwriters take over the horse themselves. Your Host was saved, and Lloyd's sold him to a breeding farm for $150,000. He commands a reported stud fee of $2,500 and has sired several two-year-olds who have already won important races.

Parents of schoolchildren can insure their offspring against such accidents as a tumble from a playground seesaw or a sprained ankle acquired in a game of hopscotch, as well as the rigors of summer camp life. And you can get insurance against the hazards of a two weeks vacation, a weekend of skiing or hunting, a day's fishing trip, or any other short period.

For example, for a small premium several companies will pay you up to $50,000 if you are mistaken for a deer during the hunting season. On a party fishing boat, approximately 50¢ a day will insure you against being hooked by another fisherman, yanked under by one of your catches, or any other misadventure.

Whether your sports hobby is skin diving, soaring, or anything in between, some insurance company will be glad to protect you against practically all the risks.

Campaign Capers

IN A SMALL IOWA TOWN, a housewife had the final word in her husband's unsuccessful candidacy for county supervisor in the recent primary election.

Her husband had placed this ad in the local newspaper: "I wish to thank those who supported my candidacy and voted for me in the primary."

Just below in smaller print it read: "My wife wishes to thank those who didn't." —MRS. LILLIAN HOLMES

WHILE MAKING A CAMPAIGN SPEECH, a candidate for political office sought to discover the denominational sympathies of his audience. "My great-grandfather," he began, "was an Episcopalian (stony silence), but my great-grandmother belonged to the Congregational Church (continued silence). My grandfather was a Baptist (more silence), but my grandmother was a Presbyterian (still frigid silence). But I had a great-aunt who was a Methodist (loud applause). And I have always followed my great-aunt (loud and continued cheering)." He was elected. —*Mueller Record*

The riddle of Garibaldi's ankle

by Herbert S. Benjamin, M.D.

THE MOST SUSPENSEFUL 87 days in the history of medicine began, nearly a hundred years ago, on a battlefield in southern Italy. During a skirmish, Giuseppe Garibaldi, his country's great liberator, was wounded in the right ankle.

The whole world loved Garibaldi, The Hero, who had led the Italian people's thrilling struggle to free themselves from the tyranny of Austria. Thus, when he was carried north to La Spezia on the Ligurian coast for treatment, everyone waited tensely for bulletins.

Before his physicians could decide on any course of treatment, one important question had to be answered: was, or was not, a lead bullet lodged deep in the wound in Garibaldi's ankle?

Today, an X-ray would answer that in a few minutes. But there were no X-ray machines.

The combined medical geniuses of the world got to work on the problem. From England came the great surgeon Richard Partridge, from France renowned Auguste Nélaton, from Russia the famed Nikolai Iwanowitsch Pirogov, along with dozens of the near-great.

Some were there out of admiration for a hero of humanity, others out of a sense of professional challenge, some merely to make their name or fortune—for great reputations would be won, or lost, according to the decision some surgeon might make.

And so began the drama of decision. For sometimes as much as six hours daily, Garibaldi's ankle would be examined manually. It was shaken, prodded and tapped on. The wound was pushed and probed. Doctors debated hotly whether or not there was a bullet lodged in the ankle that was now a festering mound of bone and flesh. Valuable time went by and no decision was reached.

Living up to his name for courage, The Hero did not complain during this prolonged diagnostic work-out. His patience was heroic. In the rest of the world, prayers were said and gifts voted the glorious physician who would solve the problem and bring the liberator back from the valley of the shadow of death.

Meanwhile, repeated chemical examinations of the wound's secretions performed by Italy's greatest chemists failed to reveal traces of lead. A surgeon slipped deep into the wound a wire which was attached to a galvanometer. But there was not even

the smallest deflection to signify the presence of metal.

Auguste Nélaton returned to Paris and fashioned a special probe out of silver and unfired porcelain, which he believed would have a special affinity for lead particles. He shipped it to Italy where Giuseppe Basile, Garibaldi's military doctor, tenderly inserted it into his leader's wound and tenderly removed it.

Professor Paolo Tassinari, the renowned chemist, tested personally what did indeed look like metal particles on the probe. At last the riddle was solved. There was a bullet in the wound.

Repeated tests verified this, and the whole world breathed easier. (Nélaton, whose reputation as a surgeon was already legendary, was practically deified now.)

The next step was to actually remove the bullet. But the question of how best to open a wound which had festered horribly for three months, and been submitted to more tender prodding than any other human wound in history, was still unanswered.

However, in a comparatively short time this riddle was solved, and ingeniously, too. A sponge was squeezed tight and held in hot wax until it cooled and hardened into a compressed form. Then a long thin piece of it was cut to fit the fistula in the wound, where it was left overnight. As the body warmth melted the wax, the sponge expanded and enlarged the opening space.

Dr. Basile prepared to insert a forceps into the freshly created opening, and hesitated. Then, in a gallant gesture of professional deference, he proffered the instrument—and the honor that went with it—to Ferdinando Zanetti, his senior and dean of the Italian surgeons of the time.

In a matter of seconds, Professor Zanetti had extracted the large bullet that for so long had lain hard and heavy on the ankle of Giuseppe Garibaldi, and, in a symbolic way, on the hearts of his well-wishers everywhere.

Thereafter, the medical greats departed and the wound healed steadily. In time, The Hero walked again, and the curtain fell on what was probably the tensest drama in the recorded history of medicine and surgery—a drama that verged on being a tragedy, and might have been a comedy, if the patient's fate had not meant so much to the freedom-loving peoples of the world. ♛

Canada's egghead comics

by Frank Rasky and Walter Harris

By scrambling the classics with saucy wit, Wayne and Shuster have hatched a top TV recipe

JOHNNY WAYNE, half of Canada's TV comedy team of Wayne and Shuster, called from Toronto recently to reserve a suite at New York's fashionable Hampshire House for himself and his partner.

Without hesitation, the desk clerk asked politely, "Is that John Wayne, the movie star, or John Wayne, the star of *The Ed Sullivan Show?*"

"It's *Johnny* Wayne, Canada's revenge for the War of 1812," was the comedian's prompt reply, and the clerk's customary reserve broke up in laughter.

For 18 years, Johnny Wayne and Frank Shuster had been a household word on Canadian radio and then TV. During that time they had haggled and blustered their salaries up to $25,000 a year each. Then suddenly last spring, Ed Sullivan signed them to a $176,000-a-year contract to deliver 26 of their satirical sketches on his Sunday night show.

On their first appearance in May, the Canadian clowns did a 14-minute parody of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* called *Rinse the Blood Off My Toga.* Wayne, draped in a toga, sidled up to an ancient Roman bistro and said, "Let me have a Martinus."

Shuster, togaed as a bartender, corrected him, "You mean Martini."

Wayne snapped back, "If I

want two, I'll ask for them."

Overnight, New York bars were calling a single Martini a "Martinus." And all over the U.S., people were echoing the line of Caesar's wife, "I told him. I said, 'Julie, *don't go!*' "

The following Sunday, the pair did a take-off of Baroness Orczy's *The Scarlet Pimpernel,* transmuted into *The Brown Pumpernickel,* which one critic enthusiastically termed "literate slapstick." Wayne and Shuster received a standing offer from a Las Vegas nightclub, a request from a New York recording company to wax Shakespearean parodies, and Random House told them to drop around and talk over the writing of a book.

In June, when they emceed his show while Sullivan was away at the Brussels World's Fair in Belgium, they came up with a lampoon about a Shakespearean baseball team. Wayne, playing catcher for the Stratford nine, screamed in iambic pentameter at a myopic umpire, "So fair a foul I have not seen. Accursed knave with heart as black as coat you wear upon your back. Now, for the bum thou art, stand'st thou revealed. Thy head is emptier than Ebbets Field!"

The two comedians are mighty pleased by their success on *The Ed Sullivan Show;* and by the way it has altered the status of their native *Wayne and Shuster Show.* Heretofore, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation had kept them dangling insecurely on a string, not letting them know until the last minute whether their hour-long show would be renewed for the fall season. They'd done their own bargaining since they'd never had an agent. ("Why should we, when we know the CBC's phone number, and they know ours?")

Now, all was changed. The state-owned CBC rented a suite in their honor at a Toronto hotel, the brass wined and dined them and they finally signed to do five hour-long shows in Canada this season—and a sixth, if their Ed Sullivan commitments permit—at a reported $40,000 each.

"After all," a CBC executive beamed, with rather belated recognition, "you're unique among comedians today. You're in demand."

Wayne and Shuster are unique in other ways, too. Unlike most comedians in North America, they are university graduates with degrees in English literature. Wayne wrote his M.A. thesis on "chap books," the joke books of the 18th century. They write every word of their own material. And they contribute a weekly syndicated column to four Canadian newspapers.

Wayne and Shuster also differ from any other comedy team in the sense that neither one consistently plays the role of the schlemiel—what Costello is to Abbott—the butt of all jokes, the amiable shmo the audience regards with affection. Wayne and Shuster interchange the function of the fall guy. They feel it doesn't matter which one is squirted with seltzer—as long as the shnook draws a laugh. They are equally mournful images of innocence kicked around by the indignities, the Gold Dust Twins of Schlemielism.

They have a special flair for presenting a classical situation in an outrageously cockeyed style. They have done this with Sherlock Holmes, Mother Goose, *Les Miserables*. They horsed the stirrups off "adult" westerns in a skit introduced as: "The Frontier Psychiatrist, dedicated to the brave men who brought mental health to the West!"

In a spoof of the Trojan War, they had an enormous wooden horse built, so that the wounded Menelaus could stagger up to it, stick his head inside and cry hollowly, "Is there a doctor in the horse?"

BECAUSE THEY refuse to wear identifying comic paraphernalia like painted-on spectacles, they are often mistaken for one another. In fact, they do resemble each other.

Wayne is the younger, shorter, and more hard-driving of the two. At 40, he is five feet six, galvanic, rather monkey-faced. His brown eyes, set close together across a shapeless lump of a nose, gleam demoniacally when he perpetrates a piece of ad lib tomfoolery.

Shuster, two inches taller than Wayne is the subtler and sunnier wit of the two. At 42, he has soft blue eyes set in a blandly innocent, olive-complexioned face.

In repose, both wear a perpetually worried look. "We're really stodgy characters," says Wayne. "We collect Canadian paintings, attend PTA meetings, and enjoy watching our kids play baseball. You might say we look like a couple of accountants who can't get the same balance."

Indeed, their older children, Michael Wayne, 11, and Rosalind Shuster, 12, can't quite believe they *are* Wayne and Shuster. Once Rosalind said, "Wayne and Shuster were on TV last night. Boy! Are *they* funny!" Jamie and Brian Wayne, eight and six, and Stephen Shuster nine, take the same dim view of their famous parents.

Wayne and Shuster are regarded as solid, synagogue-and-hockey-game-going citizens in Toronto's smart Forest Hill suburb, where they own handsome $80,000 homes a block away from each other. They adopt a businesslike approach toward their "joke factory," a tiny upstairs den lined with learned books at Shuster's house. They meet there each morning at precisely 9 A.M., dressed like any conventional businessmen. They exchange such uninspired greetings as, "Hi, John," and, "Morning, Frank."

They yawn, one sits down at the typewriter, and then they become involved in that state of suspended animation known as incubating a new script. It takes them two weeks to write a one-hour show, and they discard eight pages of rough notes for each page they finally use. They pace the floor, chew their nails, peer out the window, frown. Sometimes they just sit looking at each other morosely.

Their wives—Mrs. Bea Wayne and Mrs. Ruth Shuster—are used to seeing them at dinnertime brooding over an unfinished script. When Mrs. Wayne notices her husband in this state, she warns the children, "Leave Papa alone. He's *writing*."

The comedians are painstaking researchers, because they feel that the wackiest bit of burlesque must be rooted in fact. "If we do a satire on climbing Mt. Everest," Shuster explains, "we have to know something about the technique and terminology of mountain climbing. We try to make a Shakespearean lampoon scan."

Both of these comic eggheads were born in Toronto. When he was five, Frank Shuster's parents moved to Niagara Falls, Ontario, where Frank's father, Jack, was film projectionist in the old Colonial Theater. When Mr. Shuster moved back to Toronto to become projectionist at the now defunct Pickford Theater, Frank himself became an apprentice projectionist.

Wayne was one of seven children of Charles Weingarten, a Toronto manufacturer of ski clothes. Johnny fondly recalls his father as a European intellectual who wrote Hebrew poetry for fun; personally composed all business letters sent to Quebec customers in French; and who, with his wife, Sarah, exchanged banter with delightful wit.

Johnny, whose original name was John Louis Weingarten, was a quiet, bookwormy, runt of a kid. He was afflicted with the usual share of bullies. "I had to develop a patter of jokes to laugh my way out of their clutches," he says. "When my jokes fell flat, I wound up with a bloody nose. I learned comedy fast."

The two met in their second year at Harbord Collegiate School. They pay worshipful tribute to their history teacher there, Charles Girdler, who encouraged them to do comedy sketches for the school drama society, the Oola Boola Club.

Later, they became humor columnists for the University of Toronto daily, *The Varsity*, using the pen names "Umlauf Wiregarters" and "Hank Rooster." In their bogus news items, college buildings would be stolen frequently. They treated the subject of paleontology with observations like this:

"Dear Mrs. Tyrannosaurus Rex,
How careless we are of your sex,
If your classical instincts were finer,
We'd call you Tyrannnosaura Regina."

In 1939, they were lured away from post-graduate work in English to kibitz around, at $12.50 a week, on a local radio show devoted to household hints. The program gave them the rather atrocious title, *The Javex Wife Preservers*.

Shuster was earning $37 a week as a radio cutup when he decided to marry Ruth Burstyn, a lovely Toronto belle.

"I know he's a nice boy. But what kind of a *mishigass* is this?" asked her father, using the Yiddish term for "lunacy." "What does he actually do?"

"Papa, he's a radio comedian," Ruth repeated wearily.

"I know he's a very funny boy." Her puzzled father flung up his hands. "But what does he *do* for a living?"

During World War II, Wayne and Shuster wrote the gags, music and lyrics for, and performed in, the *Canadian Army Show*. Their humor had pointed soldier appeal. ("Army life is terribly strict—lights out at 9 o'clock, women out at 10.") Their lyrics sassed both the brass hats and the critics.

"We've always tried to appeal to both Joe Lunch Pail and Sam Champagne Bucket," Wayne likes to say. "But we never patronize or condescend. The guy who thinks the public is a moron is a moron."

This literate approach came to the attention of Ed Sullivan last spring. He had been hearing about them from numerous Canadian friends and finally requested a kinescope recording of their Canadian one-hour show. He screened it on Friday night, phoned Wayne and Shuster to invite them to N.Y. on Saturday morning and signed them to a one-year contract that afternoon. "Don't let anyone interfere with your fresh ideas," was his advice to them.

Perhaps their most original piece of tomfoolery was dreamed up last June during Sullivan's absence. Instead of introducing the usual celebrities in the audience, they introduced Julius Melnik, who allegedly had been sitting out front every Sunday night for ten years hoping to get on camera.

But when the camera panned down, his seat was empty. Only his wife (played by the Toronto comedienne, Sylvia Lennick) was there to say, "My husband just had to go outside for a minute."

"After ten years he's not here when we're finally going to introduce him?"

"I told him," the planted wife groaned woefully. "I said, 'Julie, don't go!' "

Sullivan called them "the biggest hit on my show in the ten years we've been on the air."

While the Canadian comics are naturally gratified, they have no intention of settling permanently in New York. They are fond of their suburban homes in Toronto, and plan on commuting between the two cities. Shuster even declines to get a haircut in Manhattan; he waits until he flies back to his regular barber in Toronto.

To remind Sullivan of his agreement allowing them to write and perform their own brand of nonsensical hokum and satire, Wayne has had a silver coin made. Engraved on it are the words: "Do it your way—Ed Sullivan." Shuster has had a similar one stamped: "That goes for me, too!"

Deft Definitions

CAMEL: A horse designed by a committee.

—ARTHUR STEIN

OPTIMIST: A ninety-year-old man who is getting married and wants to buy a home near a school.

—A. C. JOLLY (*Bartow Herald*)

BUDGET: An attempt to live below your yearnings.

—*Tick Tock*

A MISERABLE GOSSIP: Someone with no troubles to speak of.

—MORRIS BENDER

An expert on family finance reveals six ways to help you live better for less

money-wise

by Sidney Margolius

SOCIAL SECURITY: do new rules mean money in your pocket?

If you were ineligible for Social Security before, you may now be able to get it under new rules. To collect, you must have your eligibility rechecked at your nearest Social Security office. However, first see if you fall into these categories:

1. Older workers previously ineligible because they had earnings higher than former rules permitted. (Now they can have checks for any months they earn no more than $100, no matter how much they earn for the year.)

2. Disabled workers over 50 who didn't apply because they got other benefits which formerly reduced Social Security disability payments, or who were barred by the previous "recent-work" requirement. (They still must have worked at least five years in the ten preceding disability.)

3. Adult disabled children of retired and deceased workers covered by Social Security. (The "support" requirement which previously barred many has been liberalized.)

4. Dependents of disabled workers. (Some of the dependents, too, can have checks.)

5. Widows and other beneficiaries who forfeited payments upon remarriage. (In many cases they can now have benefits).

6. Dependent parents of deceased workers, even if there is a wife or child eligible.

MUSEUMS: they offer distinctive, low-cost gifts

You may have overlooked the museums as a source of intriguing low-cost gifts both for children and grownups.

For young collectors and scientists there are kits like the "Pebble-Pup" rock-specimen collection at only $1.25, plus postage, available at the Chicago Natural History Museum, and the weather kit sold by New York's American Museum of Natural History for $3.45. With it, a youngster can construct his own forecasting station, including barometer, anemometer, weather vane, other real equipment. Other ideas: insect, leaf, mineral, gem stone and fossil kits; geology albums; selected nature and science books; dolls from many lands; Indian crafts.

For grownups, there are ornamental jewelry, handicrafts, reproductions of famous paintings, sculptures and other art works, like the casts from Baltimore's Walters Art Gallery, and framed and unframed prints from Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, and others.

Besides buying from nearby museums, you can "shop" those in other cities by mail. Here's a brief directory of some of the famous museums which will send catalogs free or at small cost.

BALTIMORE: The Walters Art Gallery (Baltimore 1, Md.) 10¢.
BOSTON: Museum of Fine Arts (Boston 15, Mass.).
BUFFALO: Buffalo Museum of Science (Buffalo 11, N. Y.).
CHICAGO: The Art Institute (Chicago 3, Ill.); Chicago Natural History Museum; Museum of Science & Industry.
CLEVELAND: Cleveland Museum of Art (Cleveland 6, Ohio).
DETROIT: Detroit Institute of Arts (Detroit 2, Mich.).
KANSAS CITY: Nelson-Atkins Gallery (Kansas City, Mo.).
NEW YORK: Metropolitan Museum of Art (N. Y. 28, N. Y.); American Museum of Natural History (N. Y. 24, N. Y.); Museum of the American Indian (N. Y. 32, N. Y.); Brooklyn Museum (Brooklyn 38, N. Y.).
WASHINGTON, D. C.: Smithsonian Institution, Publications Division (Washington 25).

CAR LEASING: any advantage over owning?

You can now lease any vehicle, including sports cars, by the month or year. Would there be any gain for you in renting rather than owning?

Here's how Runzheimer & Co., research engineers employed by the AAA, estimates 1958 average yearly ownership costs for a popular-priced, full-sized car traded in every two years:

Depreciation, $565; $25 per $50,000 property damage and liability insurance, $95.35; fire and theft insurance, $21.36; registration, $19.16; maintenance and tires for 10,000 miles, $138. Yearly total: $838.87, not including gas and oil.

Then there's a hidden expense to owners not shown in the AAA figures—the finance cost of about $125 to $150 a year.

In comparison, you can lease a car on a 24-month basis for anywhere from $84 to $130 a month, depending on make, extra equipment and local competition. The most typical leasing fees of $100 to $110 a month compare with average ownership cost of about $82.50 a month not including collision insurance.

For several groups, leasing may have financial and other advantages, chiefly heavy drivers who trade in more often than every two years, and people who drive mostly in city traffic. Their cars suffer more than average wear and depreciation.

VETS' FAMILIES: are you passing up your benefits?

Congress has increased to $250 the burial benefit any war veteran's family can collect, if it knows about it and applies. But even more valuable are the sometimes-overlooked V. A. monthly payments available to dependents of certain veterans. Widows of World War I vets can have the payments almost automatically as long as their other income doesn't exceed $1400 a year. Wives and children who are dependents of deceased men who served during later wars can have payments if the vet had a service-connected disability of at least ten percent, or was getting or entitled to retirement pay. Income limitation for a widow with children is $2700. A widow gets $50.40 a month plus allowances for children. Dependent parents also are eligible for payments if the veteran died of a service-connected disability.

Other war widows who may be passing up V. A. money include those already getting payments because their husbands died of service-connected causes. Many have been entitled to increases since 1957, if they apply.

PROPERTY INSURANCE: four ways to cut your bill

With fire and other property insurance rates increased in recent years, you may now be paying a big bill for various policies. You may not realize this because the cost often is lumped with mortgage and taxes into a single monthly payment. Or you may be seriously underinsured. Here are ways of having more adequate insurance for less than many people pay for incomplete coverage:

Paying in advance on a three-year policy costs only 2½ to 2¾ as much as one-year; a five-year, only 4 to 4½ times as much, depending on the rates in your state.

Combine policies: Most people have separate policies for fire and windstorm insurance on the house, fire insurance on furniture, personal liability, theft insurance, and so on. A modern Homeowner's "multiple risk" policy can combine most of these with savings of as much as 32 percent. Such comprehensive policies also often provide more complete coverage than do individual fragments of insurance. For non-home owners, too, extensive privileges on fire or loss insurance save over separate policies. For example, all-risk insurance on a fur coat may cost little more than the combined fee for fire and theft.

Self-insure small risks: Deductible policies result in surprising savings, especially on windstorm coverage. One family switched to $50 deductible, cut its three-year home-insurance cost from $92 to $60. Now it must foot the bill itself for any damage under $50. But insurance should be concentrated on big risks, not little ones you can handle yourself.

Seek lower net rate: If you buy your insurance from the mortgage company, you may be paying the maximum. Many large well-established insurance companies give rebates of anywhere from five to 40 percent off standard rates. It pays to get bids on the same insurance from several agents.

MODERNIZATION LOANS: not as cheap as they look

Even the U. S. Government uses sleight of hand to make home-improvement loans look cheaper than they are. FHA "five percent" repair loans actually cost a true annual rate of approximately ten percent, some borrowers belatedly realize. The reason: on a $2,400 loan which you repay in 24 monthly installments, your average debt during that period is approximately $1200, since you are repaying each month. Thus, you really pay $120 to borrow an actual $1200. The Government itself gets a cut—about one-eighth of your finance charge—to insure the lender. Some finance authorities have complained the Government is charging *borrowers* too high a premium to guarantee *lenders* against loss, especially in view of the insignificant loss ratio.

Cheapest way to borrow for repairs or improvements is on your mortgage. Many mortgages now have an "open-end" clause permitting new loans for improvement on the same mortgage. You simply increase your present monthly payment. Interest rates on mortgages are generally a true five to six percent. Later you can "prepay" to restore the former smaller balance.

Some commercial banks and credit unions also beat the FHA home-improvement rate. Others, however, charge up to 12 percent.

Secret of cutting the finance charge: borrow the least you need and for the shortest period, paying some of the cost of the improvement out of income. One man borrowed a three-year, $3,000 loan to finish his attic. He had the work done over a year's time. Meanwhile much of the time the borrowed money sat in his bank earning three percent while he paid ten percent.

[illegible]

WHEN I TOOK my three-year-old daughter Wendy to the five-and-ten, she was fascinated by the small turtles in the pet department. Shortly after we left, however, she seemed to have forgotten all about them.

Several weeks later, though, her older sister Andrea announced that she was going to buy a turtle. Wendy mulled that over for a moment, then blurted, "Just make sure you get one with a head."

—MRS. ALBERTA WHITE

DISCUSSING THE VALUE of books, the English professor asked one pretty blonde co-ed what book she would choose if she could have only one.

This little lady thought very carefully for a moment before she came up with her reply: "A checkbook." —BILL IRELAND *(Wall Street Journal)*

A CAB DRIVER received a radio call to pick up a fare at a certain address. Luckily, he just happened to be driving past the house as the call came in. The woman who ordered the cab had just hung up the phone when he rang the doorbell. "Anybody who drives as fast as you must, I wouldn't ride with them," the woman snapped, and slammed the door in his face. —CEDRIC ADAMS *(Minneapolis Star)*

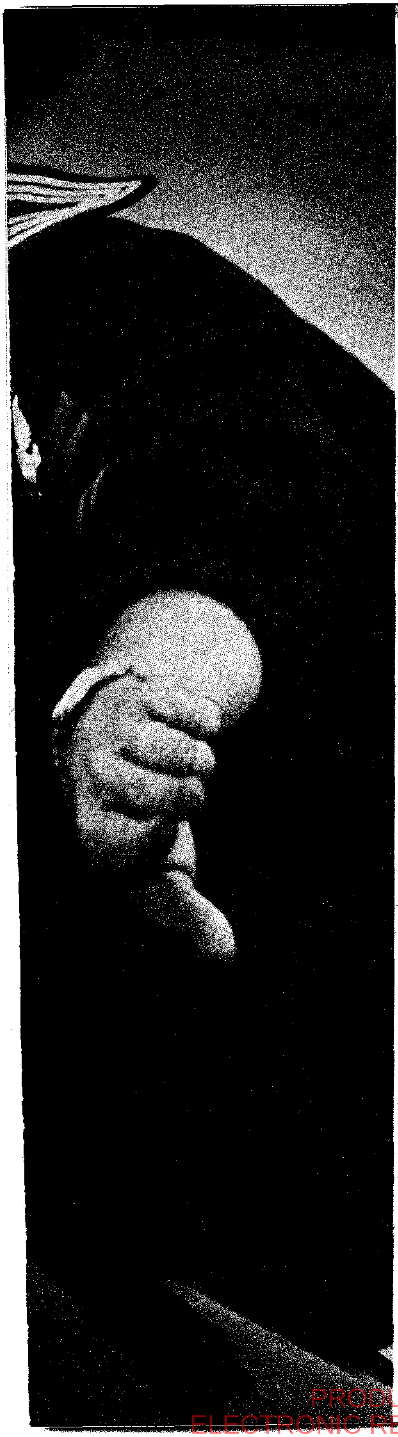
MY FRIEND'S HABIT of associating a person's name with something familiar, in order to remember it, recently caused a social disaster.

She had been introduced to a Hazel Johnson at a party. Some time later, they met again. My friend recognized the woman, but forgot her name.

She did, however, recall associating the name, and impulsively greeted her new acquaintance with: "I'm so sorry, I can't recall your name—but I distinctly remember you as some kind of a nut!"

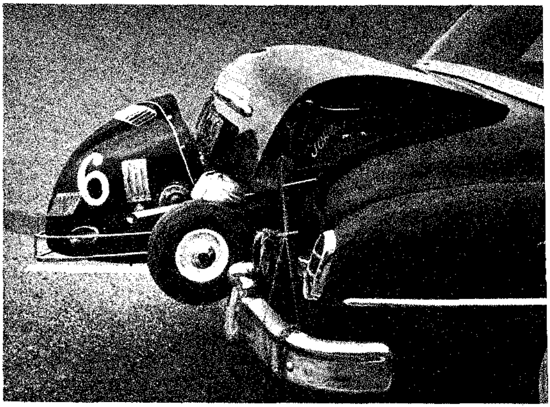
—EDITH R. WARFIELD

TWO REPAIRMEN were adjusting my new stove when one of them accidentally dropped a roll of tape into a pot of noodle soup standing nearby. Very unobtrusively, he fished it out and tossed it into his open tool box. A few minutes later, I heard his partner growl, "I don't mind you sticking your hand in her soup, but quit throwing the noodles in my box." —MRS. NELSON LASKOW



Little League racers

CONCENTRATING INTENSELY, Harvey Johnston, a California seaman, and his son Steve, five, compete in the nation's newest family recreational rage—quarter-midget automobile racing. The cars are so small they can be stuffed into the standard auto trunk (below), and are the latest example of the tendency to transform children's pastimes into replicas of adult activities. Races are run at between five and 30 miles an hour, and the drivers range in age from five to 16. So popular is the sport that 1,300 oval tracks, each one-twentieth of a mile, have sprung up from coast to coast. While Junior drives, Dad acts as mechanic, and the rest of the family as chief rooters. And, as pictures on the following pages show, everyone has a fine time.

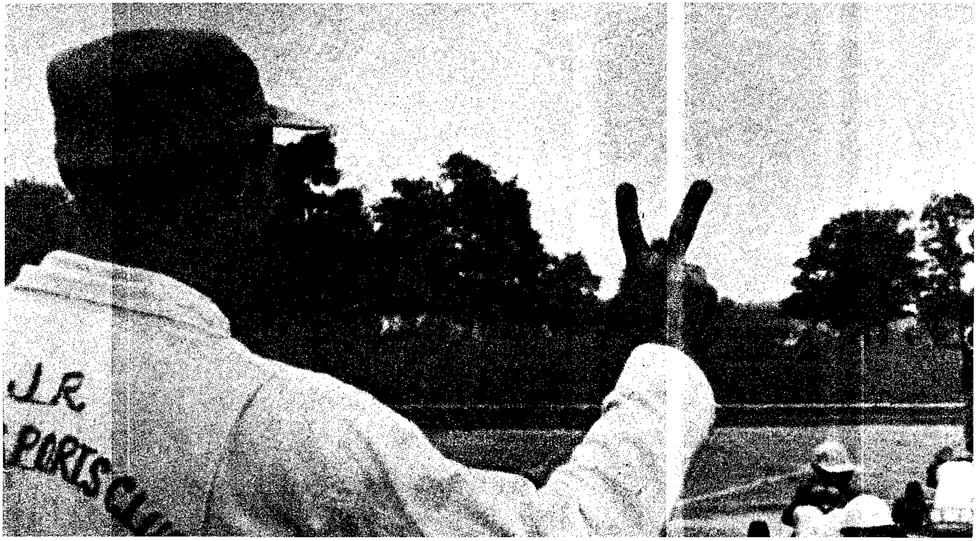


Text by James A. Skardon

Photographs by Arthur Rickerby

Dad Brunnhoelzl and son tinker with homemade car in family basement.

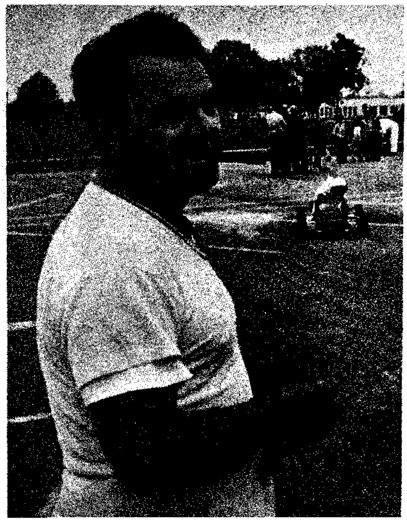
Brunnhoelzl signals "two laps to go" to his son driving car (far right).



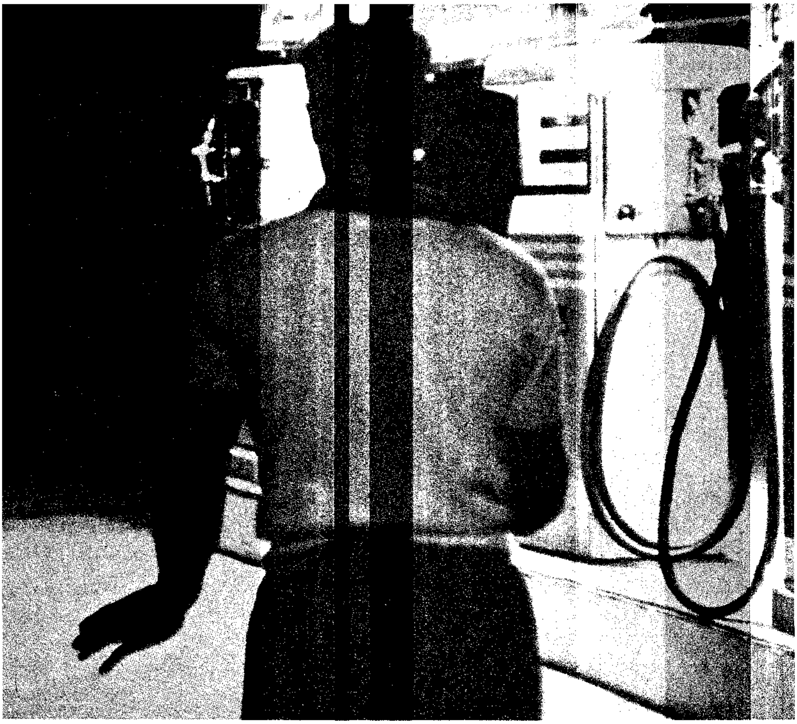
THE TINY CARS COST a minimum of $500. But parents justify the expense by pointing out that the sport brings fathers and children closer together and teaches the youngsters driving, mechanics and sportsmanship. Typical enthusiasts of quarter-midget racing are Harry Brunnhoelzl, his son Harry Jr., 14, and daughter Jo-Ann, 11, all active members of the Nassau Quarter-Midget Association on Long Island. Champions in their classes and winners of some 34 trophies, Harry Jr. and Jo-Ann drive twice a week, Thursday evenings and Sunday afternoons, on a nearby dirt track. In addition, they spend two evenings a month at club meetings and several evenings a week at home, cleaning and repairing their two 175-lb. racers (one for each child) which they treat not as toys, but as fine pieces of machinery.

Last-minute adjustments are made as Jo-Ann takes home-built car for a practice

Pleased papa lights up a cigar to celebrate son's victory at Flushing track.

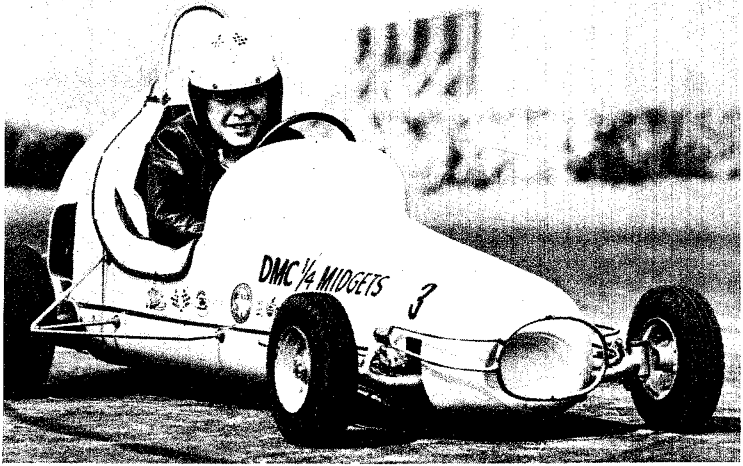


QUARTER-MIDGET RACERS can be bought from the manufacturers either fully assembled or in kit form. But the Brunnhoelzls, like many of the club members, built their own. They are the latest in a series of tiny vehicles that started with a motorless soapbox the father built for his son when the boy was seven years old. Later, Brunnhoelzl added a motor. Seeking perfection, he then built the present cars. They have Fiberglas bodies molded in their basement from a plaster of Paris form the father and the youngsters spent two months preparing. In working on the car, Harry Jr. learned to operate a metal lathe and even do some of the welding.



***spin at neighborhood** gas station. She is one of four girl drivers in the raci*

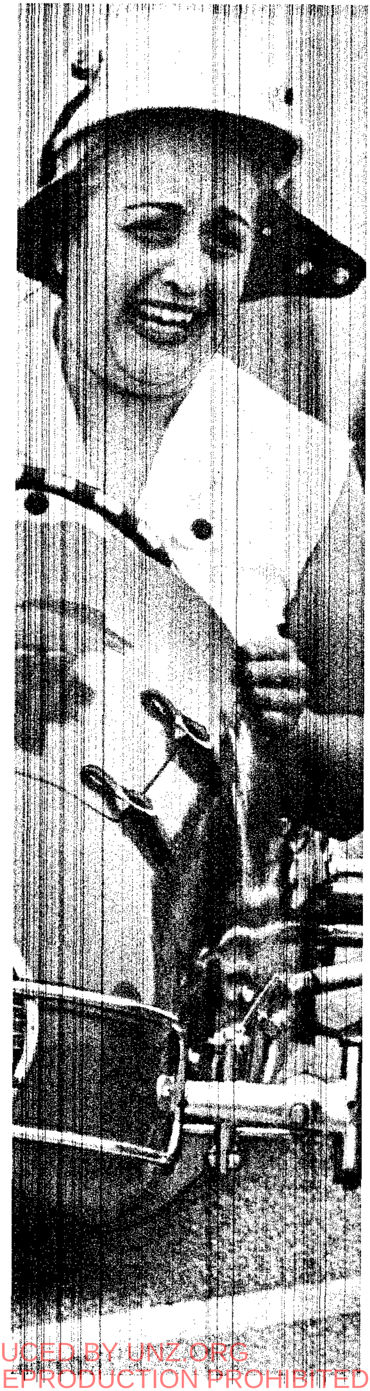
As sister looks on, helmeted Harry Jr., captain of his gymkhana event, "matches" rival captain for choice of



Quarter-midget racer, made by the Device Motor Company of California, is powered by a 2 hp 4-cycle engine in the rear. It sells for $595 and has a maximum speed of 45 miles an hour.

THIS NEW FAMILY SPORT is highly organized and participants must meet strict requirements to insure safety and maintain competitive standards. In the Nassau club, drivers are divided into classes A, B and C, according to their skills. On some tracks, bales of hay are piled around the rim to avoid serious crack-ups and every member must carry liability insurance costing about $8 a year. Safety belts hold the diminutive drivers in their seats and crash helmets and roll-over bars protect their heads. Actually, racing the little cars is quite safe. Once, Harry Jr. turned completely over, without suffering serious injury. "We purposely race on dirt to hold down the speed," says his father. "And we figure that what the kids learn about safety now—in anticipation of the day when they will be driving big cars—more than outweighs whatever small dangers they may face."

Sometimes parents get chance to race. After squeezing into car, Mom Brunnhoelzl says: "Sitting so low, 30 seems fast."



by John C. Sebastian

Public Sandman No. 1

Snooze architect Norman Dine builds gadgets Morpheus never dreamed of

SLEEP, TO MANY PEOPLE, is merely a topic of conversation. To most others it is either a pleasure or a problem. To Norman Dine of New York City, it is a career.

Mr. Dine is the proprietor of the only sizeable shop in the world dedicated solely to the perpetuation of happy bedtime hours for everyone. A self-licensed Doctor of Doze, his reputation is so firmly entrenched he has received mail addressed simply to "Mr. Sleep, USA."

Norman Dine's Sleep Center is one of the most unusual stores to be found in a city of unusual stores. The casual window-shopper strolling down East 54th Street is caught up short when he sees through a show window a man and woman stretched out in a huge bed, dressed in pajamas and about to put out the light. Closer inspection reveals that the "people" are lifelike dummies, but the sign over the bed is just as arresting: "No woman has ever left our tranquilizing bed disenchanted."

When a red-eyed customer comes through the door, the Manhattan Morpheus is as solicitous as a doctor with a new patient.

Most people, he finds, don't have specific problems. They just don't sleep as well as they would like, and feel some type of sleep inducer might help them. For these people, the Sleep Center is truly a wonderland.

There are more than 50 kinds of pillows displayed, for instance. There are the Slightly Plump, Pleasingly Plump, King-Size, and Junior—all available in foam rubber, dacron, down, feathers, hair or kapoc. There is the Contoured Pillow ("End your pillow bunching and pillow punching"), the Pal Pillow ("You'll be taking it everywhere"). And there are the Angulation Pillows, the Tuck-In Pillows, the Epicurean Square Jumbo Pillows, the Doze-Comfortably-Anywhere Pillows.

Perhaps most important in a world of easy woes is the Relieve-Your-Heart Pillow. When you feel a good cry coming on, rush to the Pillow Box and get this heart-shaped, moisture-resistant friend. A good cry offers a healthy release of emotion, and the pillow will shed the tears, and be ready for the next crisis.

There are all kinds of beds, too. The Tranquilizing King-Size Circular Bed was designed by Mr. Dine for romantic husbands and wives. It is seven feet in diameter, has two separate box springs, a foam rubber mattress, a gold spindle headboard, and a velvet bedspread bearing a coat-of-arms of two intertwined hearts. Family arguments usually end on this downy plateau.

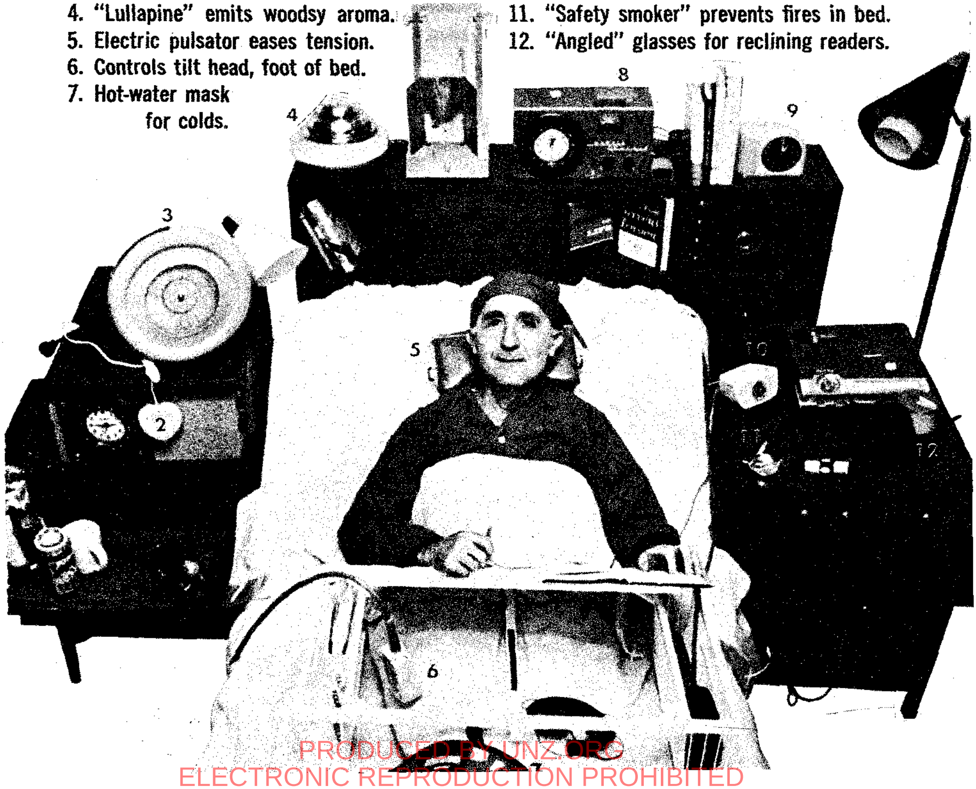
For devotees of the Colonial style, there is a large, attractive canopy bed. It appears to be a regular double bed. But take off the bedspread and you find two separate mattresses and springs that slide away from each other on rollers.

There are troubled sleepers who want to sleep together in a double bed, but argue over the kind of mattress to use. For them there is the "Lion and Lamb" pallet—a large mattress, half of which is Spartan hardness, half voluptuous softness.

When President Eisenhower was head of SHAEF in Europe, he sent for an angled board which would permit him to nap with his feet elevated. He felt that napping in this manner was more revitalizing than the normal way. A friend of J. Edgar Hoover's once bought a gift for the FBI chief from Mr. Dine. It was a sleep mask with a little window on one side, enabling him to sleep with one eye open. George de

Dine relaxes in "posture bed," flanked by mechanical sleep aids:

1. Sleep-Learner repeats school lessons.
2. Anti-snore vibrator for men and women.
3. "Soporific fan" sighs like wind.
4. "Lullapine" emits woodsy aroma.
5. Electric pulsator eases tension.
6. Controls tilt head, foot of bed.
7. Hot-water mask for colds.
8. "Consoler" beams soothing advice.
9. "Silent clock" has blinker-light alarm.
10. Electric blanket control switch.
11. "Safety smoker" prevents fires in bed.
12. "Angled" glasses for reclining readers.



Witt of TV's "Name That Tune" just bought a push-button bed which changes positions like the standard hospital bed at the push of a button.

Recently the Sleep Center came to the rescue of a Broadway play. Dore Schary, author of *Sunrise at Campobello,* was stricken with a painfully sore back while rehearsing his show for opening night. Norman Dine received a call for help. He sent over a cat-napper chair which enabled Mr. Schary to rest in a nearly vertical position.

The items displayed on Mr. Dine's salon for the sleepless range from pillow to Postum. For the night clock-watcher, there is a clock which projects the time on the ceiling. There is the light-beam alarm which utilizes a bright flashing light rather than a buzzer. There is the Snoozer Clock—at the appointed time it rings gently, then goes off again at ten-minute intervals. If the slumberer does not awaken, it eventually explodes with a violent clamor.

Norman Dine is always available to custom tailor a sleep coaxer for the restless, and after more than 25 years in the business should have a solution for every kind of problem. For he is a man who turned his own problem into profits. About 27 years ago he was partner in a Lynn, Massachusetts, department store. The store was doing fairly well, but not so Mr. Dine. He couldn't sleep. He tried all the well-known remedies such as hot baths, warm milk, and cold beverages of a potent nature, but nothing worked. So he quit his business and came to New York in quest of the Secret of Sleep.

He enrolled at Columbia University and concentrated on courses in physiology, mental hygiene, and whatever seemed to apply to the problem of relaxation. Along with his studies he read every book he could find on emotions, muscular tensions, the physiology of worry, and the seemingly unattainable state of tranquility or "peace of mind."

Having completed his specialized education, he decided to devote his career to helping others who shared his problem. He devised the idea of setting up a special sleep clinic in a department store, an area devoted exclusively to items designed to make bedtime a happy time. He coaxed manufacturers to produce special gadgets to help his cause.

After several stores rejected his plan, he found a receptive management at Lewis & Conger, a New York department store specializing in the unusual. There he set up his Sleep Shop and operated it successfully until opening his own boudoir bazaar two years ago.

Sleep is one of man's most valuable gifts. For in sound sleep there is complete absence of pain or worry, and you are unaware of passing time. At the same time, there is release from old tensions and building up of strength to meet new ones. But because sleep does not come easy to everyone, and most people have experienced or will experience a period when refreshing sleep is impossible, Norman Dine has built a successful and personally satisfying business.

How does *he* sleep? Beautifully.

How do his wife and son sleep? "Would a dentist's family," Mr. Dine asks, "dare complain about their teeth?"

God's quiet heroes

by **THEODORE IRWIN**

No task is too dangerous—or menial—for Church of the Brethren volunteers

AT THE NATIONAL INSTITUTES OF HEALTH in Bethesda, Maryland, a perfectly healthy young woman is injected with an important experimental drug. She becomes tense, her head and arms twitch, she wants to scream.

In a remote jungle area of Nigeria, a 21-year-old farm boy from Pennsylvania teaches weaving to illiterate natives in a leper colony.

High in the mountains near Creekville, Kentucky, in an isolated log cabin, a 20-year-old Indiana student bathes a man who died before his eyes and then builds a pine box for the corpse.

Scattered all over the world, these and hundreds of other dedicated, devout young Americans are contributing a year or more of their lives to others through the Church of the Brethren Volunteer Service. Envisioned as a great Christian adventure, it is a program of service "for the glory of God and my neighbor's good."

The self-effacing Brethren were virtually unknown to the general public until last February when paroled murderer Nathan Leopold announced he would live out his life "in public service to his fellow men" and chose a Brethren project at a tiny Puerto Rico hospital where he is working as a $10-a-month X-ray technician.

This year, the 213,000 members of the Church of the Brethren observe the 250th anniversary of its founding. For the past ten years, its widespread volunteer service has been one vital way the Brethren have been expressing their religion.

Like the Quakers and Mennonites, the Brethren are known as a peace church. It was started in Schwarzenau, Germany, in 1708 by eight people dissatisfied with the formal religion of the state churches, which they felt did not set a high enough value on the inherent worth and rights of the individual.

As the group gained converts, they were persecuted. In 1719, most of them accepted William Penn's offer of refuge, and settled on rich farm lands around Germantown, Pennsylvania. Today, members worship in almost every state of the union, and the Church operates six colleges and a seminary.

Long popularly nicknamed the Dunkers or Dunkards, the Brethren believe that baptism should be by three-fold immersion—in which the believer is immersed three times in the name of Father, Son and Holy Ghost—as in the early church. They accept no written creed other than the New Testament, and believe in its teachings as the basis of faith and practice. All caste and class distinctions are considered wrong.

A cardinal conviction is the doctrine of peace: there is to be no coercion in religion. War is not a valid method of settling difficulties. It is antagonistic to the teachings and spirit of Christ, and no one is to have any part of war.

Their doctrine of the simple life is opposed to luxury and worldliness. "Right living" is always emphasized. They teach members to refrain from the use of alcohol, tobacco, profanities and other intemperances which are for the satisfaction of the flesh rather than for the nurture of the spirit. Thus this highly disciplined Protestant sect is commited to live a "good life"—in the home, the community, the church and in every human relationship.

In their worship, the Brethren observe these ordinances as taught by Christ: the complete Lord's Supper, which includes feet-washing as an act of humility, cleansing and service; the supper as the act of fellowship; the communion bread and cup as the act of consecration; and the consecration of Christian workers by the laying on of hands.

With headquarters in Elgin, Illinois, Brethren churches stretch across America and into Canada, with major concentrations in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and California. Their outreach encompasses the world. Through mission workers, churches have been established in

China, India, Nigeria and Ecuador. All but about 12,000 members are in the U.S.

The Brethren are committed to the "way of brotherhood," which they interpret as mutual helpfulness. Through the Brethren Volunteer Service, they extend this brotherhood to all mankind—living their lives "in harmony with Christ and for the uplift of their fellow men everywhere."

Such service has been a characteristic of good Brethrenism ever since pre-Revolutionary days when they heroically ministered to victims of a yellow fever epidemic that broke out in Philadelphia.

TODAY, volunteers—mostly between the ages of 18 and 25—are placed in 39 service projects here and abroad. After an intensive two-month training period at the Brethren Service Center in New Windsor, Maryland, they are sent to one of these projects.

Wherever the BVSers go, they usually leave a lasting impact. Mills Mountain, Virginia, for instance, is a Blue Ridge community of 60 adults and 30 small children living under conditions prevailing in the last century. Although its mountain folk had built a one-room schoolhouse, they hadn't been able to lure a teacher there for three years. To the Macedonian call, "Come over and help us," the Brethren responded.

First came two male BVSers to set up teachers' quarters in a broken-down log cabin. They put mortar between the logs, installed windows, a stove, a new roof, and departed. Then the teachers arrived, Genetta Wolford of Ligonier, Pennsylvania, and Iris Gauby of Falfurrias, Texas.

Besides teaching, they organized a Sunday school and young people's socials, introduced volley ball. There was, of course, the monotony of long isolation, but for Genetta and Iris their reward was in helping pupils so eager for learning that they even pored over the dictionary in their spare time.

In Baltimore, several volunteers remodeled a dilapidated house in a slum section to which people come with legal, medical and housing problems. The other day, a housewife entered this "Brotherhood Pilot House," looked about her and stammered, "Is this the—the place where boys and girls help people?"

Ordeals that test the volunteers' courage and devotion to their faith are encountered, especially when they sign up as "normal controls" in experiments that may lead to better diagnosis, treatment and prevention of major illnesses. At the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor and at the Clinical Center of the National Institutes of Health (research arm of the U.S. Public Health Service), scientists need these healthy "normals" to learn why and how they differ from the sick. At the Clinical Center, normals are used for work on cancer, arthritis, heart disease, mental health, dental infection and neurological disorders. One of the more arduous assignments involves sleep deprivation.

The normals are kept awake for three days and three nights, and, so far, two BVSers have undergone this most uncomfortable experience.

Jeanne Donovan, a graduate of the University of Akron, went on a complete fast for five days, permitted to drink only water. Another time, she was dehydrated for six days.

For an arthritis project, Wendell Nichols, a former truck driver from Hopewell, Virginia—as well as other volunteers—was placed in a specially constructed sealed metabolic chamber attached to an intricate maze of recording and analyzing instruments. Wearing a plastic "space helmet," feeding himself, shaving and scratching his nose through an "elephant's trunk," he ran on a treadmill, ate precisely measured amounts of food, breathed controlled air and slept in the small chamber for days.

Instruments recorded, minute by minute, the exact composition of his every breath and at times his every heart beat. Results of the research may provide clues to diabetes, obesity and other metabolic diseases.

Thus, day after day for a year or so, BVSers bear a variety of discomforts—with an allowance of $7.50 a month as their only financial reimbursement. Why do they do it?

Some may be seeking adventure and travel, others want the experience to "develop my character." But all these volunteers—kids just out of high school, construction workers, farm boys, college students, waitresses, office workers—have one thing in common: a "giving" quality.

"What we're giving," says Jeanne Donovan, "is of more value than something out of a pocketbook. You can't have faith without fulfilling that faith by doing something for the people you have to live with."

Dolores Salamone, a slim, dark-eyed girl from Jersey Shore, Pennsylvania, firmly believes, "My faith in God demands action."

At Bethesda, in Morocco and Greece—wherever they are stationed—the BVSers feel they are doing something positive and dynamic. Ora Huston, the indefatigable 55-year-old ex-minister who heads up the BVS program, puts it this way, "This is a kind of tithing of time for our Church and for the uplift of humanity."

One of the Brethren's best-known recruits (besides Nathan Leopold) was actor Don Murray, Hollywood's "dedicated man." A sincere pacifist, Murray fulfilled his draft requirement by joining BVS in 1952. Working with refugees in Germany and with lawless street kids in Naples, he was so imbued with the spirit of his assignments that he stuck to his mission despite an attack of hepatitis that almost killed him, a siege of pneumonia and an appendectomy performed with inadequate anesthesia.

The strife, bitterness and hopelessness he witnessed in the refugee camps led him two years ago to set up a project in Sardinia called HELP (Homeless European Land Program) to provide permanent settlements for refugees. He contributed $10,000 and other Hollywood notables chipped in. His actress wife—Hope Lange—sets aside a portion of her salary for HELP. Murray has now become a full-fledged Brethren.

BVSers often find themselves performing unexpected functions. A few months ago, pretty Janet Royer of Taneytown, Maryland, was working as a bookkeeper at the Brethren's hospital in Puerto Rico when a truck drove up with a woman in the last moments of labor. No nurse was available. So Janet, a slender girl who had never witnessed a childbirth before, ran out to the truck with instruments, cut the umbilical cord and saved the mother, though the baby died.

Naturally, parents of the volunteers are sometimes concerned about their offspring being faced with potential hazards far from home.

The parents of Roma Jo Mickey of Irwin, Pennsylvania, were so fearful of what might happen to her on a mountain mission that they actually went up to investigate. Roma was teaching, preaching and visiting the sick at Flat Creek, Kentucky. To reach it, Mr. and Mrs. Mickey had to travel on foot most of the way, fording streams, struggling up steep paths. When they finally reached Roma, they found her living in a primitive shack of "one room and a path out back."

"You come right home with us," demanded Mrs. Mickey.

"Sorry, Mother," said Roma. "It's God's will that I'm here and I'm not going to be a quitter."

Roma stayed on at Flat Creek for her full year.

What do these determined young people like Roma get out of their selfless service for others? As they talk about it at their end-of-service conference with Ora Huston, to each volunteer his year's tithing seems to add up to something different. After a stint at the Brethren's church and farm project at Falfurrias, Wilma Dishong came to this conclusion: "I learned to live with people of another race, the Latins. I know now that people are more than skin deep."

Working at a women's reformatory, Emma Scott found that "there's a lot of good in young women the public classifies as ruined." At Bethesda, Mary Dilling says, "Visiting with sick patients, I am aware how lucky I am. I'm learning that the material things in life are not the most important."

Unquestionably, their experiences as BVSers have a penetrating effect. Earl Dilbert, a timid farmer's son from Everett, Pennsylvania, was sent to an outpost in Nigeria to help build a church. He and a fellow American were the only white persons in the village. Earl didn't know the native language and couldn't converse with the people for three long months. At first, discouraged, he felt that language was too great a barrier to overcome.

"I learned, though," he said, on his return, "that in service to humanity there are no barriers. Now I want to improve whatever corner of the world I live in."

Quiet heroes, the young people in the Brethren Volunteer Service seem to be doing just that.

Candidly Speaking

DON'T BE ASHAMED OF YOUR past. Write a best-seller.

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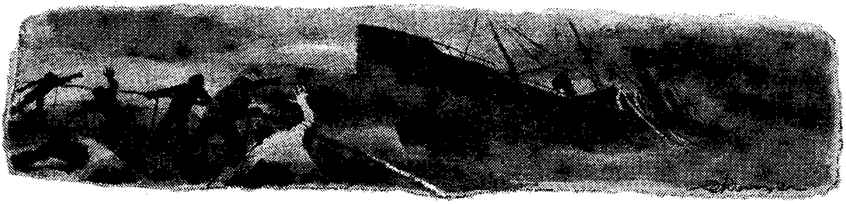
by Robert de la Croix

The strange resurrection of the "Frigorifique"



Crewless, the ghost ship rose up to destroy the vessel that sank her

ON MARCH 19, 1884, there was thick fog off the shores of northern France. Many ships had ceased moving and were sounding their sirens. Others were still holding their course, but at low speed.

Two of the vessels that were blindly feeling their way were doomed. One was the *Rumney,* an English collier from Cardiff, bound for La Rochelle. The other was the *Frigorifique,* the first French vessel to carry refrigeration equipment. Her career had been notable and prosperous since her maiden voyage to the Argentine eight years before when the entire population of Montevideo passed in procession to stare at the windows of a restaurant that displayed a Norman steak she had carried. Now she was returning from the Spanish port of Pasajes on her way to Rouen.

Suddenly the watching seamen aboard the *Frigorifique* thought they heard a siren, but they could not tell from which direction. The sound seemed distant, but one could not be sure in so thick a fog.

The *Frigorifique* sounded three blasts on her siren to warn the invisible intruder. The whole crew listened in silence. They felt that the previous sound must have been a delusion, for now utter stillness enveloped the sea.

The *Frigorifique,* which had stopped her engines, resumed her course at a speed of three knots. But not for long. Again the crew heard the siren. But whence did it come? All they could do was to wait.

The tolling of the *Frigorifique's* bell never ceased. Then, suddenly, there could be no further doubt. The roar of a siren sounded very close to starboard, accompanied by the panting of machinery. As the heavy throbbing filled the misty air, each of the *Frigorifique's* crew felt as though it were the pulsation of his own heart, beating to the frenzied rhythm of his panic.

Silence fell again. Once more

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they waited. Someone shouted. A third of the ship's length away, a black prow, followed by a mast, a funnel, and finally a hull rose out of the fog, bearing straight down on them.

One of the sailors screamed "Ship to starboard!" Each man remained rooted at his post, rigid with terror.

The strange vessel came steadily on. Nothing could be done to avoid a collision. The steersman, nevertheless, put the helm hard over. The black mass grew larger and larger. It approached in utter silence.

Suddenly the *Frigorifique* reeled to port and came to a standstill. A ponderous crash at last reached the sailors' ears, accompanied by heavy thumps, the creak of crumpled bulwarks, grinding noises, and finally the sounds of running feet. The strokers came tearing up from below with shouts of "The engines are flooded!"

The *Frigorifique* began to sink. She had a heavy list to starboard. Her captain gave the command to abandon her. A few of her crew had already jumped aboard the other steamer, which seemed to be undamaged and was still going ahead, disengaged from the *Frigorifique* and astern of her.

A few minutes later, all of the French crew had safely reached the undamaged English steamer, the *Rumney*. The *Frigorifique*, heeling over giddily, had vanished in the fog.

"You've nothing more to fear now," said a British officer to the refugees. "No one's ever sunk twice in one day."

The fog was as thick as ever. The *Rumney* had only steamed about two miles since leaving the scene of the disaster. There was still no wind, and the British seamen remained on the alert.

"I don't see why they are giving themselves so much trouble," said one of the Frenchmen. "As no one is ever sunk twice in one day, we might just as well go full speed ahead without worrying."

None of those near him laughed. The speaker at first stared at his companions uncomprehendingly. They were all gazing out to starboard. Then he looked to starboard. A black mass was bearing down on the *Rumney*.

At first everyone thought it must be a hallucination, for neither siren nor bell could be heard. But the outlines of the hull stood out clearly—the hull of a ship, silent and terrible, ready to kill.

The *Rumney's* steersman swung the helm hard to starboard, putting her on a course parallel to that of the intruder 50 yards away.

The vision, which was already vanishing in the fog, stood high in the water. It had a list to starboard, three masts and two funnels, the bigger of which was spurting smoke.

The seamen aboard the *Rumney* stared at each other in disbelief. For the vessel which had so nearly run them down looked very much like the *Frigorifique*.

"Impossible," muttered one of the sailors.

There were two explanations that seemed plausible. Either they had met a steamer which resembled the *Frigorifique*. Or else it was a hallucination. These are fairly common at sea when the surface of the water, warmed by the sun, casts up the reflection of oddly shaped clouds or—as in this case—mist.

There was one man, however, aboard the *Rumney* who did not believe in the theory of hallucination. This was the captain. He was sure a ship had suddenly loomed to starboard and that he had nearly run her down because, contrary to all regulations, she had not sounded her siren.

Had that ship been the *Frigorifique?* He did not think so. He had been warned that mysterious vessels were prowling about in this fog, commanded by men who did not care to advertise their presence. He meant to point this out in his report, and protest strongly about it.

Doubling his watches, he increased his speed a bit so that he could maneuver more quickly in case of need.

He picked up the speaking tube, then, with a start, let it go again. A chorus of shouts had reached his ears from the deck. No! Not again; that was impossible! Surely it could only be a wild vision sent to drive them all mad together. It couldn't be that ship again!

Yet, there she was, high in the water, with a list to starboard, three masts and two funnels, the bigger emitting smoke. The tackle of the davits of the boat carried aft was dangling down the side of the hull. It was the *Frigorifique!*

The men were shouting her name, repeating it over and over. Amazement had overcome their fear. It was the *Frigorifique* once more assaulting them. She seemed to be hurling herself at the most vulnerable part of the *Rumney,* the ship that had sent her to the bottom, the ship on which she was determined to be avenged.

"We'll get her!" shouted the skipper.

He ordered the wheel lashed to starboard and the engines reversed. But the avenging hull bore down implacably. It seemed nothing could stop her this time, whatever the desperate skipper might do. This time she was going to be victorious and destroy her former assailant.

The *Rumney* presented her bows to the impact, but it was too late. Yells and shrieks rang out as the bulwarks gave way and the sea poured in, filling the hold and the engine room in a raging flood.

The *Frigorifique's* name was clearly visible on stern and bow. Sinister and ghostly with not a soul aboard, she had risen from the bottom of the sea with a crew of shadows, only to vanish a second time.

The *Rumney* began to sink, turning slowly on her own axis, surrounded by columns of mingled steam and mist. Two boats pulled away from her side, bearing the members of two separate crews, united in a single disaster.

No one spoke on the boats. The seamen had lived through a double tragedy which was beyond their understanding. It had crushed their spirits. Almost more than death itself, they feared seeing again the vessel that had taken vengeance on them.

The captain of the *Rumney* ordered the boats to make for the nearest land, but it was in that direction that the mystery ship—the men were afraid to name her—had vanished. They felt almost grateful to the fog for shrouding her.

A quarter of an hour later light broke through the oppressive dusk. The fog melted away, as if the recent disaster had satisfied its appetite for destruction.

As the mist rose, the men in the boats stared fearfully in all directions. With each minute, more of the horizon could be seen. Finally there was just an empty expanse of sea ruffled by a light breeze.

But it was still there! Emerging from behind a last shred of mist, the derelict could be seen slowly continuing its eastward course.

But the fear and mystery had fled with the fog. The boats were within sight of familiar shores, with landmarks and lighthouses already visible. Freed from anxiety, the men thought of nothing but possible answers to the riddle of the *Frigorifique.*

"You're quite sure you didn't leave any deck or engine-room hands behind?" asked the *Rumney's* captain.

"Positive. All my crew are here with me," the skipper of the *Frigorifique* assured him.

"The only way to make sure is to pick her up again. If she's only damaged, we might be able to board her, get her shipshape and make harbor."

The boats set off in pursuit of the derelict. She was describing wide circles, falling off her course by a few points as she swung round and round. The boat containing the French crew rowed hard after her. Several times they were outdistanced. But at last they managed to pull alongside.

A few volunteers clambered on deck and shouted. But no one answered. There was no one in the hold, the engine room or the fo'c'sle. A mate went to inspect the wheel. It was lashed to starboard, as it had been left.

That explained the mystery, the mate decided. When they had abandoned ship, the vessel was not only still afloat but the boilers were still generating pressure. The helm was hard over to starboard and remained in that position. Consequently, the ship continued steaming on a wide spiral course that brought her at regular intervals across the *Rumney's* course, since the latter was proceeding at reduced speed. That explained both the first encounter and also the second, when the *Rumney* was sunk.

The final ramming had proved fatal to the *Frigorifique* also. She was going down slowly, lying almost on her side. But this time her rescued crew waited until her keel had disappeared beneath the waves, with a spurt of air bubbles.

Then they rowed off at full speed, glancing from time to time at the place where she had vanished, in secret fear that they might still see that vindictive silhouette once more bearing down upon them. ♛

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A judge sneezes . . .
a juror can't spell,
and criminals get off easy.
These are typical of . . .

Our laughable legal loopholes

by David Dressler

When I was Executive Director of the New York State Division of Parole, a man under our supervision held up a trolley-car motorman, seized a canvas bag full of nickels and sprinted away, the motorman in hot pursuit.

The parolee tripped and slid headlong, his stolen nickels spilling all over the pavement, his pistol flying down the street. A policeman collared him. The motorman identified him. A grand jury indicted him. A trial court found him guilty.

The parolee appealed on the ground that the policeman, having no warrant, was without authorization to arrest him unless he had reasonable cause to believe a crime had been committed. The policeman had witnessed no robbery, the appeal brief argued. All he saw was a man running down the street. The nickels? They were on the sidewalk, not in the parolee's possession. The gun? It was half a block away. The identification by the victim? It was made after the chase, while the policeman was pushing his own pistol into the parolee's midriff.

The State Supreme Court agreed —and ordered a new trial.

Take the case of the Texan convicted of drowning his wife. A higher court reversed the verdict, ruling that the court record failed to specify in what fluid the drowning had taken place: "water, coffee, tea or what."

Then there was the man from Alabama whose conviction was upset by an appellate court because a typographical error in the indictment charged he had committed a crime "with malice aforethou" instead of "malice aforethought."

Our legal appeals machinery cries out for modernization. The odds are heavily weighted in favor of a defendant—as they should be. A suspect is presumed innocent until proven guilty and guaranteed against lawless police action. But nowhere in the U. S. Constitution or state laws is there a guarantee that guilty men shall go free because a semicolon was dropped out of an indictment or a judge sneezed as counsel addressed the jury. Yet such frivolous arguments are often accepted as a basis for appeal.

An appeal is the actual review of a case by higher tribunal. But the very filing of an appeal postpones execution of sentence. By the time a case is sent back for retrial, witnesses may have died or moved away. The prosecutor may be out of office. Memory of events may have faded. There was one New York official who was convicted of accepting bribes. He served no time in jail before or during trial. On appeal, bail was continued. He died of old age before a final decision was reached.

And in California, Caryl Chessman was sentenced to death ten years ago, yet he has won six stays of execution, made nine petitions to the U. S. Supreme Court and filed over half a million words of legal briefs. The judge who convicted him is dead. The court reporter died, too—before he could make a transcript of the trial. But Chessman is still alive and finding loopholes in the law.

A defendant can find scores of reasons for an appeal. Suppose his telephone was tapped illegally, or his home "bugged" to secure evidence. Courts consistently hold—and justifiably so—that illegal acts by police cannot be condoned.

Judith Coplon, charged with trying to pass secret documents to a Soviet spy, went free when the government couldn't or wouldn't prove that it hadn't secured the evidence by illegal means. Important civil rights were involved here.

But how fatal was the "error" in the case of the Florida woman who reported that a man had threatened her with a pistol? When a deputy sheriff tried to arrest the man, he drew a gun and killed the law officer. A jury convicted him, but the Florida Supreme Court reversed the decision. The deputy, it said, had no legal right to attempt an arrest, since he had no warrant and actually had not witnessed the "crime." Therefore the man was justified in using force to prevent arrest—even to the point of killing.

Assuming that nothing improper occurred in the detection or seizure of a suspect, there is still the indictment—often so complicated that a flawless document is a rarity. One man, charged with burglary of a house occupied by six persons, had his conviction reversed when it was found the house actually was occupied by five people.

One of the most common grounds for appeal is to question the selection of the jury. Were there too many women on the panel? Not enough Negroes? Was one jury member *too* competent? A school teacher is suspect, lawyers are exempt, some law enforcement agents barred. Too often an "acceptable" juror is one like the man in a Chicago murder trial. After the panel brought in a guilty verdict without a recommendation for capital punishment, he confessed he had favored executing the criminal. But he couldn't spell "death"—and so didn't write it on his ballot.

Lawyers also watch every move of the judge, hoping to find errors that will serve as the basis of a possible appeal.

There was the Florida case of

"The Judge With Human Needs." As defense counsel presented his argument to the jury, the judge left the bench for two or three minutes to go to the lavatory. This became a significant matter when the case was appealed. The Circuit Court of Appeals announced, "In trial by jury, the judge . . . should be present during all of the proceedings. If he has to leave the bench, the trial should be suspended."

Another appeal-susceptible act of the trial judge is instructing the jury. Says Judge Beach Vasey, of the Superior Court of Los Angeles: "Instructions to the jury must be so precise that they force the judge to walk a tightrope."

Witness the case of a Georgia man who was convicted of murder. After an appeal, his case was retried. Convicted a second time, he appealed again—and a third trial was ordered. Once more the evidence was presented: the victim's body had been punctured with bullet holes from head to waist. Obviously, the man was dead. Patently, he hadn't shot himself full of holes. Therefore, in instructing the jury, the judge ruled it need not decide whether a homicide had been committed; just determine who had committed the crime.

The jury voted to convict the killer a third time.

But on appeal, the Georgia Supreme Court ruled that a jury should first determine *whether* a person has been shot to death, then decide who shot him. In this case, said the higher court, the judge had ruled on the first question. Thus the jury had found a man guilty of a homicide which the jury never said had been committed.

Can't higher courts use their common sense to see through this maze of technicalities?

Few appeals judges are permitted the luxury of applying "common sense." Mark P. Prentiss, who sparked the Hoover-appointed Wickersham Commission that in 1931 pointed out the shortcomings of the Federal court system, wrote that three-fourths of criminal cases are reversed or retried "on technical points which have absolutely nothing to do with the guilt or innocence of the defendant." In most cases, the appellate court is not permitted to consider the facts, only the law.

WHAT HAPPENS when the appeals justices can't find the guiding law? It happened in a classic New York case that transpired in the 19th century, but just as easily could crop up today.

In 1859, Mrs. Mary Hartung was convicted of killing her husband. She was ordered hanged by the neck until dead. In all New York capital cases, an appeal is automatic. While she awaited the outcome, the state legislature repealed the existing law which stipulated hanging as the penalty for homicide and enacted a new statute in its place.

But by a fantastic slipup, the legislators failed to insert the usual provision that murders committed prior to the passage of the new law should be punished under the old statute.

Mrs. Hartung's lawyer admitted his client had been convicted legally.

However, she had been ordered hanged, he reminded the Court of Appeals. But she couldn't be hanged; the old statute was no longer in force. And she couldn't be executed under the new law, since it wasn't in effect when she committed the crime. In fact—and here he sprang a surprise—*nobody* could be executed under the new statute, for the careless legislators had neglected to prescribe a method of execution to replace hanging!

The Court of Appeals studied the matter for almost five years. Finally, in 1863, Mrs. Hartung left the death house a free woman.

In many instances, mistakes by trial judges furnish powerful ammunition for appeal. Every defendant needs protection from bad judges. But such jurists are in the minority. The appellate bench, however, is hog-tied by centuries-old court precedents and rules. Fred Rodell, Professor of Law at Yale, once declared: "The Law is the killy-loo bird of the sciences. The killy-loo, of course, was the bird that insisted on flying backward because it didn't care where it was going, but was mighty interested in where it had been."

Appellate courts are like the killy-loo. They look back to precedents as guides. These begin with the U. S. Constitution, which covers 17 pages in one tome, but is followed by 2,220 pages of interpretation. To cover rules of evidence, Wigmore, a noted authority, compiled a text comprising ten volumes, 7,300 pages and 42,000 precedents. There are Federal laws to be considered. The U. S. Code fills over 60 volumes—some 40,000 pages—with an index of more than 2,000 pages. Then there are state laws and precedents, and over 2,000,000 officially reported judicial decisions.

Thus a clever attorney can find a precedent for practically anything he wants to prove. Even Justices of the U. S. Supreme Court don't always agree on which precedent to follow. For example, in ruling on an appeal charging that evidence was illegally obtained, Associate Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes—who later became Chief Justice—wrote: "I think it is less evil that some criminals should escape than that the Government should play an ignoble part." But the equally eminent Justice Benjamin N. Cardozo enunciated a conflicting thought: "Shall the criminal go free because the constable has blundered?"

What statistical chance has a defendant of winning an appeal? An Illinois survey disclosed that in a decade, 41 percent of the criminal case appeals considered by the Illinois Supreme Court resulted in reversals of the original verdict. During 1957, the Supreme Court of California reversed 35 percent of lower court judgments.

How can we modernize our appellate machinery? California, New Jersey and a few other states have overhauled their laws to more adequately meet present needs. Here are some of the suggestions made by legal scholars in these states:

1. Eliminate obsolete laws, court decisions and conflicting rulings.

2. Discourage frivolous appeals. In England, the higher courts are allowed to decide whether they will

hear an appeal. When Michigan adopted a similar rule, its criminal appeals dropped 50 percent.

3. Allow the prosecution to appeal, as well as the defense. The American Law Institute believes the state should have the right to retry a case where there has been material error prejudicial to the people. Many justices hold that a successful appeal by the prosecution would constitute double jeopardy, but Connecticut law provides for such appeals, and it has stood up well.

4. Simplify indictment forms to minimize sources of error. Massachusetts and Wisconsin are among several states that have simplified their methods of charging the crime.

5. Let the trial judge sit in with the appeals courts when a case he handled is under consideration. The late famed jurist Jerome Frank urged that the trial judge be heard but not given a vote. Thus, he could point out many considerations not clear in the record itself.

6. Review the facts as well as the law. In California, a modernized law specifies that no judgment shall be set aside nor shall a new trial be granted unless, after examination of the entire case—including the evidence—the appellate court believes there was a miscarriage of justice. Twenty other states now provide that trial court judgments shall not be set aside on appeal unless an error substantially influenced the verdict or sentence. But in 27 states and the Federal court system, any error may be grounds for reversal.

A prodigious task lies ahead for appeals system reformers. The American Bar Association attempted a modernization of legal procedures in 1930, and the American Bar Foundation is currently surveying the same field. Until the legal deadwood is cut away, defendants will profit from an appeals system described thusly by California's Assistant Attorney General Clarence A. Linn:

"Something akin to a game of golf in which the defendant is to be given a generous handicap, allowed to lift the ball out of the traps, permitted to scream at his opponent when he is about to sink a putt, occasionally interfere with his opponent's ball and, last but not least, be furnished with a pencil with a large eraser when he adds up the score in his closing argument.

"This same school of thought would require the prosecution to be penalized at least once on every hole, maintain a discreet silence when he catches his opponent cheating and finally buy everyone a drink at the 19th hole."

Medi-quiz

(Answers to Quiz on page 73)

1. (c) Lord Byron; 2. (b) Mister; 3. (b) butter; 4. (c) sugar; 5. (b) ultra-violet rays; 6. (a) the blood-building apparatus; 7. (c) chewing; 8. (b) killed viruses; 9. (b) a half cup of blood; 10. (b) heart injury; 11. (c) 70% water; 12. (c) a newborn child; 13. (b) water; 14. (a) Edward Jenner; 15. (c) an allergic disease; 16. (a) 16 times per minute; 17. (a) 10,000 years ago.

by Lester David

What your dreams really mean

Do men and women dream alike? What causes nightmares? Can you dream in color? Now, science reveals some new and surprising answers to such intriguing questions

SCIENTISTS ARE ACTUALLY dreaming of the day when human beings will be able to control their own dreams with a pill. Even now doctors are hunting for chemicals which, administered before bedtime, would have the power of preventing nightmares and creating pleasant, entertaining dreams instead.

Fantasy? Up to now, yes, but remarkable discoveries are now being made in the misty, mysterious world of dreams which move this and other eye-popping prospects out of the Never-Never Land.

The fact is that scientists, pioneering in a series of astonishing tests, have actually invaded Dreamland at last and emerged with exciting new findings.

Investigators at one medical center, for example, have learned that:

Some people who dream a great deal actually look forward to sleep with the same eager anticipation as going to the theater.

Persons who are utterly convinced they never dream once they go to bed are dead wrong. They do, but don't remember. Even complicated dreams lasting more than a half hour are forgotten upon waking.

And (good news for insomniacs!) those who swear they lie sleepless are often not only slumbering peacefully but dreaming as well.

Here are some of the questions now being answered by research studies in the Land of Dreams:

Can you tell if a sleeping person is dreaming?

Up to the present all you had to go by was a slight smile and even then you couldn't be sure. Now you can tell with certainty, thanks to a pace-setting discovery by University of Chicago investigators.

Take a long, careful look at a sleeper's eyes. If you can see the eyeballs move beneath the lids, he's having a dream. His eyes move because he's actually following a story being unfolded before him. When the eyes are still, the dream is over.

Do men and women dream differently?

They do. Dr. Calvin S. Hall of Western Reserve University collected the dreams of 400 young men and women and learned that the sexes have different opponents in dreamland. The girls had more battles with members of their own families, while the boys scrapped more with friends or strangers.

More: the enemies in male dreams were mostly other fellows while the friends were mainly women. But foes as well as friends in the girls' dreams were of both sexes. One interesting conclusion that can be drawn here is that there isn't much doubt in a man's mind as to who his friends and enemies are—but a woman never knows.

When do your nightmares occur?

Dr. Bernard L. Pacella, New York psychiatrist and psychoanalyst, studied hundreds of dreams of his patients over many years. Nightmares, he reported at a meeting of the American Psychoanalytic Association, never occur in deep sleep but in lighter slumber. Generally, they come during the first going-to-sleep period, and for a strange reason. To the unconscious mind, reports Dr. Pacella, sleep is the same as death. Fear of this "psychologic death" is one of the factors that bring on night terrors.

Can you dream in color?

Dr. Pacella found that only about one person in twenty has this strange experience. Those who do, moreover, have color dreams only once in a while. Curiously, men rarely report rainbow dreaming.

Do blind persons "see" in dreams?

If at one time within his memory a blind person had normal sight, he generally continues to have visual dreams, reports Charles G. Ritter of the American Foundation for the Blind. But the dreams of persons born sightless contain no "sight" at all. They involve sensations of hearing, touch, sound, smell and motion.

A study once made by George E. Keane of the Industrial Home for the Blind in Brooklyn, N. Y., produced some surprising information about the dreams of people who never were able to see. He interviewed blind teen-agers at a special school and learned what a typical nightmare and a typical pleasant dream were like.

In the nightmare, the dreamer was conscious of being in a large, empty space. He felt himself alone and gradually losing contact with the receding walls and door. Suddenly, he heard something approaching—usually it was described as some sort of animal's footsteps. The creature seemed to come closer and then, just before waking, the youngster had a terrifying sensation of being touched in a rough "sandpapery" way.

In the pleasant dream, the student was conscious of being in a fragrant garden close to a rippling stream. He did not "see" anything but smelled the flowers and felt that he was able to bend down and put his hand in the cool water.

Can dreams foretell the future? Dr. Jule Eisenbud, a Denver, Colorado, psychoanalyst, offers new examples to show that often people in dreams have amazing experiences which cannot be definitely explained. In a report published in the scientific journal, *Psychoanalytic Quarterly,* he tells this incredible story:

A patient dreamed his mother-in-law tried to talk him out of going swimming. He didn't heed the warning and found himself dressed in bathing trunks and a robe in the lobby of a New York hotel which he called either the Pennsylvania or the Wellington. He marched through the lobby and entered an elevator which took him to the top floor. Suddenly he felt extremely nervous about being left alone up there.

At this point he awoke. It was 7:30 A.M.

An hour later, a drum of cleaning fluid exploded in an elevator of the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York. It happened on the top floor. The blast burst a water main and cascades of water flooded the lobby, which soon resembled a giant swimming pool. All this was described the following day in *The New York Times.*

Consider the facts: A man, determined to go swimming, finds himself in bathing attire in a hotel, and names two. Neither has a pool but soon one of the hotels gets a pool in the form of a flood. In his dream, the man is taken to a top floor where he experiences intense nervousness. Shortly, a blast wrecks havoc on that floor.

There is an even more fantastic aspect to the story. On the evening before the dream, Dr. Eisenbud performed an experiment in clairvoyance with another patient. A clairvoyant is supposed to have unique powers to see things concealed from everyone else while under hypnosis.

Dr. Eisenbud placed this man in a hypnotic trance and asked him to read the headlines of *The New York Times* two days hence. The subject tried—and failed.

But incredibly, the other patient—who knew nothing of the clairvoyance test—had gone home that night and apparently fulfilled the task. As far as the hotel story was concerned, he "read" *The Times* headlines two days in advance.

Dr. Eisenbud's restrained, scientific report examines the case from all angles, but these questions remain: How did the dreamer know the doctor was trying to get another patient to read a future issue of a newspaper? Did telepathy enter his dream? Did he really foretell the future while he slept?

Of all these excursions into Dreamland, by far the most significant is the discovery that eyeball movements mean a sleeper is dreaming. This was found in a study being conducted by the world-famous sleep expert, Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman, and his associates at a specially equipped "sleep laboratory" at the University of Chicago.

Night after night, the scientists bedded down subjects, taped electrodes to their heads and recorded their eye movements and brain waves as they slept. Several times each night, when the electroencephalograph machine indicated a dream was in progress, the sleepers were awakened in order to tape record their dreams. The dreams were then carefully compared with the electrical records.

When the results were finally computed, Dr. Kleitman and his associates had found the key to Dreamland. Eyeball movements revealed just when a sleeper is dreaming, how long the dream is, and when it ends.

Using this key in follow-up experiments, Dr. William Dement and Dr. Edward A. Wolpert sought the answer to an old puzzler: Can outside noises, lights and other nighttime disturbances create dreams?

The investigators sounded musical notes while subjects slept, shone lights in their eyes and sprayed cold water on them. But when this was done to people whose eyeballs were still, no dream resulted. In other words, outside sounds and sensations will not manufacture dreams. But when a sleeper is already dreaming, they can send him off on another story line. For example, a five-second musical note suddenly injected an earthquake sequence into one sleeper's nocturnal scenario. A light in another's face produced a shooting-star scene. Cold water made several patients dream of sudden rainfalls.

The doctors were curious about another thing—what effect, if any, do *internal* factors have? They conducted this interesting test: On five separate occasions, three subjects were told to drink nothing for 24 hours. Several went to bed so thirsty they could hardly swallow. Fifteen dreams were recorded but not one involved actually drinking anything! And ten seemed to have nothing at all to do with thirst and fluids.

Only five appeared related to thirst. One sleeper reported: "I started to heat a great big can or skillet of milk—put almost a quart of milk in . ." Another said just as he woke: "Somebody raised a glass for a toast. But I don't think I had a glass." A third reported seeing a television commercial with a cartoon used in a popular beer ad.

Another group of investigators, utilizing the eyeball clue, has just called attention to a whole category of dreams which are frequently mistaken for actual happenings. It seems we actually have two separate kinds of dreams—"thought-type" and "hallucination-type"—and they are much different. In the first, the action is not bizarre as in the other. You may merely have the feeling that you are thinking about something. Since these thoughts are not fantastic, you may not recognize them as *dreams* but may recall them later as *memories* of actual occurrences.

On waking, a sleeper who had a hallucination-type dream knows it. He realizes he couldn't have bounded Tarzan-like from building to building or been chased by elephants. But he is not likely to remember as a dream some ordinary thought he had in his sleep—a thought about a building or an elephant.

Yet it's precisely these thoughts which may be of primary importance to an analyst assessing his basic drives.

And this points up the real significance of the eyeball clue to Dreamland. Many psychoanalysts believe that dreams have deep hidden meanings which, interpreted correctly, give clues to a patient's real needs and desires.

But dreams reported by patients are anything but reliable, leading many psychiatrists to become suspicious and distrustful of them. Dreams are forgotten and distorted. They are "edited," consciously or not, by patients who want to omit parts too painful to recall or relate. And often they do not include "thought-type" dreams which simply aren't recognized as dreams.

How could psychiatry be served by dream research? This way:

A patient could be given a prescription by a psychiatrist reading: "Record seven nights' dreams." Each night, instead of going home to sleep, the patient checks in at a commercial dream-recording laboratory. He turns in at his regular bedtime in a pleasant-looking chamber, electrodes taped to his forehead. They're not uncomfortable, do not prevent normal movements. As he sleeps, a technician sits in another room at an electroencephalograph, a machine the size of a small office switchboard, charting the movements of his eyeballs.

When the machine signals that a dream is in progress, the attendant waits a while, then buzzes a signal in the patient's room. The patient is awakened and begins describing his experiences and the thoughts he's having. A tape recorder at his bedside is turned on automatically and his dream is taken down in full.

A week later, a package of dreams is delivered to the psychiatrist's office, much as medical labs now send reports of blood or other tests. The psychiatrist now has a complete record of dreams, free of distortions, memory-lapses and patient-editing. He has hallucination dreams as well as the thought variety and is far better equipped to interpret their meaning.

Does it sound like science fiction? Penicillin, blood, bone and eye banks, and heart surgery were also fantasies not too many years ago.

The explorations are by no means over. Now that doctors hold the passport to Dreamland, who knows what new wonders they will find there?

One doctor-investigator told this reporter: "Perhaps some day we may be able to perfect 'creative dreaming.'" He meant this: You have an important problem to solve for the next day's business, but it's late and you're tired. You undress and get into bed. Before falling asleep, however, you present the problem to your subconscious mind, which wrestles with it as you slumber. When you awake in the morning your problem is solved!

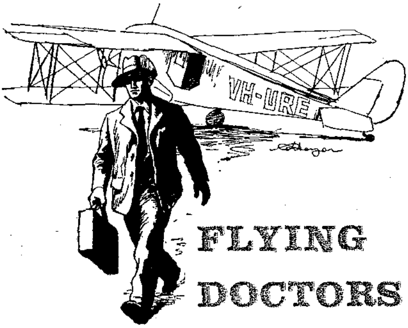
Dream stuff? Today, yes. But tomorrow it may be fact.

For Greater Operating Efficiency

I have ascertained
That our infant feels first class
When his radiator's drained
And he's completely out of gas.

—ARCHIE N. DIBACCO (*American Legion Magazine*)

Braving floods,
crocodiles
and plane crashes,
they bring
medical care to
thousands
in Australia's
desolate "outback"



FLYING DOCTORS FROM DOWN UNDER

by Anne Schott

A FEW YEARS AGO, at a remote cattle run deep in the isolated outback territory of Australia, a seven-year-old boy fell ill. The nearest doctor was 400 miles away. The family had no telephone, no radio, no means of communicating with the outside world.

A young native tramped for two days through 80 miles of treacherous swampland to reach the nearest radio. His call for help was received by Dr. Alan Vickers, who took off immediately in a small plane.

When Vickers finally reached the child's home, he found that heavy rains and floods had swamped the area, and the closest solid ground was seven miles away. To make matters worse, this landing place was separated from the boy's home by a swollen, crocodile-infested river. Vickers had no choice. He landed, tied his clothes and equipment to a log, and plunged into the hazardous water.

By the time he reached the child's home, the boy was in a diabetic coma. Fortunately, in the morning the child was conscious, and he and his mother were floated back across the river, loaded into the plane, and flown to the nearest hospital.

Missions like this are all in a day's work to the dedicated, courageous men of the Australian Flying Doctor Service which in the last 20 years has spread a "Mantle of Safety" over the lonely outback. Operating from 12 bases strategically located over an area of 2,000,000 square miles, the flying doctors now bring some of the world's finest and lowest-cost medical care to 25,000 whites and natives otherwise cut off from civilization. Endangering their lives in small planes and rough weather, they make emergency calls in spite of overwhelming obstacles.

The doctors deal with a wide variety of minor complaints by radio. Almost every home in the outback country is equipped with a radio designed for this purpose, and with a carefully numbered medicine chest. Settlers radio the nearest base and describe their symptoms to the doctor, who diagnoses and prescribes, all at long distance.

Outback territory radios frequently carry messages like: "Administer tablet number ten every four hours and rub the infected area with salve number 33 twice a day. Call back tomorrow to report progress."

When a case is serious, the doctor loads his equipment into a tri-motor ambulance plane and takes off, flying, as they say in that part of the world, "by guess and by God."

Finding the patient is often a problem, for houses are separated by hundreds of miles, and landmarks are scarce and scattered. And since there is never an air strip or a radio beam, landing and take-off tax even the finest pilot.

Not long ago, a doctor was called out on an acute case of appendicitis. The pilot had no trouble landing, but attempting a take-off on a completely inadequate strip, the plane refused to lift and crashed. The pilot was thrown from the plane and the doctor was hurled against the cabin, injuring his arm. Fortunately, the patient still lay in his bunk.

Looking around, the doctor saw that the top wing of the bi-plane had folded over the roof of the cabin, trapping him and the patient. There was danger of fire, and with the patient suffering intensely, every minute counted. Heaving with his back, the doctor managed to make an opening and carefully handed the patient through to the pilot outside.

Racing against time, a second plane was summoned, and the patient, doctor and pilot were flown to the hospital without further mishap. The doctor, in spite of his injured arm, operated successfully, and the patient was saved.

This patient, like others almost literally snatched from death, owes his life to the vision and determination of one man, the Rev. John Flynn, who, in 1928, founded the Australian Flying Doctor Service.

John Flynn was born on the Bulla-Bulla River in Victoria in 1880. Ordained a Presbyterian minister, he was assigned to the Australian inland territory, the largest and perhaps the loneliest parish on earth.

His first job was to travel through the rough country on camel-back to determine the needs of the settlers. This resulted in the establishment of the Australian Inland Mission to set up medical hostels and nursing homes in the interior. Largely through Flynn's efforts, ten hostels were established within 14 years.

But accidents were common and most of those who fell sick still nursed themselves or rode for days to the nearest settlement. Men feared to bring their families to the desolate territory; and those who did lived in constant fear.

Early one morning in August, 1917, for example, a buggy drove up to the residence of F. W. Tuckett, the post and telegraph master at a place called Hall's Creek. Tuckett had once taken a first-aid course; and, since there was no doctor for hundreds of miles, he occasionally treated minor injuries.

Tuckett got out of bed to answer the knocking at his door and admitted a man in severe pain. The man, Jim Darcy, had been out herding cattle when his horse fell and rolled on him. His friends had put him in the buggy and traveled 12 hours to reach Hall's Creek.

Tuckett examined the man, injected morphine and telegraphed the closest available doctor, one Dr. Holland, 2,000 miles away. Tuckett described the man's symptoms and Dr. Holland diagnosed a ruptured bladder.

"Operate immediately," ordered Holland, "or the man will die."

Tuckett laid out his equipment—a razor, a penknife, a little morphine and some iodine—and Darcy was strapped to a table. Cut by cut, the directions were transmitted from 2,000 miles away.

For seven hours Tuckett worked over the injured man. Finally, Holland signaled that the operation was over and appeared successful.

Feeling that the patient would need after-care, Holland set out for Hall's Creek. He arrived two weeks later—to find that Jim Darcy had died the day before.

News of the tragedy stirred people all over Australia and, although flying was still in its infancy, the Australian Inland Mission gave encouragement to Flynn's advocacy of flying doctors. But how to call the doctor in a pressing emergency? Telegraph wires to span the inland territory were impractical.

Flynn was convinced that wireless was the answer. But wireless communication, like aviation, was still new, and Flynn needed a set capable of receiving and transmitting up to 300 miles, easy to operate by non-experts, weighing not more than 56 pounds and costing £50 or less.

Fortunately, in 1926, Flynn was introduced to a young electrical engineer named Alfred Traeger, who accepted the challenge. After nearly two years of experimentation, he developed the pedal-radio, powered by a small generator operated by bicycle pedals.

FLYNN saw his dream come true when the AIM set up the first Flying Doctor's base at Cloncurry in May, 1928, and Dr. K. St. Vincent Welch took off on his pioneer visit.

In the first year, Dr. Welch made 50 flights totaling 22,000 miles and saw 255 patients. In spite of the rough terrain, difficult weather conditions and the inadequacy of the flying equipment of the time, all of these visits were made without mishap.

Although he was gratified by the success of his project, Flynn realized almost immediately that the Flying Doctor Service could not achieve full, national scope under the jurisdiction of the Church. AIM agreed, and today the Flying Doctor Service is run on a state-wide basis, financed with national and state grants and by public donations. No one in the inland territory is denied medical care for lack of money.

Paddy John, a Delissiville native, made a trip in from the bush to benefit from the flying dental service.

"I come in from buffalo shooting," he says. "Big fella teeth ache. So dentist pullem out. He give me these . . . puttem in, pullem out, cleanem up, no pain."

The doctors are continually amazed at the courage and recuperative powers of the natives. One man was brought in with a spear lodged at the fifth vertebrae of his back. The doctors put the patient on the operating table and pulled at the 13 inches of spear still sticking out. Next day the native left the hospital as if nothing had happened.

Settlers and aborigines alike feel a deep affection and loyalty to the flying doctors, who now cover an estimated 350,000 miles a year in their de Havilland Drover planes. The number of lives they save is, of course, countless, and all this is accomplished at a cost of only about $60,000 a year.

The service has expanded beyond even the most hopeful dreams of John Flynn. The flying doctors not only make emergency calls, maintain hospitals and leprosariums, but now conduct medical surveys, make routine out-patient visits, conduct a radio clinic service and even provide flying dentists.

Nursing sisters are available to isolated women who need help in caring for several sick children, and the doctors are now developing techniques that will bring adequate preventive medicine to the outback.

Traeger's pedal radio that made the service possible has had far-reaching effects on the inland, and is now—in its more modern version—the major means of communication in the area. Children who were formerly educated solely by correspondence courses, for instance, now participate in a School of the Air. Business communications, too, are transmitted by radio.

When the Rev. John Flynn died in 1951, the grateful settlers of Australia erected a stone to his memory which reads: "Flynn of the Inland . . . he brought gladness and rejoicing to the wilderness and the solitary places."

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How much heat and cold can a man endure?
Tests on laboratory GIs help determine the food,
clothing and shelter that best
protect a soldier under worst extremes

The Army's elite "guinea pigs"

by Ralph Bass

THE MERCURY STOOD at 100 degrees but the soldier ran as if from death itself. For almost a minute and a half his legs churned and his eyes bulged. Then he wavered, and crumpled. A doctor lifted him gently from the 10-percent upgrade treadmill and brought him out of his faint.

A few yards away, another soldier was helped from a frigid chamber in which he had sat for three hours at 40 below.

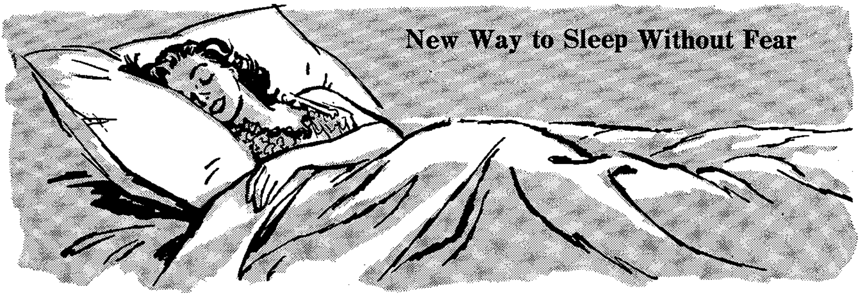
From these two men, and 26 other volunteers, the Army is getting the answers to such vital questions as: How much heat or cold can a man take—and for how long? What kinds of food and clothing can help him take them? And, most important of all, can he do a soldier's job under such conditions?

These and other important questions are being answered by 1,200 civilians and 150 soldiers at the $11,000,000, 100-acre plant of the U.S. Army Quartermaster Research and Engineering Center at Natick, Massachusetts, 18 miles from Boston. Completed in 1954, the Center ties together activities that used to be carried on in a half-dozen other installations. And on what is being learned there may depend the existence of our country.

Many of the enlisted men at the Center are Ph.D.s who can exchange high-level banter with the scientific and technological specialists. But none are more respected than the small group of volunteers who undergo the grueling tests that strain body and spirit to the breaking point. Fewer than one percent of these volunteers quit.

A half hour after the 100-degree racer had been brought to, he was sitting on his bunk quietly reading. "I like this 90-second-duty day," he drawled.

The volunteers are carefully screened. Many are paratroop types —wiry, but with unusual mental and physical staying powers. And,


New Way to Sleep Without Fear

Exclusive Medical Report: How to get

8 Hours Sleep Tonight

New medical development found to bring longer, more refreshing sleep—without harmful effects

NOW COMES NEW EVIDENCE that safe, sound, restful sleep can be a happy reality for almost everyone. Recent tests made in one of the world's largest hospitals showed that even most severe cases of insomnia responded amazingly to a newly developed sleep-inducing formula entirely free of barbiturates, narcotics or habit-forming drugs.

Results of these clinical tests have just been made public in a special medical report. In test case after case, the hours of sleep increased from 3 or 4 hours—to 8 hours of sound, unbroken sleep. And most gratifying, the patients disclosed that there was no groggy dullness, no harmful after-effects.

Further, these doctors' tests revealed that this new medication with its unique formula is fully as effective as barbiturates. In fact, the medication successfully brought sleep in 88% of all cases tested—without danger of habit formation.

Since this new formulation is entirely free of habit-forming drugs, it can be made available to the public without prescription. Your druggist now has it under the name of Sleep-Eze® Tablets. The remarkable help that Sleep-Eze brings is due to the exclusive Formula SP-8, which combines pharmaceutically proven sleep-inducing ingredients in a unique way for maximum effectiveness.

For longer, more restful sleep get Sleep-Eze Tablets at any drug counter. Just two before retiring and you'll drift off into safe, sound sleep ... to awake bright, clearheaded and refreshed. Sleep-Eze Tablets guarantee satisfaction or your money refunded.

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(Advertisement)

like paratroopers, they like to accept challenges.

The man in the cold chamber had accepted one of the tougher ones. And, as a result of it, you will some day see in sports goods stores pile caps with plastic-sponge sound cells built into the ear flaps.

Who dreamed up this weird idea? A man in Korea who saw soldiers come in with frost-bitten ears because they couldn't do their jobs with their ear flaps down—not if they wanted to hear what they had to hear to stay alive.

The Natick Center's cold chamber can bring the temperature down to 70 below, which would seem cold enough, when its centrifugal refrigeration compressor is really humming. But Maj. Gen. Charles G. Calloway, the West Pointer in command at the Center, is thinking of bigger and colder things. He has learned that in the Antarctic the mercury has been known to sink to 102 below.

No one, however, feels the hot room needs improvement. It goes to 165 degrees.

Conditions like these may not be cozy, but sometimes the men have company in their misery. Not long ago, five men finished a six-week stay in a windowless room. During that period they had not been able to tell day from night as they endured shifting temperatures and experimental diets. Bristling with a tangle of wires attached to 11 points on their bodies, they vaguely resembled the inner works of a TV set.

The wires led to instruments outside the room where data on the men's heat production, heat loss, internal body temperatures and reactions to different foods and situations was automatically recorded on punch cards. These cards are as much a part of our country's defenses as any of its more obvious weapons.

Ever since the Center's reinforced concrete buildings on the shore of Lake Cochituate opened for business four years ago, the volunteers have been under the supervision of Sgt. John Jacobs, at 32 a veteran of 14 years of Army service. Jacobs, a native of Andover, Massachusetts, put in three years as a volunteer subject himself, so he can and often does tell his men, "Listen, you guys, I've had more time in the cold chamber than you have in the Army."

Jacobs, a stocky, muscular extrovert, is careful to divide the mean assignments fairly. The hot man on the treadmill, for instance, with the 90-second-duty day, had amply earned his pay, Jacobs felt.

With respect to climatic tests, the physiologists are interested not only in how hot or cold a man is, but also in how hot or cold he *thinks* he is. Thus a volunteer in one of the weather chambers can press buttons to indicate whether he feels warm, cool, cold, very cold or just plain freezing to death.

All this bears on the man's consumption of oxygen and on his blood circulation. For circulation there is a foolproof test. The testers inject a bitter substance into the forearm and then note the time it takes for the man to feel it on his tongue.

Although this testing of human flesh and blood is, perhaps, the most dramatic of the Center's activities,

NOW! NEW KIND OF RELIEF FROM STUFFINESS DUE TO COLDS!

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Vazol
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New hal-o-gene

must soothe, relax, relieve throbbing muscular discomfort

OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

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most of the personnel are involved in other duties—such as developing the new canteen for Arctic use which keeps water from freezing and beverages hot for more than six hours at 40 below. The one-quart canteen, consisting of an inner and outer shell of stainless steel, is vacuum-insulated by vacuum pumping the air space between the shells for 24 hours.

The design of the plastic cap is such that it prevents water from rising up into the neck of the canteen and freezing the cap shut. Along with it goes a stainless steel cup which can be used to heat liquids and food over an open fire. When the Army finishes its field tests and starts issuing the canteen to the troops, it will undoubtably find its way into wide civilian use.

Then there is the combat boot with the composition rubber sole vulcanized to the leather upper, thus eliminating field repair. It saves 38 factory operations and 15 component parts, costs 20 percent less and is waterproof. Some day the Army hopes to come up with a boot that will serve both in cold and hot climates. In the meantime, its cold-weather insulated boot is being copied for commercial use.

In a "rain room" where the walls and ceiling can stream up to four inches of water an hour, the Center tests uniforms and tents. In other rooms it turns on snow, humidity and wind as required. The wind tunnel fans are 13 feet in diameter, and each fan requires a 400-horsepower motor to operate.

Every big military innovation creates new problems for the Center. Guided missile fuel handlers, for example, need suits to protect them against toxic fumes and corrosive chemicals. One has been developed out of a butyl rubber compound and work is going on endlessly to improve what we already have.

But above all, the possibility of combat troops having to endure atomic explosions has forced the Center into new directions. One of these involves a giant-size solar furnace capable of concentrating the sun's rays so as to produce on a small surface temperatures comparable to those generated by atomic power.

The furnace, which recently went into operation, occupies an area 125 feet in length by 40 feet in width. At one end is a heliostat, a flat mirror 40 by 36 feet which receives the sun's rays and reflects them a distance of 196 feet on an array of 180 curved surface mirrors, each about two feet square. These, in turn, reflect the rays back, concentrating them on the target within the test chamber. With the new furnace, special protective creams, clothing and other devices are being tested. Obviously, men cannot be used in these tests, so that pigs and other laboratory animals are employed.

The Center doesn't overlook items that may seem trivial—such as anti-fogging agents for glasses and goggles, matches for use in humid areas, wind-resistant candles and night-writing devices. In the laboratories are molded plastic tableware alongside of Arctic boat sleds, plastic breadboxes next to body armor.

The armor saved lives in Korea. It also enabled mine detection teams to work with greater freedom in the knowledge that they would be pro-

SO FRIGHTENED AND PATHETIC—HOLDING A PIECE OF A DOLL

This is Elena, Italian, age 3½. Her father is dead. Her mother, ill and worn, cannot find work. With her own tired hands and with old pieces of wood and tin, she put together a pitiful shack. You can imagine how bitter cold it is in winter. Last year, Elena, trying to warm herself at their brazier went too close and fell in, painfully carbonizing her little left hand. Her mother writes: "She cried so very much that I promised myself that for the coming year my child would have warm clothes and a doll. Where can I find such things for my little one? How can I protect her and help her?" Won't you help little Elena or a child like her? Your help today means their hope for tomorrow.

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will be sent the case history and photographs of "your child" upon receipt of application with initial payment. "Your child" is told that you are his or her Foster Parent. At once the child is touched by love and a sense of belonging. All correspondence is through our office, and is translated and encouraged. We do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives a monthly cash grant of eight dollars plus food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his or her needs.

Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, government-approved, independent relief organization, helping children, wherever the need in France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, Western Germany, Korea and Viet Nam—and is registered under No. VFA 019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and is filed with the National Information Bureau in New York City. Your help is vital to a child struggling for life. Won't you let some child love you?

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tected against the frightful wounds inflicted by exploding mines.

There are tents made of paper that you can't tear or dampen, and grease- and oil-proof paper for food kits. There is aluminum foil clothing with kraft paper lining for fire fighters—forest fire handlers will use these. There also are creams and "second skins" to protect soldiers against heat loss in cold climates, flash burns and corrosive chemicals, plus all kinds of synthetic material for Arctic wear.

There is a Center boast, entirely unofficial, that they can make anything better than nature can. They admit to one possible exception: a wolverine fur ruff on the parka hood. Wolverine fur is superior to synthetic fibers because of structural and mechanical properties which make it more durable and comfortable, and which provide wind protection and ease of ice removal. However, it is scarce and costly, and Natick has hopes for a blend of polyethylene and nylon that may do the job as well.

One of the most important Center research projects is in rubber technology. Army tires have to keep turning whether the thermometer reads 120 above or 60 below. In the words of General Calloway: "Before we can make an improved tire which will stand up under Arctic temperatures of 60 degrees below zero, we must find out why rubber fails in extreme cold. We try to find out what knowledge will apply to the problem on which we are working. If we are persistently diligent—and sometimes a little lucky—we can usually find a way to produce an end-item which fully meets the military characteristics.

"To put it positively, with Army Quartermaster Corps researchers on the job, America may rest assured that the U.S. soldier will continue to be the best-fed, best-clothed, best-equipped fighting man in the world."

Apt Observations

IN THIS POLITICAL YEAR, I am reminded of the candidate in Arkansas, some fifty years ago, who said to a wise old politician: "Jedge, who do you think will win, me or my opponent?"

He got this answer: "Well, it depends on which one of you sees the most people. If you see the most, he'll win; if he sees the most, you'll win!"

—BROOK HAYS *(Arkansas Baptist)*

ONE OFFICE NOTICE prominently displayed under the clock is: It's *earlier* than you think! —CAROLE MARLOWE

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover Hy Peskin from FPG; 20 top center Jack Dressler Studio; 14 ABC-TV; 16 left United Artists, right Fred Fehl; 30-1, 34-5 Richard Nelson; 36-7 LACSA Airlines; 77, 86-7 Edward Jones; 78-9 Robert Richards; 80-1 Joe Clark; 82-3 Ozzie Sweet; 84-5 Martin D'Arcy; 96-7 St. Elizabeth's Hospital; 102-3 Simon Schwartz Collection; 112 CBS-TV; 122-29 Arthur Rickerby from PIX; 131 Ted Russell from PIX

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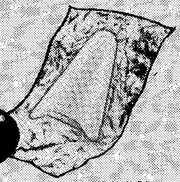

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by Arthur Larsen

Namethathorse

BECAUSE OF THE RIGID rules they must follow in naming their hopefuls, the owners of race horses have had to use considerable ingenuity to find names distinctive enough to be registered with officials.

This, combined with the whimsical nature of many horse fanciers, is the reason for such downright precious tags as Ainthatawful, Callmedear, R-U-Kiddin, Wassermatter, Blesurheart.

The Jockey Club, official arbiter of such matters, recently eased the rules slightly—the previous limit of 14 letters to a horse's name, including spaces and punctuation, was upped to 16 units. But a horse still can't be named after a famous person, except with permission, nor after a notorious one.

It can't be given a name which is vulgar or sacrilegious; and initials (when used alone), numbers, and copyright and commercial names are also taboo. Furthermore, names can be reserved for steeds yet unborn, and no name can be repeated until 15 years have elapsed. One sportsman, after sending in 20 names and having every one turned down, in his exasperation came up with a name which had never been used before—Uname It.

A stranger glancing over a likely looking thoroughbred is supposed to have asked the stableboy, "Who's that good-looking colt by?"

The stableboy replied, "Anytime I see him he's mostly by hisself."

Needless to say, the colt became By Hisself.

A race horse's parents can be a help to name-seeking owners, too. For example, Man o' War's son became War Admiral, the union of Dauber and Clouds produced Sky Painting, Bull Dog and Fire Lass came up with Hydrant and the equine marriage of Sweep All and Knight's Caprice resulted in an offspring named Under The Rug.

One owner took out his wrath on female smokers by naming two of his horses Shedon'tsmoke and Pufawaysister.

When the name Pameiob was registered in the U. S. some years ago, aficionados of the sport couldn't figure out what it meant or even how to pronounce it. It turned out that the thoroughbred's owner could afford only one horse that year and had therefore selected the only possible name—Pameiob, short for putting-all-my-eggs-in-one-basket. ♛

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That's Robert Preston and Eddie Hodges in Broadway's "The Music Man"

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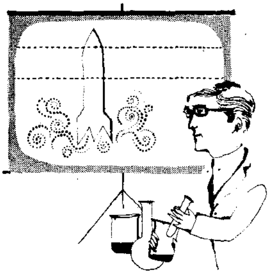

The National Defense Education Act of 1958 now makes it easy for schools throughout the United States to acquire science and mathematics films for all grade levels.

Mathematics is fundamental for all scientific inquiry and research. Likewise, elementary science instruction is basic for developing interest in the field of science as a career. The scientific attitude and a desire for research must be fostered at an early age.

These 16mm Coronet sound motion pictures range from the lower elementary grades through junior and senior high school. Some may be used effectively in junior college. Each has been designed to teach basic and sometimes difficult concepts . . . prepared with the help of outstanding scientists and educators . . . containing the most effective cinematographic techniques—animation, x-ray photography, cinefluorography, slow motion, accelerated motion, microphotography and full, natural color to provide the nearest approach to reality.

Use the coupon to request a brochure containing descriptions of these basic science films and information on how you may obtain them.

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- Addition Is Easy
- Let's Count
- Let's Measure: Inches, Feets, and Yards
- Let's Measure: Ounces, Pounds, and Tons
- Let's Measure: Pints, Quarts, and Gallons
- Subtraction Is Easy

Science
- Animals and Their Foods
- Animals And Their Homes
- The Big Sun and Our Earth
- Farmyard Babies
- How Animals Help Us (Observing Things About Us)
- How Animals Live in Winter
- How Birds Help Us
- How Insects Help Us
- How Machines and Tools Help Us
- How Plants Help Us
- How Trees Help Us
- How Water Helps Us
- How Weather Helps Us
- Lands and Waters of Our Earth
- Living and Non-Living Things
- Mother Hen's Family (The Wonder of Birth)
- Our Animal Neighbors
- The Seasons of the Year
- Seeds Grow into Plants
- Water, Water, Everywhere (Observing Things About Us)
- We Explore the Beach
- We Explore the Woodland
- What Do We See in the Sky?
- Zoo Babies (Observing Things About Us)

Science and Mathematics Films For the Intermediate Grades (4-6)

Arithmetic
- Decimals Are Easy
- Division Is Easy
- Measurement
- Multiplication Is Easy
- Story of Our Number System
- Story of Weights and Measures
- We Discover Fractions

Natural Science
- Adaptations of Plants and Animals
- Amphibians
- Animals with Backbones
- The Butterfly (Life Cycle of an Insect)
- Butterfly Botanists
- Camouflage in Nature through Form Color Matching
- Camouflage in Nature through Pattern Matching
- A Frog's Life
- Garden Plants and How They Grow (Exploring Science)
- The Grasshopper: A Typical Insect
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- Snakes
- Trees: How We Identify Them
- A Typical Garden Spider
- Understanding Our Earth: Rocks and Minerals

Physical Science
- Air All About Us (Exploring Science)
- Arctic Borderlands in Winter
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- How Man Made Day
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- Sounds All About Us
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- Understanding Our Earth: Glaciers
- Understanding Our Earth: How Its Surface Changes
- *Understanding Our Earth: Soil*
- What Is Science?
- Winds and Their Causes

Science and Mathematics Films For Jr. and Sr. High School—Grades (7-12)

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- Behavior in Animals and Plants
- The Cell—Structural Unit of Life
- Development of the Chick Embryo
- Heredity and Environment
- *How Green Plants Make and Use Food*
- How Living Things Change
- The Human Body: Circulatory System
- The Human Body: Digestive System
- The Human Body: Nervous System
- The Human Body: Reproductive System
- The Human Body: Skeleton
- Life in a Cubic Foot of Air
- Life in a Drop of Water
- Life in a Pond
- Marine Animals and Their Foods
- *Reproduction in Animals*
- Reproduction in Plants
- Simple Plants: Algae and Fungi
- Simple Plants: Bacteria

Chemistry

- Carbon and Its Compounds
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- Introduction to Chemistry
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- Oxygen
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- Using the Laboratory (Chemistry and Physics)

General Science

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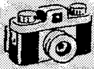

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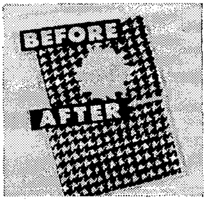

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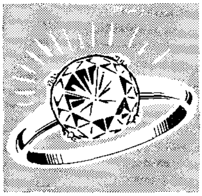

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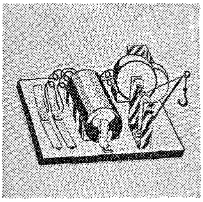

Silver Linings

WHEN TWO YOUNG WOMEN sat next to me as our suburban bus rolled toward the city, I could not help overhearing their conversation, which finally got around to mothers-in-law.

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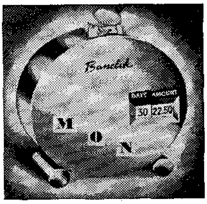

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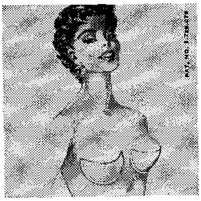

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(Continued on next page)

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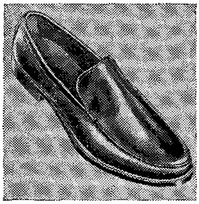

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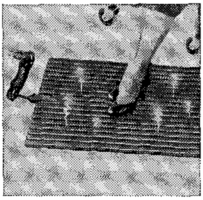

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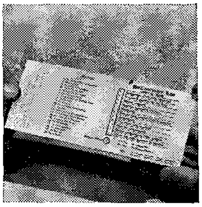

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Silver Linings continued

spend more time with me and the children. We need him."

There was a thoughtful silence, then the other matron spoke up. "We're in the same situation," she said, "because Bob's mother lives only a few blocks from us, and he stops by to see her nearly every day on his way home from work."

"But you seem to take it so calmly," replied the first woman. "You don't seem to mind in the least. You must be less selfish than I am!"

"Not at all," answered her companion smilingly. "It's because I am really more selfish. You see, I figure that my husband is setting a good example for my boys by showing them how a mother *should* be treated."

—MRS. BEN M. BADGER

THE TRUE SPIRIT of thanksgiving knows neither speech nor language, but by silently welling up in the heart it can find many unique ways to express itself. Visiting my husband's family for the first time, on Thanksgiving Day, I found myself seated around a huge table with some 20 uncles, aunts, cousins and nephews.

Our hostess, Aunt Bessie, said, "Let us bow our heads. Gordon will ask the blessing."

I caught my breath in surprise, knowing that Aunt Bessie's adult son Gordon had been a deaf mute since infancy. Bowing my head, I closed my eyes, assuming that it would be a "silent" blessing.

Suddenly, a sweet, clear young

voice rang out with beautiful words of thanksgiving and praise. I raised my eyes to see Gordon's daughter acting as interpreter as he, with deft hand movements, said Grace in the sign language of the deaf.

—MRS. MARTHA CARPENTER

ONE SUNNY DAY a few weeks ago, I was chatting with my neighbor as she hung a spanking clean wash up to dry. Her husband was out of work and what with two small children and a new baby, they were having a hard time making ends meet.

Watching her hang diapers that had been handed down from baby to baby, I felt extremely sorry for what I thought was a bad time in her young life until she came across one particularly threadbare diaper. She thoughtfully fingered the shabby little garment for a moment. Then smiling at me, she said, "I guess the material things in life don't matter after all. I was just thinking, our love is outwearing this material."

—MRS. A. RITTER

IN LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, there is still one section of the city where the manual-exchange telephone system is used. I live in that area, and often the operators give me the wrong number.

One day I had to call a business firm, but, instead, I was connected with a lady in a private home. This happened a second time—and a third. By now I was angry and embarrassed. The fourth time, the same lady answered.

"I suppose you're about to lose

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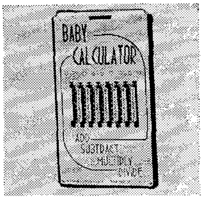

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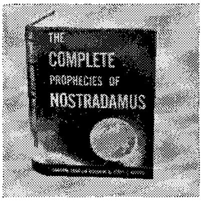

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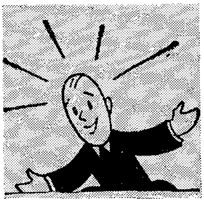

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Silver Linings *continued*

patience with me," I said apologetically.

She laughed softly and said, "Not at all. We moved here just a week ago and got our telephone only yesterday. It sounds good to hear it ring. You see, I don't know anyone here yet, so your voice is most welcome."

—AGATHA D. BRUNGARDT, R.N.

WHILE TEACHING ENGLISH to a group of Hungarian escapees, it became my custom to reserve a few minutes for general discussion. I found these informal sessions a ready-made opportunity to observe the students' progress in adjusting to their new life.

It was a memorable evening when one young man showed the extent of his transformation. Dressed in neatly pressed, but obviously donated, clothing, he resembled neither a Freedom Fighter nor a recent member of a Budapest slum gang—although he had been both. He had an important question about his new-found job, and asking it immediately established his worth as a future American citizen.

The question, made almost poetic by the musical Hungarian syllables, was: "How do you say 'I like you' to a fellow worker?"

—GEORGE S. BONDOR

WHEN OUR FIRST daughter was born, my husband came into the hospital room one night and handed me a soiled dollar bill.

On one of his business calls that day, he had gotten to talking to an old man who was sweeping one of the offices. Exuberantly, my husband told him of our new addition. As he did so, the old gentlemen pulled a dollar bill out of his pocket, borrowed my husband's pen and signed his name on the bill.

"This is for your little girl," he said. "Put it away and every week add one to it. My kids never had much, but some day maybe yours will."

We still have that dollar. When our little girl is ready to go to college, she will know that the loving kindness of an old man helped pave the way. —MRS. WILFRED MARKOWITCH

AROUND THE CORNER from my Michigan home is an old supermarket which is not equipped with doors that automatically open.

Every morning after breakfast, my four-year-old nephew leaves the house for "his job." He stays on duty for an hour or so, opening the door for housewives loaded with groceries. In the afternoon, after his nap, he returns to "work." One day I asked him what he was going to do with all the money he must be earning. He looked at me quizzically and replied, "Oh, nobody pays me, but *everybody* says 'thank you.'"

—BEATRICE WILLETT

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

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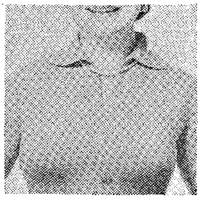

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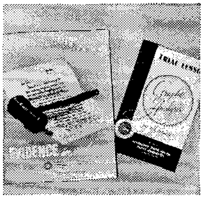

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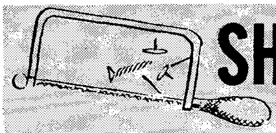

SHOPPING GUIDE

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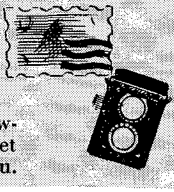

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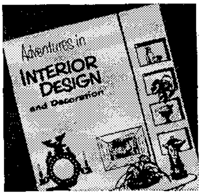

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They called it justice

by Will Bernard

AMATEURS SOMETIMES show flashes of legal canniness.

A Canadian farmer, for example, embroiled in a lawsuit with a neighbor, told his lawyer he planned to send a brace of fine ducks to the judge. The lawyer was horrified.

"Don't," he warned, "or you'll lose the case for sure."

After the case ended victoriously for the farmer, he told the startled lawyer that he had sent the ducks after all. He added with a chuckle:

"But I signed my neighbor's name."

A RUSTIC VERMONT MAN was summoned to the witness stand to tell all he knew about a shooting fracas.

"Did you see the shot fired?" asked the judge.

"No," was the reply, "but I heard it."

"Evidence unsatisfactory," snapped the judge. "Step down."

The man obediently headed toward his seat. But as he mused about legal technicalities, he couldn't restrain a derisive snicker.

Outraged, the judge ordered him back to the stand.

"How dare you laugh like that in my courtroom?" thundered the judge.

"Your Honor," the witness asked calmly, "did you see me laugh?"

"No," sputtered the judge, "but I distinctly *heard* you."

"Evidence unsatisfactory."

The judge relented.

IN A FEDERAL COURT, an elderly American Indian was charged with bootlegging.

"Your name?" asked the judge.

There was no answer.

"Have you a lawyer?"

Again, silence.

"Do you understand English?"

The Indian kept staring blankly ahead. The judge shrugged and turned to the district attorney.

"This is a trivial case, anyhow," he said. "He doesn't seem to understand a word of English. Probably he doesn't realize he has done wrong. Dismiss the case."

Told he could go, the Indian nevertheless sat motionless while the next case was called. This time it was a white man who was charged with the same offense. The defense lawyer, noted for his oratory, delivered an impassioned plea for mercy. Unmoved, the judge gave the defendant five years in the penitentiary.

As the crestfallen lawyer was leaving the courtroom, the elderly Indian fell in behind him. Suddenly the Indian leaned over and whispered in the lawyer's ear:

"White man talk too much." ♛